

Collier's

AUGUST 25, 1945

TEN CENTS

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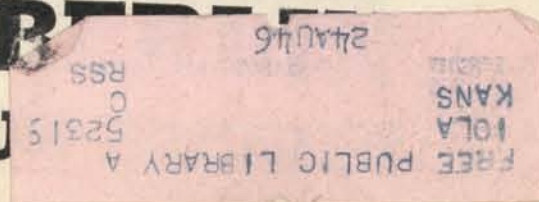
Vance Locke

THE LAST DAYS OF BOMBING

By JACK FLEISCHER and SEYMOUR

U.G. 25, 1945

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These are the pens and pencils that are going to the men and women in the Services overseas. Quantities available for civilians are very limited.

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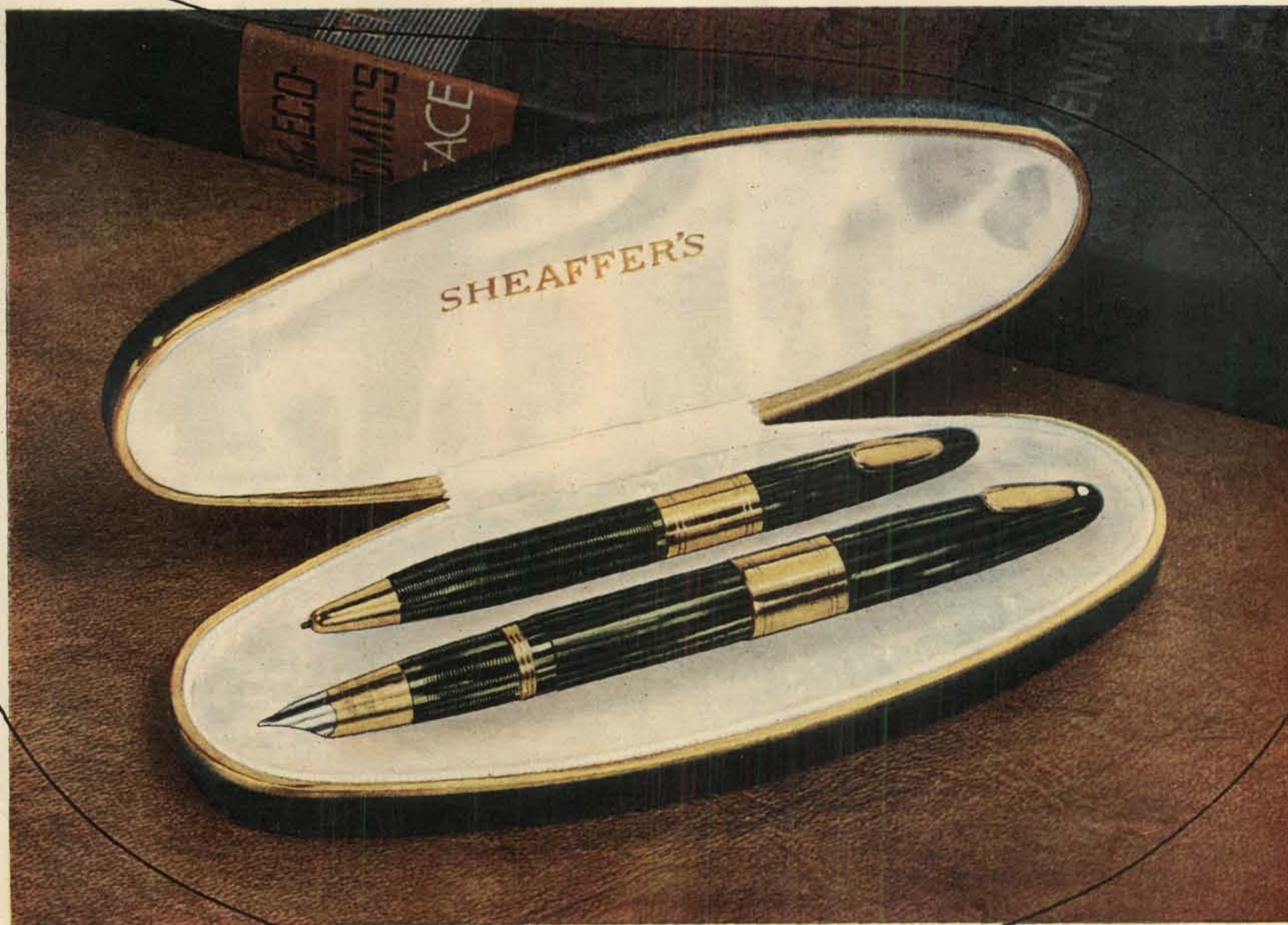
VALIANT TUCKAWAY pen, \$12.50; pencil, \$5; complete set, \$17.50. Other sets, \$3.95 to \$150. Other pens, \$2.75 to \$100. Colors: Golden Brown, Marine Green, Carmine, Grey Pearl and Black. Federal excise taxes additional.

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Color photograph by Léon De Vos

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Sure, he was attractive! Sure, his manners were nice! Sure, he was a grand dancer! But, after all, there's one thing* a girl simply won't put up with.

There's nothing like a case of halitosis* (unpleasant breath) to put you in the social dog-house or to cool off a romance. The worst of it is you, yourself, may not know when your breath is that way. Why risk needless offense when Listerine Antiseptic provides such a quick and wholly delightful precaution?

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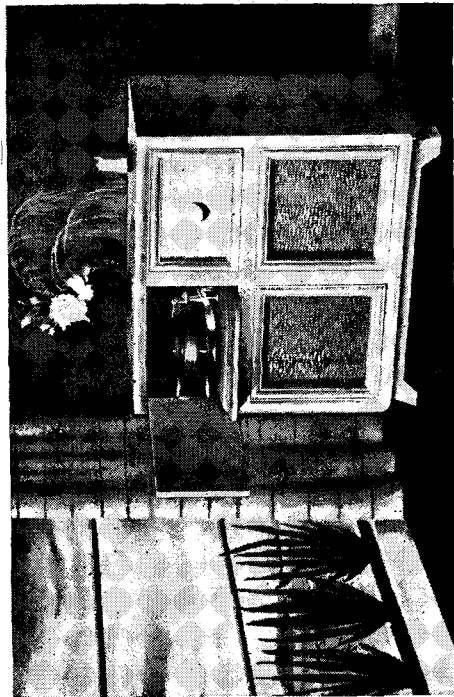
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Collier's

FOR AUGUST 25, 1945

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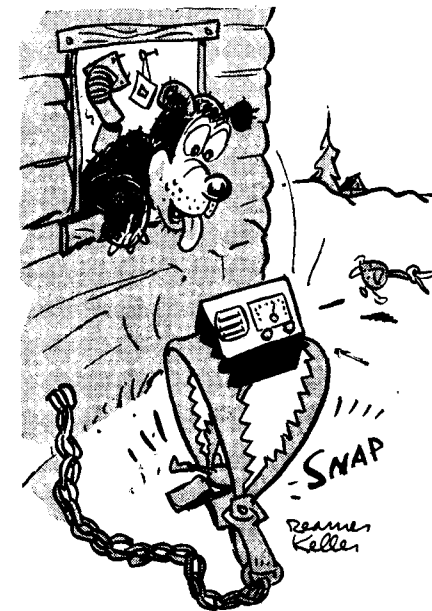
any week

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FOR reasons best known to himself, Mr. Tom Gerber of New York City notifies this office that the cabin of his friend, Mr. Jack Stead, on Bowron Lake, British Columbia, was recently raided by a large and hungry bear. Mr. Stead went to the nearest town to replenish his depleted larder, leaving a trap beneath the window used by the bear. While he was gone, the bear entered by another window, finished wrecking the place and, as a final gesture, dropped Mr. Stead's radio out of the window under which the trap lay. The radio fell into the trap, springing it and, of course, doing the radio no good whatever. The bear then departed, taking with him Mr. Stead's last bag of flour. Mr. Gerber says that they can't account for the radio part of the story unless, of course, the creature had become irked by listening to some of the more exasperating American commercial plugs.



AND Mr. C. J. Cornell, night clerk in a St. Augustine, Florida, hotel reports what we guess is an occurrence of quite a little social significance. A lady who for three years has been a forewoman on the assembly line of a large war production plant registered in his hotel. With her was her husband. She seized the pen and wrote on the registration card: "Mrs. Dora McNulty and husband, Cleveland, Ohio."

A TREASURY official we've just been talking to says that it does beat all, the way the Nazi big shots and their women-folk went in for silverware, cigarette cases, lighters, wrist watches, cheap jewelry, handkerchiefs, scarfs and so on. Anyway, that's his impression after seeing (Continued on page 71)

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"Which way would I live longer?"



OVERWEIGHT and long life are not apt to go together. In fact, the death rate of people who are as much as 20% overweight is *appreciably higher than average!*

It is astonishing how gradually overweight can creep up on you. Don't let it! Excessive fat places a burden on more than your two feet; in fact, it is frequently a contributory factor to high blood pressure.

Overweight makes your heart, kidneys, lungs, liver, and arteries work harder *all the time*. It tends to increase your chances of developing diseases of these organs—and diabetes, too!

Obesity is usually caused by eating more food than the body can use up. Most of the excess is simply stored up as fatty tissue unless it is burned off in work or play. In other words, too much food and not enough exercise generally make you fat.

Occasionally, of course, excessive weight is due to a glandular disturbance, which requires expert

medical attention for correction or control. But when you plan to "reduce," start by having your doctor examine you anyway. He'll advise you whether or not you *should* take off weight.

Your doctor will tell you how to develop a safe, sane, and practical reducing program that will help you avoid the harmful effects which sometimes accompany too stringent a diet or too violent exercise. And never use so-called "reducing drugs" except on his recommendation.

If you are past 30 and somewhat overweight, it's time to get yourself in fighting trim. After this age it becomes increasingly advisable to keep your weight down—even to stay slightly *underweight*. Once you're over 30 it becomes more difficult to take off overweight.

Youngsters—particularly girls in their teens—should be especially careful not to undermine their health on risky "health" diets.

If you are interested in watching your weight,

send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 95C, "Overweight and Underweight."

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The longest fight with gloves in boxing history was the 110-round bout between Andy Bowen and Jack Burke in New Orleans on April 6, 1893. The referee decided it was "no contest" when the boys, after battling for seven hours and 19 minutes, claimed they were too tired to continue.

Speeds of revolving machine parts making up to 3,300 rotations a second are now registered by a new photoelectric tachometer. If the wheels of an automobile revolved at this rate, the car would be traveling at 18,000 miles an hour, or fast enough to cover the distance from New York to San Francisco in about ten minutes.

Of the 1,077 American cities having a population of 10,000 or over, 184 no longer finance the maintenance of their sewage systems out of general taxes, but by a "sewer service charge" imposed on businesses, institutions and residents who rent as well as own homes. During 1944, the 165 municipalities reporting this revenue took in a total of \$13,872,900, the amounts ranging from \$1,905,200 in Detroit to \$400 in Sharon and Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania.

As the crystalline lens of the human eye filters out ultraviolet light, the removal of the lens in an operation for cataract not only restores the former vision but also permits the entry into the eye of ultraviolet waves, enabling the person to see by this "black light" which is invisible to normal eyesight.

Of the many physical conditions produced in women by their emotions, the strangest is false pregnancy which is accompanied by all the symptoms of real pregnancy. The most famous case in medical literature was that of Mary I, Queen of England from 1553 to 1558, who twice experienced this delusion, which resulted from her intense yearning for an heir. The first time, some months after her marriage, she and her household were so certain of her impending confinement that public announcements were made and thanksgiving services were held in the churches of London.—By Gladys B. May, Danville, Ky.

Although our first copyright law was enacted in 1790, no provision covering music was passed until 1831 and that only prevented unauthorized copying. Not until 1897 did a law exist that prohibited the public performance of copyrighted music without the composer's consent; and not until 1909 was a law passed that protected a composer from the free use of his music by manufacturers of player-piano rolls and phonograph records.—By Stuart Sprague, New York City.

Romanticism was so prevalent during the Middle Ages that laws and legal documents were frequently written in poetical form.

One of the most amazing coincidences on record concerns the song Me Neenyah which was written in 1925 by a staff composer for Witmark, the New York music publisher, who printed and copyrighted it at once. Copies were sent to Europe and, soon afterward, the American legal representative of a music publisher in Germany informed Witmark that the song was an infringement on one owned by his client which had been copyrighted in 1924. Witmark and his composer compared the two pieces and found them identical, note for note, with the exception of one half tone. To Witmark, it was obviously a coincidence because a composer might steal a few bars but not an entire melody and as the others concerned agreed with him, the lawsuit was dropped.

Modern Russia's great desire for peace has been exemplified by several government actions during the past 20 years. For example, in 1934 Russia issued a series of postage stamps that depicted the horrors of warfare; and from 1928 until 1941, when the country was invaded by the Nazis, she celebrated annually on August 1st an International Anti-war Day, the purpose of which was to remind her people that the only way they could preserve peace was to build Russia into a strong and powerful nation.

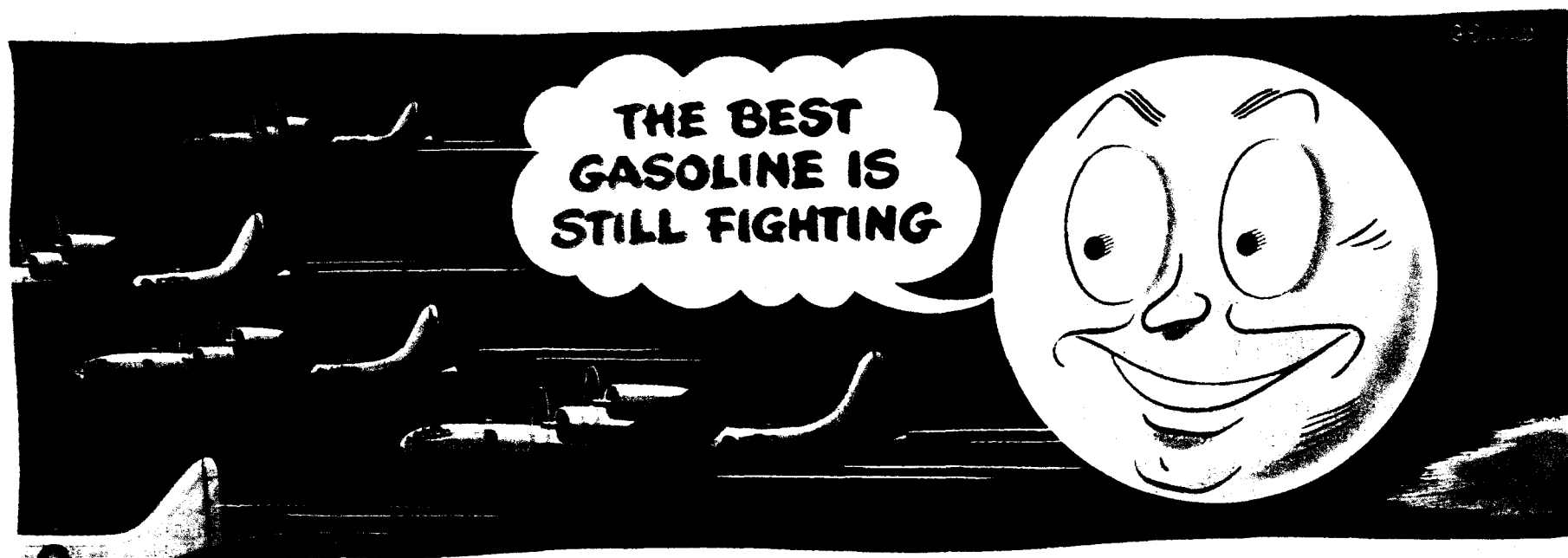
One of the oddest signals flown by a ship is the white paying-off pennant which is hoisted on a British naval vessel to show that it is homeward bound to be put out of commission. Although this pennant is only two inches wide, its length is equivalent to that of the ship, which may be hundreds of feet. Therefore, a small balloon has to be attached to the end of the ribbonlike streamer to keep it in the air.

While the coloration of most mammals helps to conceal and protect them from their enemies, the few that possess and fight with a foul-smelling liquid have a revealing and distinctive coloration which advertises their presence and warns all and sundry to keep their distance. Among these animals are the badger, civet cat, marten, mink, mongoose, otter, ratel, skunk, stoat, weasel and zoril.

During the past three years, more than 105,000 aliens who enlisted in our armed forces have become naturalized citizens of the United States.

by Freling Foster.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission.



Even the man in the moon wouldn't know for certain when the war is going to end. But one thing you can be sure of—as long as American soldiers, sailors and airmen are in action, the best gasoline America can produce will be with them in the fight.

Today, the manufacture of combat gasoline is taking the cream of the U.S. petroleum industry's production, plus most of the Ethyl fluid manufactured. That's why gasoline at home must still be limited both as to quantity and quality.

But when final Victory is achieved, you can look forward to getting unlimited quantities of top-quality Ethyl gasoline again—Ethyl that will bring out the best performance of any car.

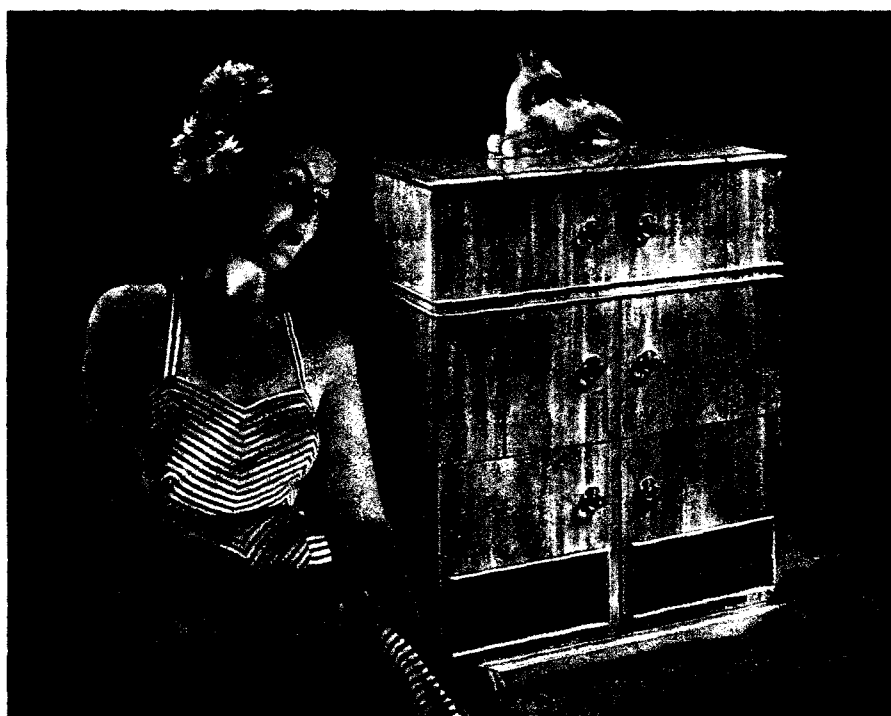
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Today . . . See Academy Award Winner Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck in Alfred Hitchcock's "Spellbound" . . . It's a Selznick International Picture.



Tomorrow . . . You'll be held *spellbound* by the glorious music of your Admiral Radio-Phonograph with Slide-A-Way. Just open the cabinet doors and out slides the phonograph with its trouble-free changer that automatically changes records in five seconds. Free booklet "It's a Promise from Admiral" gives further details. Write Admiral Corporation, Dept. S, Chicago 47—world's largest manufacturer of radio-phonographs with automatic record changers . . . makers of "America's Smart Set."

It's a Promise . . . from

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Stanley Hiller, Jr., designer of the revolutionary "Hiller-copter," does a spot of fishing from the float of his craft after a hard day's work

PUT a helicopter fan and an unreconstructed fixed-wing supporter together, and they will chew each other up with arguments on their favorite flying machines. If you have had no flying experience, never let yourself be a bystander to these debates, or you will turn away deeply depressed and will hug the first horse you see as the only reasonably safe and reliable method of transportation forevermore. It's that biased on both sides.

Consequently, it is refreshing news to learn that a helicopter and a fixed-wing light airplane got together on a 10,000-acre ranch near Marysville, California, recently to try to find their respective places in tomorrow's world of transportation.

The two worked and played together all over the ranch which stretches along the rugged slopes of the Sierras. Up at dawn, the helicopter twirled from the ranch-house patio into a multitude of tasks that normally required the ranch's entire fleet of surface cars. Fitted with floats, it dropped lightly in the flooded rice fields for a close inspection of the growing situation, hopped over a knoll to a mountain meadow for a look at the grazing herds and helped the cowhands round up some strays.

Back to the ranch house as the crow flies, it directed a work gang to a stretch of fence downed by a windstorm. For the next half hour, it looked in on the other work gangs spotted over the vast property. This job usually took the ranch automobile all forenoon.

The hay mower was stalled in the middle of the harvesting job by a broken part, so the helicopter hopped to the village five miles away, landing in Main Street, right in front of the general store. It delivered the vital piece of machinery to the harvest crew in twenty minutes. From there, the helicopter flew back to the ranch house for midday chuck.

In the afternoon, it carried on as a Jack-of-all-chores, treating the hired hands working in the hot valley to cool water scooped from a gurgling mountain stream, and made another trip to town for food supplies. It ran the ranch auto dizzy, hovering playfully overhead one minute, then dashing on at 85 miles an hour while the auto rocked and groaned slowly over the dusty, winding road.

Then the helicopter tried its hand at dusting, flying low and slowly over the orchards and spreading bug poison on the trees. Off to the river, it ended a log jam by tossing out a line and yanking the key log free.

When the day's work was done, the helicopter packed up fishing gear and whizzed to a lake, floating quietly on the water in the evening breeze. This trip normally required the services of the station wagon, the truck to transport the boat, and finally the boat itself. Just before darkness closed in, the helicopter towed the ranch youngsters around the lake on their water skis.

Meanwhile, the airplane was kept busy. Flying out of an open meadow about a mile from the house, it linked the ranch with the big city 250 miles away, where the trading, banking, and big supply houses were located. But the helicopter helped here, too, acting as messenger between the meadow airport and the ranch house.

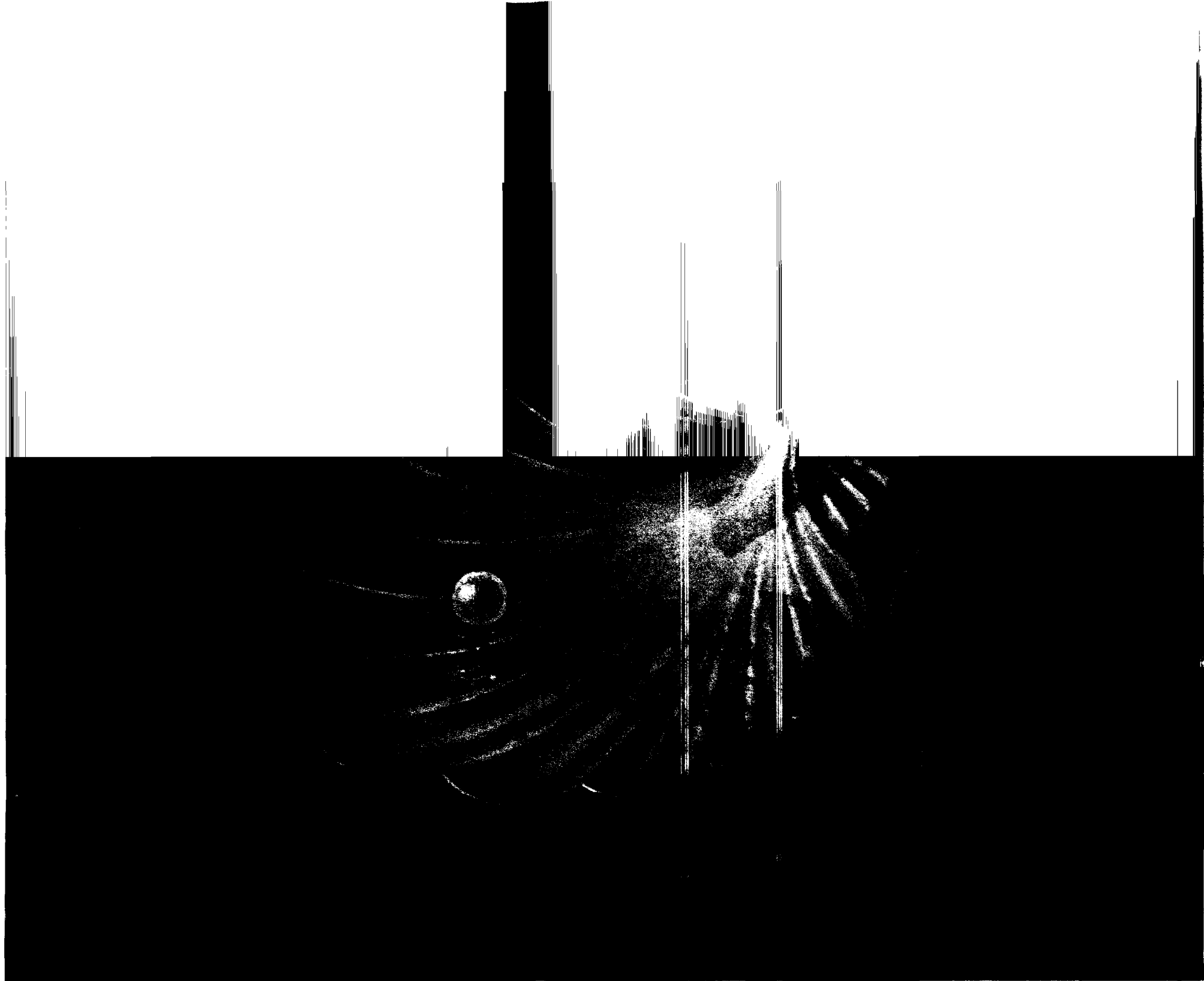
AFTER they returned from the outing, the helicopter and the airplane compared notes and then expressed their thoughts in a joint statement which read:

"The helicopter is ready right now for civilian use as an aerial Jack-of-all-short-haul-transportation-work up to 200 miles. For a while, though, the man in the street will not be able to take over the controls of the helicopter, because of the delicate co-ordination required, but thousands of returning military airmen will be able to fly it with ease.

"There will be no competition between the helicopter and the fixed-wing airplane; rather they will help each other. The helicopter will hold to short-haul jobs, and the airplane will carry the load in trips of over 200 miles. On the other hand, the helicopter will be serious competition to the automobile in the short-haul field."

The helicopter which took part in the outing was the original single seater, 90 horsepower Hiller-copter developed by Stanley Hiller, Jr., of Berkeley, California, and was flown by him. It was the subject of a Wing Talk in Collier's for October 21st, last. Since then, young Hiller has built and flown a two-passenger, 225-horsepower model. The airplane was a Stinson "105," two-passenger and pilot, 75 horsepower of prewar development. . . .

HOWARD WALDORF



"Pearl of Great Price"

A great research achievement starts with a great objective. First, establish a *goal* that stirs the imagination . . .

An authority of world importance has estimated that 40% of all the billions of tons of iron produced in the half century between 1890 and 1940 was consumed by RUST.

With the conquest of that vast destructive force as its stirring goal, Shell Research 15 years ago undertook to discover a "natural enemy" of rust—a means of protecting metal from rust even under the most unfavorable conditions.

It was an uphill fight in which exceptional men and resources were pitted against a condition of nature as old as the first iron implement. Progress was slow . . . in some years almost imperceptible . . . and disappointment sometimes bitter. Then would come a "break" . . . a spurt ahead!

War brought those "most unfavorable conditions"—the greatest need for rust prevention. Steam turbines, designed to conserve fuel and increase speed

in our global naval warfare, were operated under new extremes of heat and pressure.

At that critical time, Shell Research was ready to incorporate its new, perfected **SECRET INGREDIENT** in turbine oil . . . and Shell's Turbo Oil met and conquered the insidious "black rust" which was threatening the life of our new super-turbines.

That was the greatest of "proving grounds"—those countless nautical miles, far from bases, over which our ships raced through the deadly maneuvers of sea and air attack.

History was made—the U. S. Navy wrote it. Then, with the menace of the Jap fleet only a memory, Shell made its secret ingredient available to other oil manufacturers, to blend with their lubricating, hydraulic, and circulating oils.

The name **IONEX** has been given to this Shell composition. It attaches itself to the metal, protecting it from the destructive effects of water and air. A little Ionex goes a long way: in value it is "a pearl of great price"—but not in cost.

Look to Shell Research for finer gasoline and motor oil . . . Shell's wartime leadership in petroleum research and technology is your assurance of finer fuels and lubricants for your car. When the time comes, your Shell dealer will be ready.

For distinguished service—Shell's Martinez and Wood River Refineries have been awarded the Army-Navy "E"





Many an **A** coupon
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has Saved!

"No more daily trips to market for me! When you only have an 'A' book you have to count by yards instead of by miles . . . and I've learned to count on my Philco Refrigerator to save gasoline! Sounds funny . . . but I think the OPA should give my Philco Refrigerator a medal or something! For this family's Philco has actually saved gallons of gasoline . . . not to mention wear and tear on the car and tires.

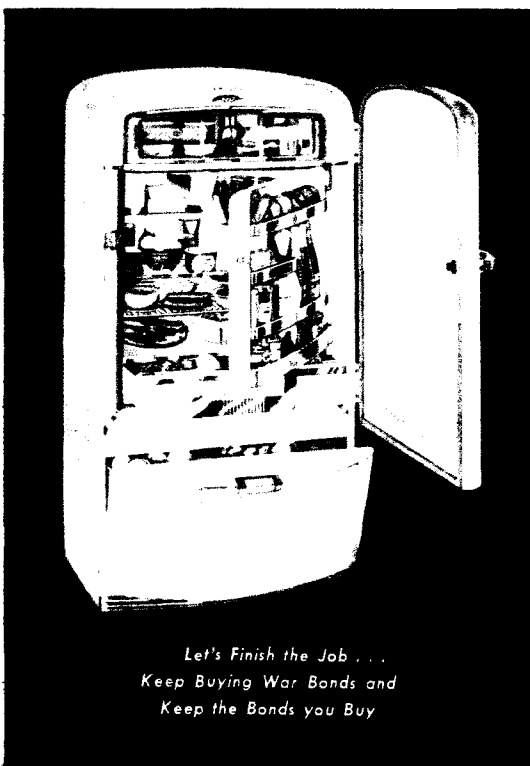
"On one trip to the market I buy supplies for several days ahead. I can stock up on frozen fruits and vegetables . . . buy meat and poultry when I can find any . . . and know that I never have to worry once the food is tucked away in our Philco.

"The Frozen Food Compartment freezes fresh meats in a few hours . . . keeps them safely and solidly frozen . . . and keeps frozen foods as perfectly as they are in the store. Our Philco has certainly been a big help through the days when food was short and points were shorter.

"And while I wouldn't dream of trying to tell anyone about what makes it run . . . I do know one thing. I can *depend* on this Philco Refrigerator. It's been running perfectly since the day it arrived, back before the war. *Dependability* must be the first thing they build into Philco Refrigerators!"

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Keep the Bonds you Buy

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Beginning a gay and outrageous story of a newspaperman, two blondes (one with a .32), a retiring thug, and a war dog with an honorable discharge and dishonorable designs

"Better not move," the girl said. "Rodney was a K-9 dog. He's trained to kill. Now, do you think you can find a bone?"

It Shouldn't Happen To A Dog

By Edwin Lanham

A COPY girl brought him a taste of local Associated Press copy, with a smile that made a personal mission of it, and said, "City desk says write fifteen lines on this, Mr. Barton." Henry quit looking at the blonde at the desk opposite his and glanced at the slug on the copy—*Missing Witness*. He sighed and scowled at the city desk. There were times when he wished he was back in the Army.

Fifteen lines; three skimpy paragraphs. This was practically his day's work, aside from the prepared obituary he was bringing up to date in his free time. The newspaper business, Henry thought, had gone to hell, and it was his glum but considered opinion

that women had been a demoralizing influence. As well as copy girls, there were a dozen women reporters now on the New York Record-Star—ambitious young creatures with a talent for adjectives that could make a stick of type seem cribbed from Roget's Thesaurus, and a flair for an imaginative treatment of the facts that was driving copyreaders and assistant city editors to a little more drink than usual.

Of course there were a few seasoned troupers on the distaff side, and a promising newcomer here and there. The one across the way, the blonde, was not bad. She would be a newspaperwoman one of these days, Henry thought. Her name was Bess

Williams and she knew how to dress and had a crisp aloofness that interested Henry. She would be fine, he thought, outside a newspaper office, where the top-heavy proportion of women to men was no cause for alarm to a companionable male, but he had seen little of her outside the office. In the month since he had received his discharge from the Army he had not made much headway with Bess Williams.

Yet he could put up with the invasion of women—he could put up with almost anything, Henry thought—if only there were news. Fifteen lines—a day's work. On the rewrite bank the three rewrite men were reading the early editions of the tabloids, and the

city editor's basket was empty of copy. If he turned his head a little, Henry could have seen commendable activity at the cable desk, where the foreign news came in, or at the telegraph desk, where the Washington news was channeled, but these were out of his field. He was a local reporter and he was hungry for a good local story.

In his first couple of weeks out of the Army, Henry had not minded the inactivity. It had been enough to be a civilian again and to enjoy a savor in the title, Mister, that he had never known before. But that had quickly passed and he had wanted something to engage his interest, to satisfy the alert edge that the war had given his nerves. He sat



The little man held up the tie he had traded for Henry's and examined it

slumped unhappily in his chair, a tall man with black hair emerging from a G.I. haircut like second-growth pine. The brooding expression in his gray eyes was temporary and the aggressive set of his chin was likewise symptomatic of his mood. Ordinarily he had a nice smile, and the slight cleft in his chin was not forbidding.

He looked at the AP copy, read that the United States attorney was looking for one Abe Arnold, a prospective witness in an income-tax evasion case against Mike Koski, the racketeer, and because the Army had not made him forget that he was a good reporter, Henry went to the library and asked for the clips on Abe Arnold and the clips on Michael Koski. Even for fifteen lines he would get the background, and verify the spelling of the names.

While he was waiting for the folders Bess Williams came in and began checking the reference books for an obituary she was writing. Henry looked at her figure as she bent to see the books on the bottom shelf, and decided that he would try once more.

"You had dinner yet, Bess?" he asked.

He thought that she must have lazy facial muscles; a smile seemed to be an effort, and the expression of her brown eyes hardly changed. "I'm meeting Sam Black," she said.

The head librarian said, "Here you are, Henry," and handed him a folder labeled *Michael Koski (racketeer)*.

"Nothing on Abe Arnold?"

"Not a thing."

HENRY tapped the folder on his finger tips, studying Bess Williams. If she weren't so damned aloof, he thought, he'd never give her a second look. It was surprising that Sam Black had managed a date for dinner with her. Sam was a rewrite man, as competent and trustworthy as a machine, and, what was more important, as sober as a lino-type. But Sam was also a newspaperman with years of experience behind him, and probably that was it, Henry thought. Bess had picked him out because he was quiet and sober, and she planned to learn all she could from him. She was that kind of girl, Henry decided. She was bound to get along.

Henry went back to his desk and examined the clips in the folder. Mike Koski was a racketeer from away back, from several dozen clips back. Here was Mike Koski in 1932, a prohibition charge, and here was Michael Koski in 1936, as owner of Champion Peg o' My Heart Milady, best of breed in the Westminster Kennel Club show. That must be another Michael Koski, Henry thought. Here again, in 1937, Michael Koski elected secretary of the Long Island Wildflower Protective Association. Still another Michael Koski. That was the way with folders of old clips, catch-alls for unrelated individuals who went

through life in diverse ways, but bearing the same name.

The activities of Michael Koski, the racketeer, were shown in clips that all had a definite police association. Charged with violation of the Sullivan Law. Charged with homicide. Questioned in the Broad and Wall Trust Company robbery. Linked with Dutch Schultz. Linked with the policy racket.

Henry put the clips back in the folder and wrote fifteen lines about Abe Arnold, the missing witness, with a hint of Mike Koski's past endeavors. As he was taking the copy out of his typewriter, Bess Williams returned to her desk, glanced across at him, and smiled.

He was astonished. She had actually produced a smile, of her own free will, all facial muscles co-operating, and even the brown eyes showing a reflected twinkle, like electric light on ice cubes. He grinned back at her.

"Sam Black told me," she said in a low, almost cautious tone, "that you used to be one of the best police reporters in town."

"Why make the special distinction?" Henry said. "I'm a reporter, and I've covered a district in my time." There had been a certain accent on the phrase "police reporter" that annoyed Henry. He said, "Bess, did you go to journalism school?"

"Why?"

"Did you?"

"What's wrong with that?" Bess said sharply. "I don't like cracks about journalism school. It's the intelligent way to study journalism, isn't it? And I must say I get a little tired of the attitude of the old-police-reporter type. News isn't fires and murders and love nests any more. News is stressing what's really important in our national life."

"I suppose perhaps I am the old-police-reporter type," Henry said. "I'm a fire horse. I can't get excited about rewriting somebody's press release, and I wouldn't want to chase down the angles of a new theory of economics the way I'd want to chase clues in a good murder case." He sighed. "I could certainly use a good murder."

"I wonder what your opinion is about Bretton Woods?" Bess said, with a lift of one eyebrow.

"I have an opinion," Henry said.

"But you're more interested in a good murder?"

"Frankly, as a newspaper reporter, I am," Henry said. "The same way a man who sells cigarettes is interested in cigarettes. I'd like to get my hands on a pack."

"It's the attitude that's wrong," Bess said. "Why should a murder here in New York be important when the whole world's in a mess?"

"When you're working on a good story, the world stands still," Henry said. "Nothing else matters. That is, if you're a reporter."

They can't teach you that in journalism class." He folded his fifteen lines about the missing witness neatly across and got up from his chair. "I'd like to discuss it with you some other time. Say tomorrow night?"

"Oh, any time will do."

"I mean dinner tomorrow night," Henry said. "How about it?"

She nodded without looking up from her typewriter. "All right, dinner tomorrow."

Henry carried the copy to the city desk and dropped it in the night city editor's basket. Mitchell, the city editor, was sitting with his hat on the back of his head, chewing a cigar. His overcoat was tossed on a chair beside him.

"Anything else I can do?" Henry asked.

"You're not in the Army now," Mitchell said. "You don't have to go to work picking up cigarette butts if there's nothing else to do. How about a drink?"

"Sure," Henry said.

The city editor picked up his coat. He was a slight, thin man, but carried himself with a stoop, as if he were six feet six. His face was gaunt and his long nose had a saturnine hook to it, and his tongue was as sharp as his nose. But there were days when he hardly spoke at all, and this was one of them. They rode down in the elevator in silence, and neither spoke until they were standing at the bar next door.

"Play you matches for the drinks," Mitchell said, and pulled a box of wooden matches from his pocket. He gave three matches to Henry and took three for himself.

The bartender said, "Bet a buck he takes you, Henry."

"Okay, Oscar," Henry said.

"What will it be?" Oscar asked. He was a trim-waisted man with a well-scrubbed appearance and a puckish grin, and his personality was expressed in his neckties. He never wore the same necktie two days in a row. Today's creation was stylized cornflowers on a bright yellow field.

"Beautiful tie, Oscar," Henry said, and put his closed fist on the bar, holding two matches in it. "I'll have a rye gag."

THE match game was an institution in this barroom, among newspapermen, and was particularly popular because it was usually played for drinks. The principle was for each man to guess correctly the number of matches held between them, and each player could hold from one to three matches, or none at all.

Mitchell brought his fist out, cocked his eye at Henry, studied the ceiling, and said, "Three." He always went through the deliberative act, and he always made the standard guess of three when his was the first turn.

"Two," Henry said, and opened his hand. He held two matches and Mitchell none.

"Leg on me," Mitchell said shortly, and put both hands behind his back.

Oscar had mixed bitters and sugar in two old-fashioned glasses, and now he put in ice and added whisky with an uninhibited tilt of the bottle.

"Oscar, where do you get ties like that?" Henry asked. "I wish the newspaper business had that much variety and color."

The city editor brought his fist out, and Henry put his own beside it and guessed three.

"What's the matter with the newspaper business?" Mitchell asked. "Four." He opened his hand and showed three matches. Henry had held none.

"It's dull," Henry said. "Locally, that is. Oscar, the gentleman will pay you for the rye gags and I believe you owe me a buck."

"Gonna play another?" Oscar asked. "Double or nothing."

"Okay, double or nothing," Henry said. He shook his head sadly. "What's happened, anyhow? There used to be some initiative around this office. I can remember the day the Record-Star worked up some pretty good stories. What's happened?"

"It's the war," Mitchell said. "No space for local news. I'll guess three."

"You can always make space for a good story," Henry said. "Five." He won again, and grinned at Mitchell. "Maybe it's the women."

Losing was not improving Mitchell's mood. "What about the women?"

"A bunch of lazy prima donnas, writing to catch a publisher's eye," Henry said. "You ought to call it the Daily Distaff."

Mitchell shrugged his sloping shoulders. "We've got some good women reporters. Take Charlotte Roberts. She's a newspaperman. She's a trouper. She's one of the Old Guard. But you're right about this new crop of ink-stained witches. They're sly, they're pushing, they're jealous. The office is getting like a backstage dressing room."

"But it's not only women," Henry said, arranging his matches and studying the blue flowers on Oscar's tie. "It's you, too."

"Me?" Mitchell brought his fist out, scowled at Henry. "Three."

"One," Henry said, and the second leg was his. "Two more rye gags, Oscar."

"What do you mean me?" Mitchell asked.

"For instance," Henry said, "I just wrote a story. Fifteen lines about a missing witness out of the AP. I can remember the day you'd have put a man on that. You'd have found that witness."

"You talking about the Koski case?"

"Yes."

"Henry, I'd give a lot for a good local story," Mitchell said, and gulped his rye gag. "But things aren't the same since you went in the Army. Nobody cares about a racketeer like Mike Koski any more. The gangster days are finished now, and people are worrying about rationing, coal shortages, gas shortages, the OPA, the postwar world. Nobody cares about a missing witness."

"You're slipping, Mitchell," Henry said.

"I'm just disgusted. Didn't you hear about the manpower shortage? What can I do with the material I've got?"

"Want to play another?"

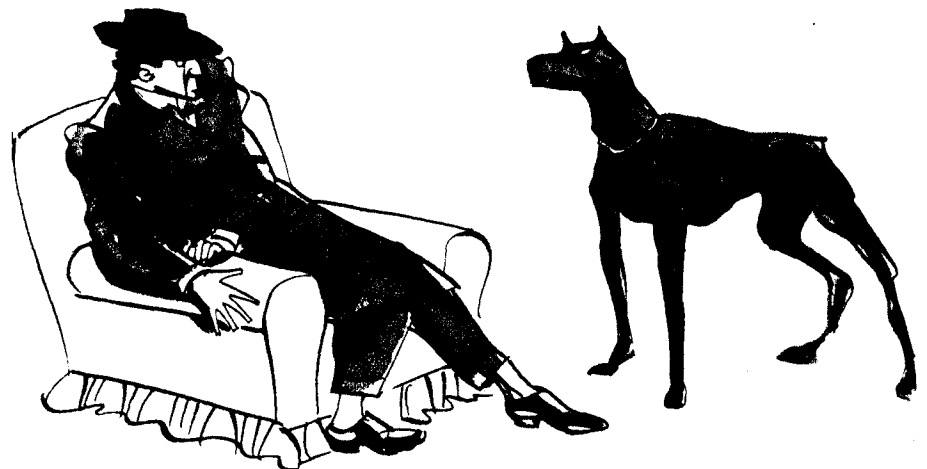
"No."

"Oscar, you owe me two bucks," Henry said.

Oscar pulled back his apron and reached for his wallet.

"Tell you what," Henry said, "I'll take that wonderful tie instead of the two bucks." Oscar grinned. "It ain't your type, Henry."

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN



Rodney's shiny eyes glared at the cringing figure frozen in the chair



"Taxi!" Henry shouted, when he saw the blonde hurrying toward him. It was a terrible thing for a man to be caught between two blondes

"I'll throw in my own tie," Henry said.

Oscar looked at the plain gray knit tie Henry wore. "I ain't going to no funeral," he said, but he untied his tie, and they exchanged. Henry knotted Oscar's creation around his neck and grinned at Mitchell in the mirror. The city editor scowled.

"Take a few days, if you want to," Mitchell said. "See if you can find this guy, Henry."

"You mean it?"

"Damn' right I mean it. That's an assignment."

"Mitchell, my faith is restored," Henry said. "I'll start in the morning."

"You're a man of initiative," Mitchell said sourly. With his face turned at an angle the hook of his long nose was more than saturnine; it was malevolent. "You're an old-time reporter," he said. "Why wait until morning? Start tonight."

"So I got under your skin?" Henry said.

"You want to work with anybody? I can send one of our best-dressed reporters along. Which you prefer, blonde or brunette?"

"No, thank you," Henry said.

He turned his head as the door opened. Bess Williams came in with Sam Black, and they went to a table in the back. Sam was a thin man with a sallow face and thick black hair, and he had the listless movements that indicated the metabolism of the night rewrite man—one who never went to bed before curfew nor rose before noon.

Henry was interested in the way the blonde worked. Sam, who was usually shy and reticent, was doing most of the talking, and Henry thought that Bess was wasting no time in her study of journalism. Then he realized for the first time that his own date with her would add up the same way. She planned to study the police-reporter type and package up the knowledge he had gained at a hundred fires, a dozen murders, a thousand freezing nights. He smiled and thought that the police-reporter type could teach her plenty.

"Maybe I could use a little help," Henry said. "How about that one back there?"

Mitchell turned his head. "Sam Black? I

need him on rewrite. We couldn't get this paper out without rewrite."

"I don't mean Sam. I mean the blonde, Miss Williams."

Mitchell nodded. "She's not bad. She's learning, and she can write a story without inventing adjectives. If she just wore pants she'd be okay." He shrugged his shoulders. "But if she wore pants she'd be in the Army."

"I can have her, though?"

"She's yours," Mitchell said, and tapped his shoulder. "Henry, I can only give you three days. If you can't find the guy in three days, skip it."

"What sort of assignment is this?" Henry said. "Delivery in three days! Look, this isn't a government handout. This takes time."

"Three days is all."

HENRY thought that three days with Bess Williams was still a pretty fair assignment. He finished his rye gag and went back to the table where she sat with Sam Black. Sam looked up at him and said, "Good Lord, Henry."

"What's the matter?"

"That tie!"

"Nice, ain't it?" Henry said. He pulled up a chair and sat down. "Mind if I bother you a minute? I came over to relieve you of your blonde."

He could see Bess bristle, the aloof Miss Williams, thinking this was the crude tactics of the police-reporter type. He grinned at her. "We've got an assignment together. We're going to find the missing witness in the Koski case."

"What's the Koski case?"

"Mike Koski?" Sam asked. "The racketeer?"

"That's right," Henry said.

"Why me?" Bess said plaintively. "I don't want to go chasing around after racketeers."

"Wouldn't you like to know what he thinks of Bretton Woods?" Henry said.

"That's not funny."

"You'll learn something about the newspaper business," Henry said. "You'll learn

how to dig up a story when it's tough, instead of rewriting handouts."

"From you?" Bess said.

"From me."

"Whatever else you can say about Henry," Sam said, "you got to admit he's a good reporter, Bess."

Bess frowned. "Chasing missing witnesses isn't my idea of reporting. That's old hat. That period of journalism has passed, that immature, whoop-la, big-scoop stuff."

"She wants to be one of these global women columnists but stay thin," Henry said.

"I want to go abroad," Bess said. "I want to be in on the big news, when they draw up the new world."

"Meanwhile," Henry said, "the big news is Mike Koski. That's your assignment." He stood up. "I'll give you a ring in the morning and we'll get going."

"Who says it's my assignment?"

Henry nodded toward the bar. "Mr. Big himself."

Bess groaned. "Why in heaven's name did he pick me? He knows I have no interest in that kind of thing."

"He didn't pick you," Henry said. "I picked you, Bess." He grinned and went back to the bar.

"On you, Henry," Oscar said, "that tie looks like you cut a piece of Aunt Martha's chintz."

Mitchell was not entirely friendly. "Let's have a sample of this initiative," he said. "Why don't you get going?"

"I want to know one thing," Henry said. "When we get this story are we going to give it a good play?"

Mitchell shrugged. "Get it first."

"Or am I working for the overset?" Henry said.

"Oh, we'll get it in the paper," Mitchell said wearily. "In agate, if necessary."

"Okay," Henry said. "Now all I've got to do is figure out how to find Mr. Abe Arnold. Couldn't find any clips on him. We got a picture of him?"

"No."

"We know anything about him?"

"He worked for Mike Koski. That's all we know."

Henry put on his hat and went up to the city room. The clips had shown that Saul Evans was the assistant U. S. attorney handling the Koski case, and Henry got his telephone number from the private file and called him up. "Saul, this is Henry Barton. New York Record-Star. I'm interested in your Mr. Arnold."

"So am I," Saul Evans said.

"What does the gent look like?"

"You'll have to ask Mike Koski that, Henry."

"I expect I'll also have to ask Mike Koski where he is," Henry said.

"I don't think so, Henry. I think Mike Koski is looking for him, too. We're pretty sure Abe will talk if we can get to him."

"Did Abe have a home, Saul?"

"Up in the Bronx. A rooming house. He doesn't live there any more, Henry."

"Got the address?"

"Sure."

HENRY jotted down the address; it was all he had to go on. He said, "Saul, he had some pals, didn't he? He must have had a girl friend, at least."

"Don't know of any, Henry. I'm surprised how little we know about the guy. No police record. Never seen around with Mike Koski. We don't know a thing about him, except he made out Koski's income-tax returns and we've got to have him as a witness if we're going to get a conviction. One of Mike's boys is doing time in Sing Sing and is a little sore about it, because Mike let him take the rap. He told us about Abe Arnold and let it out that it wouldn't be hard to break Abe down. The district attorney would like to have a session with Abe, too, but the cops can't get a line on him."

"You mean the D.A. wants to slap an indictment on Koski, too?"

"If Abe Arnold talks, yes. The D.A. thinks

(Continued on page 53)



On the afternoon of April 22d, at a conference with Keitel, Jodl and Bormann, Hitler finally admitted the war was lost, said he would die in the Reichschancellery

THE LAST DAYS OF BERLIN

By JACK FLEISCHER and SEYMOUR FREIDIN

Adolf Hitler probably came closer than any other conqueror in history to making himself master of all Europe and Berlin the nerve center of the Continent. Yet in less than six years his ambitions collapsed in the ruins of his capital. Here is a detailed description of the final days of the conqueror and his city

RADIOED FROM BERLIN

I ADOLF HITLER, the man, died—according to Nazi sources—at half past two in the afternoon of April 30th when he fired a 7.65-mm. bullet into his brain from his Walther automatic pistol. But Adolf Hitler, Der Fuehrer, died eight days earlier when he finally admitted Germany had lost the war. And Der Fuehrer's demise was the signal for the immediate and total collapse of the Nazi regime.

Fuehrer, befehl, wir folgen Dir!—Fuehrer,

command, we follow you!—was the slogan that had operated the German nation for twelve years. When Der Fuehrer quit cold on April 22d and refused to lead any longer, he automatically knocked the main prop out from under the Nazi system. Once he abandoned the Fuehrer Prinzip, or Leader Principle, Hitler paralyzed the Nazi government politically and militarily. Most of the Nazi officers who normally should have stepped into the breach were more concerned with saving their own lives. A few tried to take over, not so much to save the nation as themselves, but they failed because each plotted against the other.

In the middle of January, after Field Marshal Karl Gerd von Rundstedt's Ardennes offensive against the Americans had failed and the Russians had opened their drive preparatory to the final assault against Berlin, Hitler transferred his Supreme Fuehrer Headquarters from the "Adlershorst" near Bad Nauheim in western Germany to the Berlin Chancellery. He still would not admit defeat, but declared repeatedly at High Command conferences: "It is my holiest conviction the Russians will

suffer the greatest defeat in history on the Oder."

But the Red Army surged forward irresistibly in a giant pincers maneuver with one prong cutting through Pomerania and down through Brandenburg toward Berlin from the north and the other stabbing up from Lower Silesia from the south. Throughout the late winter months, even after the American First Army had established its bridgehead at Remagen and the all-out Anglo-American offensive across the Rhine at Wesel March 24th, Hitler refused to admit defeat. This refusal can be explained only by Hitler's fanatic, desperate stubbornness and by the purposely falsified or stupidly evaluated reports given him twice daily at his military conferences.

By mid-April, however, the hopelessness of Germany's position had become apparent to most of the German generals and to many of the political leaders. It had become so apparent that generals summoned to report would be on the verge of expressing their honest convictions, but never could muster up enough courage because Hitler still forbade anyone to mention the possibility of defeat, on penalty of death. This despite the fact that the battle on the approaches to Berlin had become a series of miniature skir-

ishes waged against isolated strong points.

One such, against a party of Germans entrenched in bunkers in a woods, was spearheaded by six medium tanks commanded by First Lieutenant Maria Cocorev, a slight, tawny blonde with a pert nose and hazel eyes. Maria's tanks deployed over the fields, while every foot soldier who could gain a toe hold climbed on. Other soldiers produced bicycles and pedaled ahead furiously; still others streaked forward on horses, while all types of transport—fiacres, broughams, carts, enclosed carriages and captured German vehicles—brought up more men and ammunition.

As the tanks approached the bunker, the infantrymen dropped off and dashed ahead, tommy guns blazing, and with no thought of taking cover. There were about three times as many men as Americans normally would use against such an objective. Maria's tank fired three shots. The infantry massed closely and jammed forward, shouting and firing, and outflanked and overwhelmed the bunker in jig time.

There was an invincibility about this kind of operation that seeped back to Berlin and reached the top German officers and government officials.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Fear that they all would be trapped in the center of Berlin seized most of the members of the staffs still maintained at the Chancellery and other military and government offices. There still were streets open through which automobiles either could drive directly out of Berlin or reach near-by military airports. Many minor employees, as well as some of the department heads and staff officers, hurriedly sent their families out of Berlin. Most of them went to the Berchtesgaden area, believing the final stand would be made in the so-called National Redoubt among the Bavarian and Austrian Alps.

This was the grim situation which faced Hitler on his fifty-sixth birthday, April 20th. It is not surprising there was no celebration. The only concession Hitler made to what had

From Wollenhaupt

previously always been a much celebrated and publicized occasion was to have a haircut. He had gone without one for almost four weeks, instead of the usual ten days. He sent for aging August Wollenhaupt, a barber at the now bomb-demolished Kaiserhof Hotel, who, since 1933, had cut the Fuehrer's hair when he was in Berlin. Wollenhaupt was living in one of the air-raid shelters under the Chancellery now and had the rank of Oberweldwebel in a first-aid company.

Hitler was not in a talkative mood. Wollenhaupt congratulated him on his birthday, but Hitler only thanked him and said, "Yes, it still will be all right." Otherwise he remained silent during the haircut.

Hitler also was congratulated as usual in person by the leading government officials and officers. Ribbentrop, Goebbels and Himmler were among those who came to Hitler's air-raid shelter, known as the Fuehrerbunker, to extend congratulations which must have rung rather hollow this day. (Himmler left Berlin later that day by auto for his army headquarters in northern Germany and never returned.)

Thus Adolf Hitler observed his birthday amid the ruins of the capital of his boasted "thousand-year Reich." As the Russians pounded through Berlin's suburbs, and shells ripped the Chancellery area, German troops

—made up of SS and mixed battalions and Volkssturm and administrative officers—fought from behind huge barricades in the street. These barricades were usually railroad rails stuck deeply into streets at vital bridges and intersections, walled with timber and filled with rubble, making fortresses fifteen feet thick and ten feet high. Dug-in tanks were also used as small forts. At the Chancellery even the balcony where Hitler took his bows before the cheering crowds was converted into a machine-gun nest with thick timbers covering the whole thing and slots for guns. In the Chancellery courtyard just outside the elaborate Nazi reception halls were a couple of museum pieces—a tank of World War I vintage and an ancient armored car.

This was the end of Nazism. Every government building lay in ruins around Hitler's last refuge. Everywhere, except for isolated streets and a few suburbs, there were only smoke and fire and destruction. Rubble blocked almost every street and Russian shells steadily increased the destruction. Among the shattered trees of the Tiergarten lay the crumpled and burned wreckage of what was left of the Luftwaffe. Day and night the people lived underground in shelters, cellars, subways and tunnels except when they were driven to take a desperate chance on escape from the Russians.

Military movements continued with great difficulty. Encircled by the Russians, the last defenders slowly broke into groups and were pressed back into the Chancellery area in the heart of Berlin. Sometimes open roads could be found to Gatow or Staaken airfields and at night, planes took off from the broad East-West Axis—the great boulevard on which Nazi troops had once paraded through the Tiergarten—carrying important personages to places of comparative safety.

Goebbels earlier had proposed that the Axis be widened to permit big planes to land and take off more easily, but Hitler refused to permit anything except the removal of lamp-posts, saying that to cut down the trees would "ruin the Tiergarten."

On April 20th, at 11 A.M., the first Russian

Some parts of this story come from Nazi reports. For instance, several Nazis who claimed to be eyewitnesses declare that Hitler and Eva Braun are dead. Opposing this idea have been frequent rumors that this ill-famed pair has turned up in Spain or Argentina or Japan. It is still too early to know which of these is true. Therefore, these articles should be judged in the light of these circumstances and with an awareness of the known ways in which Nazi minds work. Accordingly, we have indicated in the margins the sources for the different parts of the story. These sources include two official stenographers, who kept records of all conferences between Hitler and his staff: Gerhard Herrgesell, a former lawyer and judge, and Fraulein Christa Schroeder, one of Hitler's four personal women secretaries who had worked for him since 1930. Also Erich Kempka, Hitler's personal chauffeur since 1932; Gretel Fegelein, wife of an SS big shot and sister and confidante of Hitler's mistress, Eva Braun, and Frau Marie Schiffler, wife of the superintendent of Hitler's Munich apartment, who had known Der Fuehrer since 1929; SS officer Mansfeld, a member of Hitler's bodyguard, and Dr. Feodor Bruck, a friend of Kaete Hausermann, assistant to Hitler's dentist, Dr. Hugo Blaschoke—The Editor

shell screamed down on Unter den Linden and hit a Red Cross automobile directly in front of the famous Adlon Hotel. Several dead and wounded lay in the street, and the injured were carried into the hotel, which was then being prepared for use as a temporary hospital.

Other Russian shells smashed down in the vicinity, and Hitler's government immediately went underground—literally. From then on, they came up for air only a few times, and for only a few minutes at a time.

Hitler's Last Stronghold

The entrance to the Fuehrerbunker is like a concrete blockhouse, ten by twenty feet and ten feet high with a narrow steel door. Five flights of stairs lead down to the two-story bunker. On the lower level you enter the reception room. On the right is a small conference room with benches around the wall and a table in the center. Farther along

on the right is Hitler's sitting room and bedroom and Eva's bedroom and bathroom.

Hitler's sitting room is about eight by twelve feet with a ceiling about seven feet high. The concrete walls are painted tan. As you enter there is a down sofa on the opposite wall. The sofa—on which Hitler and Eva Braun were to kill themselves—is about six feet long, not very wide and with a straight back upholstered in tapestry. The whole room is rather barren and ugly. There is a flattop work desk too large for the room, several chairs, books, pictures and a mirror. The remainder of the bunker contained a kitchen, a switchboard, a dining room, a first-aid or medical room, offices, quarters for guards and personnel and a power plant which was still running to the end.

It was in this bunker that the regular afternoon military conference was held on April 20th. The gravity of the situation no longer could be hidden. General of the Army Krebs,

(Continued on page 81)

German troops fought from behind 10-foot-high barricades made from railroad rails driven into the streets, walled with timber and filled with 15 feet of rubble



Ghost Rider

BY LADIE FONVILLE



Whether or not you believe in ghosts, you will have to admit that something weird and unexpected saved Martin's life that stormy night, and saved it in more ways than one

AS MARTIN ORR said, people get themselves in some awful jams. Then they often hurt somebody but often, too, they help, just like a car going ahead at night picks up the road for you—whether it's running smooth or running amuck. According to Martin, it's when somebody's running amuck that a man stops and looks and listens the most. And Martin ought to know, for he found himself in a real jam one morning.

It began with the sort of thing that's been happening to husbands since Adam. A little before dawn that morning, Martin got out of his closed truck under the porte cochere and saw his wife waiting to meet him.

He had been all night bringing old Jud Ghast's body to town and now, back at home again, he was terribly tired and sleepy. He could hardly keep his eyes open, and looking at Cathy in a robe the yellow-pink of sunrise, seeing her cheek half hidden by a

cloud of soft hair, he wanted nothing so much as to turn day into night and go to bed. He wanted it without any talk except to say that this had been a routine trip and he had not met with evil spirits, as she had feared.

But he was going to have talk, for before he could kiss her or tell her he loved her more than ever, Cathy had seen the telltale handkerchief on the floor of the truck and was picking it up. She was holding this handkerchief in the light to look at the initials H. G.

"Hedda Gilson," she said. Her face was half hidden by the cloud of hair and by dark suspicion. "This is why you wanted to make the trip to Montgomery alone. You planned to be with Hedda while you waited for old Jud Ghast to die."

The words were like a sharp pinch that helped open his eyes. "But, Cathy, I went because of the extra money. I didn't see Hedda, though I did pick up a woman coming back. Thought she was a ghost, but now—" He stood ruffling his thick hair.

Cathy held out the handkerchief. "But this? And you promised, Martin!"

He put the handkerchief to his nose. It would do no good to tell Cathy about the special perfume used by Hedda, and that this was not it. This was a fresh flower scent and the flowers grew in—he couldn't remember for the hard thoughts that came to him: So Cathy doesn't believe me! She

won't take my word. Then there's just one thing to tell her—she can go to hell!

"You—" he began. But he was breathing the flower scent and seeing something with it like a flower opening before him, and he was remembering two roads to choose between, and before he knew it he had said, "Cathy, you got to come with me. I'm going to Jerusalem churchyard to check something."

The temper lines of his face were filled with such need that she almost relented and half put out her hand to touch him. But then she remembered her anger and said: "Now? You must be crazy. You'd better get some sleep."

"I'll sleep later. It isn't far. You got to, Cathy." He took her arms, and if she struggled at all it was halfhearted, for she was in love and wanted to go along with him. Anyway, she let him put her into the truck. Then he went around and got under the wheel and drove out Ferry Street and, riding along, he told her the events of the past twelve hours precisely as they had happened. Cathy had the handkerchief gripped tight in her hand but she listened. He noticed that dawn was coming and it was going to be clear.

IT HAD been raining devil's pitchforks the previous night and Martin had been nervous about the trip ahead of him. It made him irritable with Cathy. Another time he would have noticed only how lovely she looked

As Martin righted the truck he saw a woman standing in the road. She had not been there a moment ago, he was positive

across from him at supper, her hair upswept, and curly in the damp heat like a little kid's. She wore a turquoise-blue dress and turquoise earrings that flashed and sparkled like sea-fire. But he was fed up with the things she said about the trip; they stuck in his craw like the food that wouldn't go down except with draughts of hot coffee. "Please be careful, Martin," she said, and, "Why did you volunteer to go after that wife murderer?" and, "Why don't you take somebody with you?"

He had explained it all in the beginning. He was going to Montgomery to bring back Jud Ghast after the execution at midnight. He had volunteered to go alone because he wanted to make the extra fifteen dollars for her.

To ease his nervousness he gritted his teeth and said, "Yeah, yeah," and threw down his napkin and got up. "I better get going," he said.

He took his raincoat from a chair, making sure the pint of whisky was deep in the pocket. Cathy came around the table and followed him to the door. He switched on

(Continued on page 71)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LT. LOOMIS DEAN, A.C.

I'm Jerry Cunningham. Pvt. J. B. Cunningham, U. S. Infantry. Age, nineteen. Home, San Jose, California. I was wounded on Okinawa, and right now I'm on an Army hospital plane flying back across the Pacific, lying on a stretcher and sipping some fruit juice and thinking about my wife. Altamae is her name. That's her picture. She's beautiful, isn't she? We were married just before I left for overseas, and she's working in the Sears Roebuck store in San Jose, in the household furnishings department, while I'm in the Army. I think of her night and day. I was thinking of her on Okinawa when the Jap mortar exploded behind me, and I came to about ten yards away, and I looked down and I couldn't see my left leg. I said, "O God, please don't make me have lost my leg," because I couldn't face Altamae that way, and I made myself feel around behind me, and there my leg was, all doubled up with the hipbone broken, but still hitched on. I guess it's a pretty bad break, because it hurts plenty, and the smell of it makes me a little sick, but I try not to think of it. I keep thinking of my wife instead, and I keep saying to myself, "Altamae, I'll see you soon. . . ."

I'll see you soon

**By Lt. Col. Corey Ford and
Major Alastair MacBain**

It's funny to lie here in this luxurious plane and think that only ten days ago I was lying out there in the rain on Okinawa with the Jap shells landing all around me. The medics found me after about twenty-four hours and they loaded me into a little Army Cub plane, and I was flown down to the field hospital. I guess that Air Forces pilot saved my life. At the hospital they gave me plasma, and put me in a plaster cast from my knees clear up to my chest, and after I'd been there about a week . . .

. . . The ATC flight surgeon came into our ward one afternoon to see which patients were able to be evacuated by air. He didn't say so, but we all knew that's why he was there. Some wounds like abdominal wounds or a bad head wound aren't safe to fly. I lay on my back and watched the doc's face as he read the list, and I prayed again because I wanted to get home so bad, and then he said, "Private J. Cunningham . . ."



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



... They drove us down to the line, and the Army flight nurse was there to say hello to each of us as we were taken out of the ambulance and loaded on the big four-engined C-54. That's Pvt. Oiva Tuuri of Virginia, Minnesota, being carried aboard on a stretcher just behind me. We met in the hospital on Okinawa; he got it in the leg, too. Inside the plane they fastened the stretchers in racks four deep along the sides. There were twenty-eight of us. ...

... I see that Tuuri is showing his Jap samurai sword again. He keeps that sword right under the blanket with him all the time. He saw it on a Jap officer that he killed on Okinawa, and he grabbed it for a souvenir. Just then a burst from a machine gun broke his leg, and dropped him right in the line of Jap fire. He unwound the blue and gold wrapping from the handle, and bound the sword against his leg, and used it as a splint to hobble out of danger.

... I felt a little weak when we first got in the air, so the flight nurse gave me a glucose injection to pick me up. They've got everything on these ATC hospital planes, all kinds of medical equipment, and the nurse works all the time changing bandages or giving a sedative to ease the pain. There isn't anything they don't think of. They give you a toothbrush and cigarettes and magazines, and they even hang a pair of brand-new G.I. shoes beside each stretcher. I wonder when I can wear mine. ...

... We're on our last lap now; we'll be in Pearl Harbor in an hour, and the pilot has given me his Short Snorter bill to sign. I wish everybody could know the job the Air Transport Command is doing. The pilot says they're evacuating 10,000 men a month by air, that's 36 million miles of flying, and they haven't lost a patient. They fly right into the heat of battle to pick up the wounded. I'm an infantry soldier, but I'm proud to write my name here with the Army Air Forces. ...

... Some of the patients are ambulatory cases; they can get up and move around. They can hobble forward to the pilot's compartment and have a smoke, or talk to the pilot and see how an airplane flies. These Air Force officers go out of their way to

... We've just landed at Hickam Field in Hawaii, less than two days by air from Okinawa, instead of maybe two months by water. They're lowering us from the plane in a special elevator hoist, and putting us in ambulances, and taking us to an Army





make an infantry soldier feel at home. Sometimes the patients sit on a folded life raft in the aisle and play checkers. That soldier wearing the wire brace was a litter-bearer; a Jap sniper shot out the palm of his hand while he was carrying a stretcher . . .

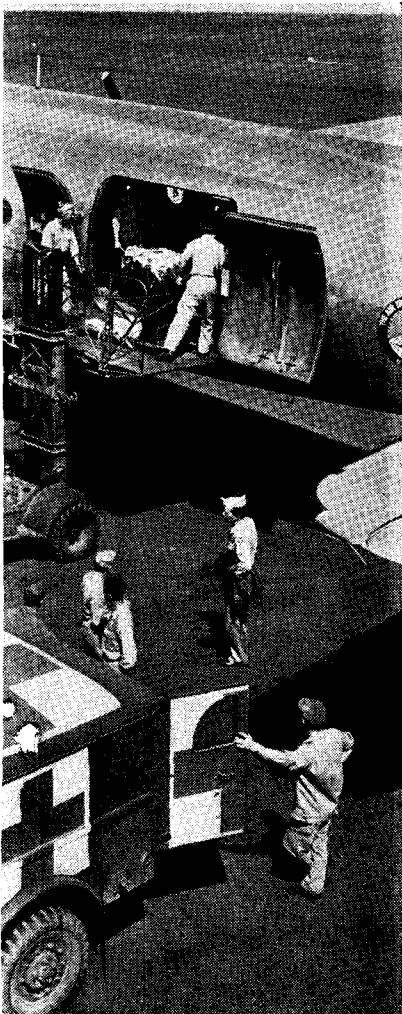
. . . From where I'm lying I can look down the length of the plane. Everybody's talking and relaxing, and you'd never know we were 10,000 feet over the middle of the Pacific. Imagine a bunch of ordinary G.I.'s being treated like kings, flying the ocean in a big plane, waited on hand and foot. When we landed for gas at Kwajalein an hour ago, they even put a cooling system in the plane to keep it comfortable. Flying is so easy that I've had the first real sleep since I got hurt . . .

. . . And eat? Maybe it's the altitude, but even Spam tastes wonderful. Take Pfc. Kleynowski of Dupont, Pa., across the aisle from me. He got busted up by a Jap 150, and he crawled four hundred yards carrying a wounded buddy on his back. The pilot has loaned him a set of earphones, and he's eating a sandwich and drinking hot coffee and listening to the Alec Templeton program from the States. It's the first time he was ever up in a plane. He says it's the only way to travel . . .

General Hospital for another checkup before the final hop to the States. Clean, soft beds, and all the fresh milk we can drink, and steak and ice cream and real eggs in shells, and flowers on the table and today's newspapers flown right from the States . . .

. . . But there was only one thing on my mind when I got to the hospital here, and that was to get hold of a telephone and put a transocean call through to San Jose, California. I told the operator to try the Sears, Roebuck store, household furnishings department, because I figured it would be afternoon back home and Altamae would still be there. I had planned to fool her and tell her I heard her husband was overseas and did she want a date tonight, but then I heard the operator say, "Is this

Mrs. Cunningham?" There was a click, and I heard her voice. . . . She was saying . . . "But who? Who's calling?" and I blurted out, "Hello, honey, it's me," and she started to say "Jerry . . ." and then her voice broke and she began to cry. I was glad that she cried, I wanted her to miss me that much. I couldn't say much myself for a minute, I just held the phone tight and kept telling her, "I'll see you soon, Altamae. I'll see you soon . . ." ★★★



Chicago's boss has won himself a hunk of glory via his super Servicemen's Centers. Here he turns the charm on Seaman I/c Donald Brown of Pittsburgh; RAF Sergeant Ronald Henderson, of London, and S/Sgt. Tarelton William of Chicago



Ed Kelly's mother taught him to keep neat, respect his betters and keep his mouth off other people's beer pails. He taught himself English, bare-knuckle politics and all-over culture well enough, to become a maker of Presidents

YOU'VE GOTTA BE A BOSS BY VICTOR RUBIN

BEFORE the Japanese nation decided to commit hara-kiri the hard way by bombing Pearl Harbor, Chicago was pictured the world over as the capital of crime, gambling, racketeering, boss politics and an outdoor sport called gang murder. In far-off corners of the globe, mothers would shush their babies with the name of Al Capone. In large sections of the republic, good citizens would hold their nostrils symbolically at mention of the Kelly-Nash machine.

Repeated attempts to deodorize Chicago's reputation by reference to its temples of learning, its art galleries, museums, libraries, symphony orchestras, lake-front splendor, industrial might and fiscal power had all proved as ineffective as dabbing expensive perfume behind a civet cat's ear.

Then, as quickly as an off-stockyards breeze swings to a Lake Michigan zephyr, the civic atmosphere shifted. Still no geranium among cities, but a hard-drinking, hard-playing, he-man's town, Chicago—through its Servicemen's Centers—became known as the most hospitable city in the United Nations' world.

Masterminding the swing was the Honorable Edward J. Kelly, Chicago's mayor and the Kelly half of the late reviled Kelly-Nash coalition. What a world's fair, good-will tours, public-relations campaigns and civic-uplift drives had failed to do for Chicago's reputation, Boss Kelly had accomplished by means of millions of cakes and hot dogs, oceans of beverages, astronomical numbers of free amusement tickets and free local transportation.

Under the Kelly spell, which is a high-octane mixture of patriotism, civic pride and ballyhoo, an average of 9,300 Chicagoans and suburbanites give at least one day a week to Service Center activities. Six thousand girls, every one certified as to character by her pastor, do their bit for military morale by chatting, singing and dancing with the visiting boys in uniform, under the chaperonage of 500 senior hostesses. Two thousand canteen hostesses, headed by Mrs. Kelly, keep the plates and coffee cups filled. During the 1944 Christmas week end, the Centers played host to 134,871 boys and girls in all uniforms of the United Nations, entertained them with turkey dinners and big-name shows and sent them away happy with 60,000 gifts and box lunches. As this is being written, the sixteen-millionth visitor has just been welcomed.

The combination of know-how, ability to crack the whip, and high talent for showmanship which enables Boss Kelly to get Republicans and Democrats, businessmen and workers, society dowagers and party bell-pushers working together throughout the war has brought him wealth, four terms as mayor, control of one of the most powerful local political machines in the nation and the status of "President-maker."

Mayor Kelly proved his big-league stature as a pitcher of finesse at the National Democratic Convention in July, 1944, during the hectic battle of the city bosses to retire Henry Wallace from the Vice-Presidency. Companion and mentor of Democratic National Committeeman Robert E. Hannegan, Ed Kelly had coached the St. Louis boss on the

finer points of Chicago political strategy and helped him work out the tactics which were to lead to Harry S. Truman's nomination.

To head Wallace off from an early majority, Kelly and the other opposition bosses induced their state delegations to nominate various favorite sons on the first ballot. This "Stop Wallace!" maneuver brought thunderous shouts of "We Want Wallace!" from the claque transported to the Stadium by the busload by the C.I.O. Political Action Committee, and also, it is reported, from part of Kelly's own claque who were temporarily in revolt. When Boss Kelly took the microphone to nominate Senator Scott W. Lucas of Illinois for Vice-President, bedlam broke loose.

Smiles for a Jeering Crowd

Six feet two in height, athletic-looking, faultlessly attired and with his curly hair retaining its dark red hue, the 68-year-old Kelly looked over the jeering masses through his spectacles with a benevolent smile. With a paternal wave of his hands, he made a jocular reference to Chicago's reputation for letting folks get things off their chest without restraint. The jeers increased, but Chicago's boss of bosses continued his speech in high good humor in spite of all interruptions. As a forensic effort, the performance rated close to zero. Strategically, it hit the bull's-eye. Through Kelly's fast-clicking brain ran the charge that he had won the third-term nomination for Roosevelt in 1940 by packing the galleries with sturdy-lunged partisans and by steam-rolling the nomination through.

"As I stood on the platform, I could see the lights flashing as a signal to start the demonstration against me," Kelly recalls with a reminiscent grin. "When they started booing, I realized that the more they kept it up, the more they would be proving that the bosses hadn't packed the convention for Truman. So I kept on talking."

(Other observers at the convention snorted derisively at this statement. In the first place, said they, there weren't any signal lights used, and if there had been, Kelly, facing a battery of spotlights, couldn't have told them from the conventioners who were simply lighting cigarettes. In the second place, everybody, including the bosses, tried to pack the convention; everybody was running busses, and somebody was issuing fake tickets, so that there were thousands more tickets than seats. If anyone had the edge in this melee, it was Kelly, they added, because all tickets were taken by hand-picked Kelly guards who presumably knew who was friend and who was foe.)

But whatever the truth, Kelly's strategy worked. A few roll calls later, he announced that Illinois would take time out to caucus for the purpose of changing its vote. This was the tip-off to the other city bosses to switch votes from their favorite sons to Truman. Before the Illinois delegates had time to confer, other party bosses jumped on the band wagon with cries that no packed stadium would ever intimidate them. And Harry Truman was nominated.

Today, with Truman in the White House, (Continued on page 32)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE-PIX

MANY years ago there was a good light heavyweight boxer named Battling Levinsky. He was champion in his division but he aimed for something higher. He wanted to be heavyweight champion of the world. There was only one obstacle in his way, a rather formidable obstacle named Jack Dempsey. The intrepid Battler, who had all the courage and confidence in the world, signed to meet the champion. His advisers were jubilant.

"You can beat Dempsey," one of them told Levinsky. "He's an easy guy to hit."

The Battler found that true enough. During the first minute of his bout with the champion, he hit Dempsey twenty times with his accurate left jab. And then he missed one, and the roof fell on his head. When the Battler woke up, he peered sadly at the trainer who had given him the advice.

"You were right about Dempsey," he said sadly. "He's an easy guy to hit—but a terrible guy to miss."

What is true in the ring is usually true in military warfare. You're all right as long as you keep hitting and landing punches, but if you miss a punch, you are apt to leave yourself open and get belted in return. The German advance in the Ardennes is still recent enough for us to recall. We missed a punch and the Germans tossed a counter that rocked us back on our heels.

Now we're winding up to slug it out, toe to toe, with the Japs. Until now all of our campaigns have been collateral ones. Saipan and Guam and Iwo and Okinawa were not main objectives; they were merely bases that we needed for the real assault on Citadel Japan. They were expensive but necessary, for without them we never would have been in the position that we find ourselves in now. And our Army leaders are grimly determined that we aren't going to miss. Like Dempsey, the Jap is an easy guy to hit but a terrible guy to miss.

Naval Bombardment Not Enough

The pattern of the big invasion was made pretty clear even to sidewalk observers when the naval heavyweights started lobbing their shells into Jap cities a few weeks ago. Effective as these terrific bombardments were, everyone agreed on one thing—to beat Japan we must invade Japan and destroy Japan's military strength.

Let's assume, then, that we're going to bust hell-for-leather into the mainland of Japan; and, on that assumption, have a look at some of the things we can expect.

Japan is a peculiar country in more ways than one. It is made up of three main islands, Kyushu (south), Honshu (central) and Hokkaido (north). Only twenty-five per cent of the whole country is cultivated or thickly inhabited. The remaining seventy-five per cent consists of mountains, swamps, narrow rivers; worthless ground entirely. To get at the Japanese army we will have to attack the twenty-five per cent of the country that they think worth defending. The B-29s began that job some time ago. By now even the most fervent exponent of airpower hesitates to claim that air alone can win a war. It has never won a war yet, and there is no reason to believe that bombing alone can beat Japan. But bombing can reduce the defenses of a country to a state where the ground troops can move in with a reasonable chance of putting across the knockout punch.

The B-29s have been concentrating, and will continue to concentrate, on the industrial centers of Japan—the Tokyo area where Osaka, Kobe, Kyoto, Nagoya are located; Nagasaki on the island of Kyushu and places like Moji and Shimonoseki, on the west coast. These centers of war production are receiving the same battering that Hamburg and Cologne and Bremerhaven once took. It isn't as easy a job, for the bases for the attacks upon Germany were in near-by England. Saipan, largest B-29 base, is almost the same distance from Tokyo that New York is from Havana—quite a haul. Guam is even farther away and Manila is about 1,800 miles

Okinawa's 100,000 Nips—burned, blasted and rooted out man by man: a preview of what's waiting in the Jap homeland

D-DAY JAPAN

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

OFFICIAL U.S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO

Iwo Jima and Okinawa were only foretastes of how the Jap can fight when his homeland is in danger. Here's an authoritative picture of what the invaders can expect to find back of the beaches of Japan. And even on paper it looks like quite a job



from Tokyo. And Iwo Jima is just a whistle stop on the way. Okinawa is shaping up as a real air base that by now is bringing Citadel Japan closer to us.

In addition to the industrial centers there are several naval bases that must be reduced to rubble before landing craft can move in. Yokosuka at the mouth of Tokyo Bay; Kure guarding the inland sea; Sasebo, Maizuru and Ominato in the north are heavily defended by the excellent Jap antiaircraft guns and by huge coastal guns. These naval bases will have to be knocked out by air; the Japs have shown reluctance to slug it out with our fleet when we have challenged. At Tarawa the Jap had turret-emplaced 200-mm. guns transferred from the cruiser Kato; the Marines who invaded Guam found 12-inch guns on the shore, and there were a few large coastal guns guarding Luzon. The coastal guns guarding the naval bases are well camouflaged. Many are hidden in caves or in enormous concrete embankments as the German guns were on the French coast. They're

hard to find and harder still to knock out. It is the Pacific counterpart of Germany's Atlantic wall.

While this pounding is going on we will be attempting a complete blockade of Japan by our air and sea forces. Korea, Japan's arsenal, is just across the straits—only 150 miles from the mainland. Such Korean ports as Fusan are beginning to feel the weight of our B-29 pounding. The insurance rates on ships bringing supplies to the mainland from Korea must be very high these days. There will come a time when it will be suicidal for ships to cross the hazardous Korean straits. Our submarines and planes are strewing mines all over the straits. Soon the blockade will be complete.

From that time on Japan will have to depend on the stores which are hidden on the mainland, but military men say that she will still have enough aviation gasoline for two years; enough rubber for five; enough tin for eight; enough copper, chromite, manganese,

(Continued on page 69)

★ ★ ★

THE FINAL BATTLE

The Japs have decided to fight it out underground. Reports show that the elaborate system of connecting bunkers and pillboxes encountered on such bastions as Tarawa and Peleliu were rather small potatoes compared with the tremendous prairie-dog caves the Nips have built on the home islands. They are so complicated that special field tactics have been improvised to neutralize them.

Artist Logan U. Reavis, with the technical assistance of U.S. Army and Navy officers, made the illustration at right. It shows, in cross section, what we must expect to find on Kyushu and Honshu and Hokkaido, and some of the antidotes we will use. Across the top, a wave of supporting craft comes ashore through a lifting smoke screen. The Corsairs are about to glide their jelly-gasoline bombs against cave entrances. The Hellcat at left attacks a camouflaged Japanese battery with rockets. The long, scalloped line is a system of underground trenches connected with a concealed Command Post at right. The straight dashes in front of the trenches are tank traps.

At far right is a railway gun which can toss a lot of steel far out to sea. When danger threatens, it will be backed into a cave. To the right of the gun, a gasoline bomb has smashed against a hill above a cave entrance. The slow-burning jelly drops downward into the cave mouth. The flame will probably hold the Japs inside until a demolition squad arrives to seal the cave forever. At far right is a fire-control tower on stilts, easy pickings for the planes.

The G.I.s at left have discovered a Jap mortar crew halfway down a gully and have lowered three men on ropes to eliminate them. One soldier uses a portable flame thrower, one tosses grenades, the third uses a tommy gun. To their right, (1) an armored bulldozer piles earth against a cave entrance facing away from the sea. The Japanese often face gun ports away from the sea, saving them for use against invaders after they have landed. This is true of the double-purpose gun (2) being used against our tanks at the bottom of the gully, and it also applies to (3), where a field gun lies concealed behind anti-ricochet steps. These steps are designed to absorb a hit without deflecting the shell elsewhere. This supports the lesson we learned at Okinawa: The Japs do not expect to repel invasion; their defense is based on a plan to exterminate the invaders after they have landed.

The personnel entrance (4) to the big cave is tough to take. Four men (5) fire M-12 rocket launchers at the big steel

door. A flame-throwing tank assists. In front of the door, the Japs have placed steel barrels full of concrete. However, the rockets have punched holes in the door, and the Diesel flames begin to work on the wooden barracks floors inside.

Several squads of Americans (6) have managed to reach a high-level cave. To the left (7) they use scaling ladders to get to the roof of the cave. Beneath the ladder, an infantryman shoves a pole charge of dynamite into a cave mouth. He doesn't know it, but beneath him Japanese doctors are dressing wounds in a subterranean hospital. Farther along to the right, infantrymen slug it out with Japs at other cave entrances. Inside, scores of Japs stand behind blast baffles, concrete uprights which are staggered so that a single explosion cannot engulf an entire cave. However, a white phosphorus bomb, at far right, has curled over the edge of the baffle to sear the Nips. Heat is being used more and more extensively to kill Japs. One type of projected flame reaches 2,300 degrees Fahrenheit and kills instantly.

Another, more elaborate type (8) is shown at work in a camouflaged pillbox. A small explosive charge has widened a port. A steel pipe has been run through and connected to a portable oil-pumping apparatus. The oil pours out of the pipe and down the stairs. It is then ignited, and the river of flame, by gravity, will seek the lowest levels and burn from the bottom upward. In the lower rooms are food, water and fuel supplies, a power plant, munitions and a command post. Within a few minutes after this oil pump begins to work, nothing is left but smoke and an evil smell.

But the portable flame throwers still get the biggest play. At lower right (9) a G.I. pours jelly gas into a cave entrance. He's covered partially by the tank, partially by the prone men who pour Browning automatic rifle fire into the cave. He aims to hit the far side of the entrance, so that his flames will deflect toward the left side. The fiery jelly has already formed a hot brook and is running down the steps to the fuel supply room. The Japs outside the cave were using knee mortars against the Americans coming down the sides of the gully. These mortars are really grenade throwers and have inflicted more compound fractures on our men than any other weapon in any theater of war.

They're good weapons. But not as good as the new torches our men are carrying. Broiled Japs aren't capable of accurate marksmanship. ★★







Rayburn was stubborn, and it took two very different girls to teach him that often a man must forget his pride to keep it

RAYBURN came through the patio to the desk, tossed his key to the room clerk and walked across the quiet lobby to the dining room. He was wearing brown slacks, a green gabardine sports shirt and—comically visible as his pants legs rose and fell—two different colored socks, as if his room light had failed him in the dark grogginess of waking and dressing. He was a big man with uncombed black hair falling over a tanned face, and his eyes and the drawn, sullen mouth were edged and touched with shadows.

He entered the dining room and moved to his small table on the left side, where he had a panoramic view of the beach and gulf and clear blue sky. Counting three other late risers, two elderly women in dark blue and a small, fidgeting boy between them, not enough to make the usual humming quorum, he grinned wryly in appreciation of the welcome silence. His waitress, the small girl with quiet eyes smiling from her serious face, waited while Rayburn consulted a menu he knew by heart.

"Large glass of tomato juice," he said, "and black coffee." He opened the morning paper folded neatly beside his plate. Compliments of the management, he thought, always thinking of your comfort. He stared stonily at the headlines and turned to the sports page.

"Is that all, Mr. Rayburn?" the waitress asked hopefully. As usual, ever since the third or fourth day of his arrival, she was watching him, her large eyes touched with worry.

"Yes," Rayburn said, "and hurry, please."

"Yes, sir," she said softly, and hurried away.

Rayburn lit a cigarette, striking the match on his fingers and getting sulphur under his thumbnail; his fingers trembled and he knew the drinking was getting him down. But it helped a man forget for a few hours and that was worth paying the piper. It seemed that getting tight was the only cure; then only could he forget. Every night he drank until the bar closed, then went out on the beach and looked at the water and the sky, the stars and moon grinning down owlily at him, and in this sleeping silence he could feel confi-

dence and new strength. It was like finding a second mother who came to him when he was in need and struck out his rage and anger and shame, giving him back, in the hours of drunkenness, something of the decency and happiness he had possessed before.

His waitress was back with the tomato juice and black coffee, and he swallowed the juice in one long gulp. He sipped the coffee, added a spoonful of sugar, and tried another mouthful; it tasted better and he knew he was all right if he could enjoy sugar in his coffee. He felt better and looked up with some humor in his face, then lost it immediately when he saw Joyce, as surprised as himself, standing beside his table, the quick morning smile on her face fading into abrupt whiteness. She was wearing a dark red half coat over a foolish looking green dress that made her even more beautiful than he had remembered.

Rayburn said, "Hello, Joyce," for lack of better words.

She said, "What are you doing here, Tom?"

Then Rayburn noticed the man behind her, a bright-eyed young major, small and very handsome in a thin, dark way. Looking at the uniform hurt Rayburn's eyes and made him sick with the old, ashamed longing. He said, "Catching up on my drinking," feeling, as he spoke, the old pull her presence always gave him. He had loved her for so long that seeing her again, even when it was all over between them, gave him that same throttled chokedness in his chest.

"Well," Joyce said, "I thought you were farther than this."

RAYBURN was sorry and angry in the same moment. He said, "Sorry," and bent over his coffee, although not before noting the quick spurt of hot blood flooding her face. He tried to think of something decent but the words wouldn't come.

"Yes," she said, "this is quite a coincidence. Twenty towns and a hundred hotels and we pick the same one. Well, I hope you're enjoying yourself, Tom."

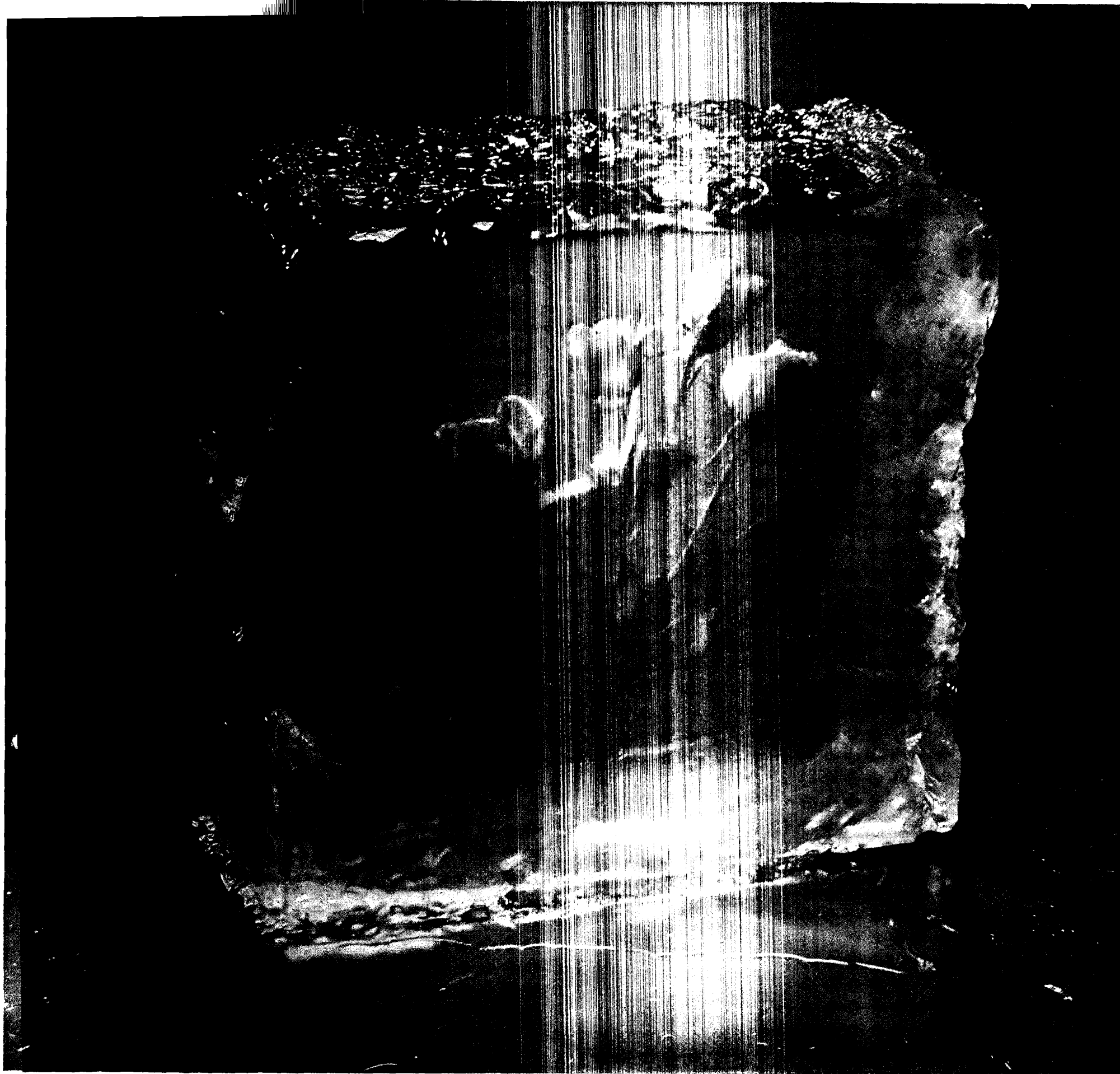
"Thank you," Rayburn said. "I am."

She turned away, her hand on the major's arm, and he watched them move to a large table where they were joined by three other couples, their light laughter grating on his nerves. They talked animatedly and pointed through the window at the sun and the white-hulled boats scattered like cotton bolls on the smooth green water.

(Continued on page 41)

She sat up and looked over at Rayburn. "You've taken a bad beating, haven't you?" she said. Rayburn just nodded. Then suddenly she said, "Look, I don't know how to say this, but if you need some money, if that's the trouble, I could help you a little"

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL



Perhaps you remember this picture

IT FIRST appeared 5 years ago—to remind you how gloriously cool and refreshing a Four-Roses-and-ice-and-soda can be on a warm midsummer afternoon.

And if you followed our suggestion then, and *tried* one—well, we're certain you've not forgotten your keen enjoyment of Four Roses' matchless flavor

and mellow smoothness in a highball!

Today — as then — there's no other whiskey with quite the distinctive flavor of Four Roses. There *couldn't* be—because of the specially selected whiskeys which are combined to achieve Four Roses.

You'll see how right we are, if you'll just try a Four-Roses-and-soda—*now!*

*The same great whiskey
today as before the war*



*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskeys—90 proof.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.*





When you've done your bit for Uncle Sam...



★ *IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME!*

This richer, finer coffee brings you friendly stimulation and extra flavor in every cup!

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TREAT ME IN *St. Louis*

BY ARTHUR MANN

Doctor Robert F. Hyland has mended thousands of injured and ailing ballplayers — and never once has he sent them a bill

BIG JOHN JOWAISZAS was just a link at the end of the St. Louis Cardinals' baseball chain. Six feet three, 200 pounds plus, and only seventeen, he was doing well as a right-handed first baseman on the Johnson City (Tenn.) Cardinals in the Class D Appalachian League until August 1st last year, when a fast ball whacked the left side of his head and felled him cold. He was rushed to the hospital, rested and discharged a few days later.

Transferred to the Piedmont League, he became desultory and disinterested, surly and unco-operative. Apparently useless, he was shipped to the Rochester Red Wings, where Manager Ken Penner sent him to another hospital for observation. Again he was rested and discharged, but Penner sent him home to Clifton, N. J. There his parents were alarmed by his strange actions, partial facial paralysis and incoherent speech. A local doctor advised them to consult the St. Louis club to which the boy was still under contract. The Cardinals brought him West, where he was sent to Doctor Robert F. Hyland, who for the past thirty years has made a hobby of mending wounded ballplayers.

By this time, Jowaiszas was what the boxing business calls "punchy." His future was limited to that of town idiot. Doctor Hyland's X-rays revealed a complete and depressed fracture of both inner and outer tables of the skull vault, a heavy pressure against the dura and obvious laceration of the delicate cortex that covers the brain. An operation was imperative, and Doctor Hyland gave the young man time enough to obtain parental consent, but even in this Jowaiszas needed help, because his faculties were disappearing with sickening rapidity.

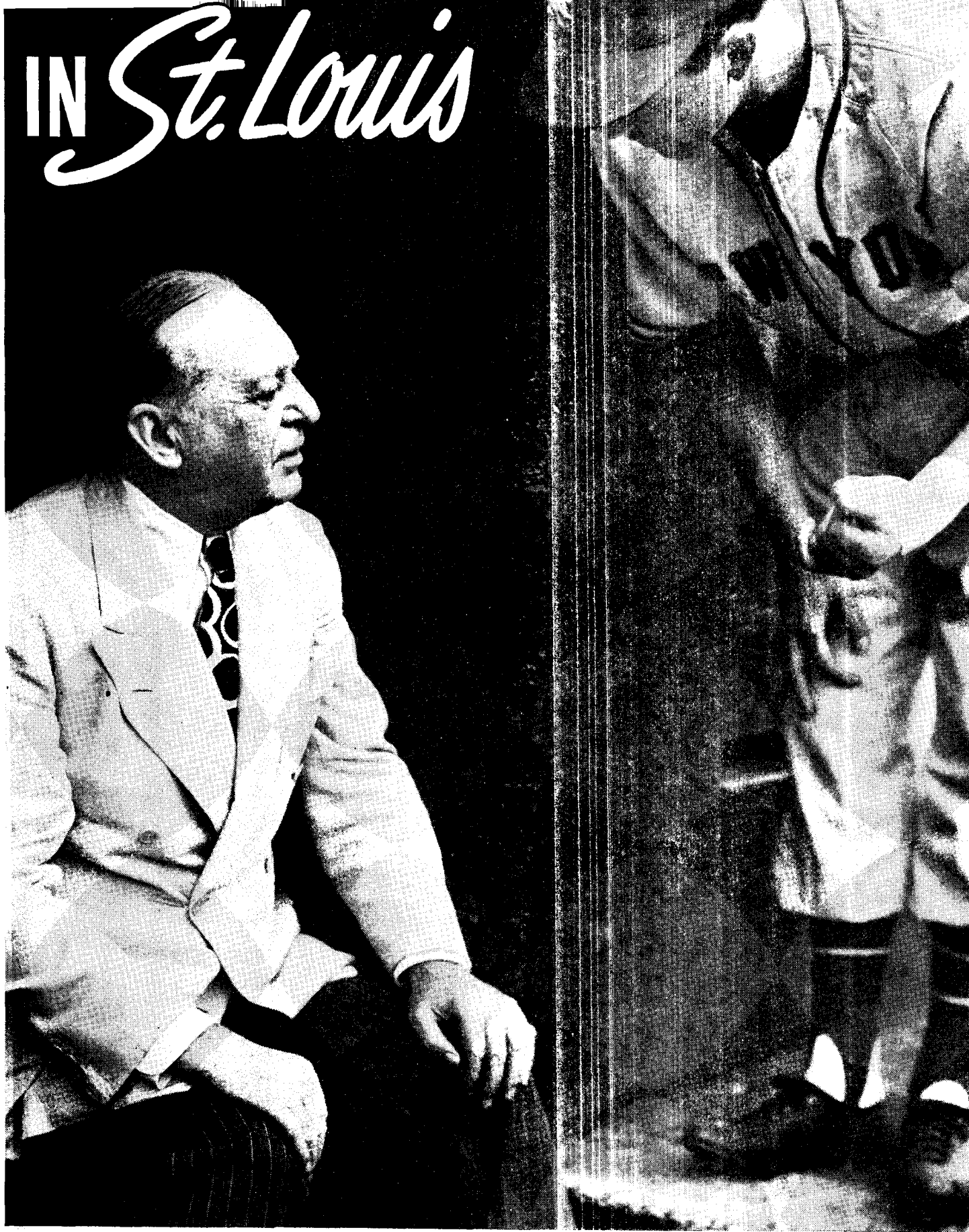
The fractured skull pieces were rongeuired away, and Doctor Hyland found bits of brain tissue stuck to them. A clot that increased pressure was removed. The dura was sewed, and a small plate of specially tempered steel was fitted into the gaping skull and fixed with silver screws. The scalp was stitched, and when the boy emerged from the ether, he began to talk of baseball and his chances of getting back into a line-up.

That he has been restored to a normal life is one more tribute to the modest medical master of St. Louis who has ministered to thousands of injured and ailing ballplayers, great and small. Most amazing in these days of profit and greed is that Hyland has never sent anybody a bill for this work, nor has he ever accepted payment for services rendered.

While Jowaiszas' value as a baseball chattel is 100 per cent potential, consider the case of Johnny Mize, slugging first baseman with a six-year batting average of .336 and all kinds of league titles to his credit. In 1941, Cincinnati was willing to pay \$65,000 for Mize's contract, and the Cardinals charged the Reds \$10,000 just to examine him in action. The costly scrutiny in Cincinnati disclosed that Mize wasn't physically sound. He couldn't stoop freely, due to a peculiar stricture in the groin.

Doctor Hyland discovered that Mize had calciferous growths, like icicles, extending down from the pelvic walls through the groin and into each thigh. A delicate operation was performed, which took Doctor Hyland almost three hours. Then followed a long period of convalescence.

Mize not only recovered to play with his former skill, but was sold for the 1942 season



The Giants' Johnny Rucker brings his injured thumb to the Cards' Doc Hyland for a little expert advice

to the New York Giants for \$50,000 and two players. He led the league in runs batted in, then passed the Navy physical and became a sailor.

Doc Hyland's parade of triumphs over the injuries of ballplayers would fill a large book, and may some day. The details would be priceless medical history, and would certainly stamp him as the nation's No. 1 baseball fan. People think of him only as physician to the St. Louis Browns and Cardinals. He never stops there, or anywhere. The password to his medical life is "baseball." Just confess that you're a baseball nut, and he'll examine your brain free of charge.

After the players get treated, the baseball executives go to him, and their wives, and even relatives a couple of times moved. They're part of baseball. Local and itinerant baseball writers enjoy command performances involving his unique skill. Fifteen years ago, the late Bozeman Bulger was stricken with appendicitis after the World Series train

had left Philadelphia for Sportsman's Park. It was an emergency case, but telegraphic consultation and instruction made everything ready on the special train. Reaching St. Louis, the agonized patient was rushed to the operating room of St. John's Hospital where Doctor Hyland waited with scalpel, and he barely made it. Yes, there was no bill.

How does he do it, and why?

Wealth Has No Fascination

"I like to," he explains quite simply. "It's my hobby. My love for baseball is old and deep and sincere. I've been surgeon for the St. Louis streetcar and bus lines all my professional life and never had to worry about material needs. Wealth never fascinated me. Medical problems always have. But I've found it impossible to put a price on something that brings me happiness and sometimes helps avert tragedy."

Baseball attempts to show its appreciation

by seeing that seats for him are always available in Box 50 behind home plate at Sportsman's Park, even for Sunday doubleheaders. No doubt there are other material expressions forced upon him indirectly, for even big-league club owners have consciences. They would give him anything he wanted, but all he wants is health and happiness for ballplayers, and a few laughs now and then.

These laughs are actually compensation, also above price. He is at his office working at 7:45 each weekday morning, laboring for the traction company. In midafternoon, he is ready for baseball and relaxation. He is not above a practical joke. In fact, he thrives on them, and for quite a spell, Sportsman's Park was a hotbed for the good doctor's extra-curricular screwball activities, and conduct hardly becoming one in the highest councils of national and international surgery.

The Cardinals had a secretary named Clarence Lloyd who could produce startling voice changes and dialects, and Hyland employed

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this skill for the purpose of deflating pompous St. Louis business bigwigs. Each day Hyland would produce the name, some facts and habits of the victim, and Lloyd would tackle him on the telephone. They developed countless routines, complicated hoaxes, gags and plain but veiled insults. And as Lloyd operated, Hyland would listen at an extension phone, rocking with paroxysms of near-hysteria.

Their crowning achievement made the front pages of the St. Louis newspapers. A lion escaped from the zoo, swam the Mississippi and found sanctuary on a wooded island.

What better source of fun could you find than a syndicate to capture the lion? It had double-barreled virtues: public safety and private profit, for the animal had value dead or alive. Doctor Hyland persuaded two unsuspecting friends to join his syndicate.

A Little Lying Goes a Long Way

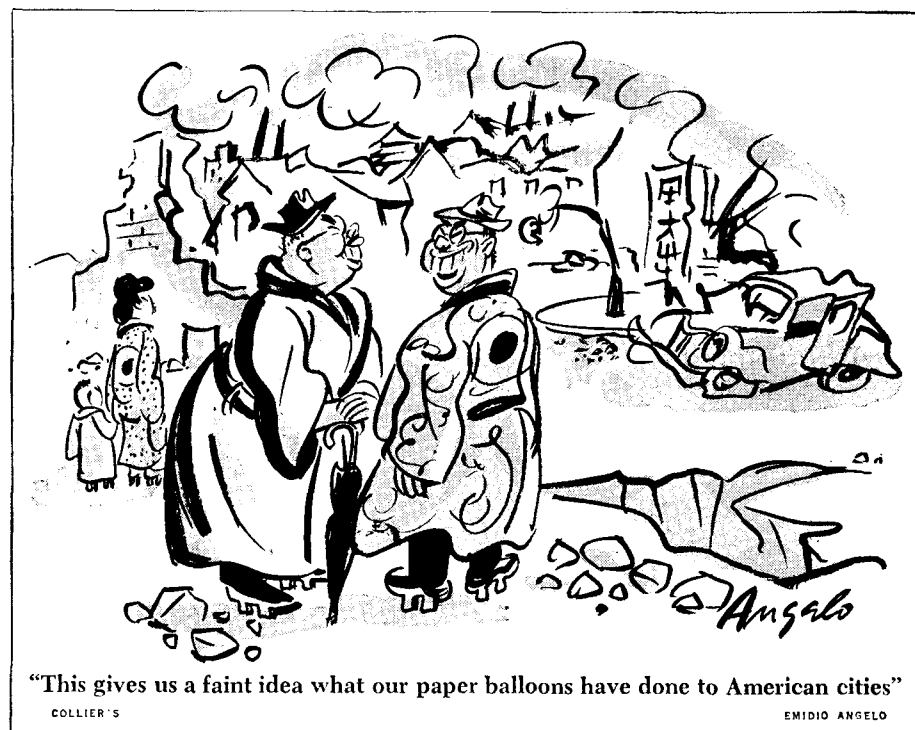
With that, Clarence Lloyd became a European zoologist, recently arrived, and thoroughly expert in the wiles and ways of lions. This called for regular telephonic consultation with the unsuspecting friends, on lion diet, habits, idiosyncrasies, diseases and values. Each telephone call always closed with a problem which the zoologist had to check with his records, so that another phone call was necessary.

When the situation had been milked dry of its farcical possibilities the syndicate set forth, rowed across the Mississippi to the island and stalked the lion. It refused to be trapped, and was shot, stuffed and presented to the museum.

Doctor Hyland is a tall, florid and handsome man with penetrating light blue eyes and large, dexterous hands. He is a proud father of a Navy officer and an Army officer, both sons; and he is a thwarted baseball player.

Born in Grand Rapids, Mich., he attended Quincy (Ill.) College and starred at both football and baseball. Returning home with his baccalaureate and master's degrees, he signed to play first base for Grand Rapids, then in the old Central League, and managed by the famed Bobby Lowe. Hyland had definite promise and hit a long ball, but before he could demonstrate the wisdom of a baseball career, his parents shooed him to St. Louis University Medical School where he graduated in 1911.

His unique skill soon brought him the post with the traction company and, coincident



with this, was a decision by Branch Rickey, then boss of the St. Louis Browns, to place baseball's medical problems before the highest skill obtainable. Rickey conceived the idea of having a top medicine man diagnose and then dispatch the various ills and injuries to specialists. He talked to Doc Lavan, his shortstop, who had obviously outsmarted his parents by becoming both physician and ballplayer. Lavan immediately recommended the promising Hyland.

Rickey approached Hyland with timidity and misgiving, but was bowled over by the doctor's quick sympathy for the visionary scheme and his enthusiastic willingness to co-operate. The real shock came, however, when Hyland refused to work on a commercial basis.

"But we'll make heavy demands on your time and skill," Rickey argued. "This is a big and regular thing. We couldn't think of not paying you."

"And with a liberal retainer for my present work," Hyland replied firmly, "I couldn't think of taking any more."

Since the project transcended mere money, Rickey backed down, and there began a new era in therapeutics that spread when Rickey moved in to take charge of the Cardinals, for

Hyland agreed to serve two clubs as well as one. Until that time, the physical shortcomings of players were either laughed at or seldom extended beyond the liniment bottle and its effect on sore muscles.

Hyland has succeeded with many pitchers ready to call it a career, and he has failed with a few. He believes that at least ten per cent of all pitchers develop acute elbow trouble nowadays, and this seems like a conservative estimate typical of modest medicine. While pitching arms command most of his attention, he is particularly proud of the results obtained in the case of Mort Cooper, Howard Krist, Pepper Martin, Earle Combs' skull injury of eleven years ago, the gold thread that holds Ray Blades' kneecap in place, and the delicate operation on the under part of Paul Dean's right shoulder.

Keeps Close Check on Patients

Though surgery has been stressed to reflect Hyland's genius, he never resorts to the knife until all other corrective means have been explored. Thus, he is a sort of father confessor to ballplayers of many teams, who lay their lives and tribulations before him with uninhibited frankness. Quite often he will find a mental quirk causing physical handicaps, and he treats them without knife or medicine. He can detect emotional disturbance as a player enters his office, and treats it sanely and frankly.

After a ballplayer receives his help or counsel, Hyland always looks upon him as a patient. By following the doctor through the Cardinals' clubhouse or sitting with him behind the home plate where players' wives often congregate, you can actually learn the general health conditions of the team by his solicitous greetings. Or he may ask about the player's wife, baby or even mother-in-law.

His circle of interest is widening faster now that former baseball players are returning from the battle fronts with illness and injuries. If they have played ball, he considers contact a duty. His latest concern is Frank "Creepy" Crespi, former Cardinal second baseman, now hospitalized in this country with a nasty leg injury. With unforgettable compassion, Hyland explains that all will be well with the young man, and then, hope of hopes:

"He might even play ball again," he whispers.

It would be good to report that life has treated this bighearted man in like measure, but such is not the case. Thirty years ago, he was injured in a traffic accident and suffered broken bones in his lower right leg. It stopped his regular workouts with the St. Louis Browns. It limited his athletic activity forever. Five or six holes of golf mean an ache in the leg. It's good enough for a little walking, but not for sustained usage, because somebody did a very sloppy job of setting it.

THE END



"It always takes George an hour. He's learning to deal from the bottom"

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In early operations before present island bases were secured, they transported their own supplies over the "Hump" from India into China. They have not only reduced the output of Japan's war industries by the steadily mounting tempo of their bombing but have taken a huge toll of the fighter

planes sent against them. And they have tightened the blockade on enemy ports by sowing mines.

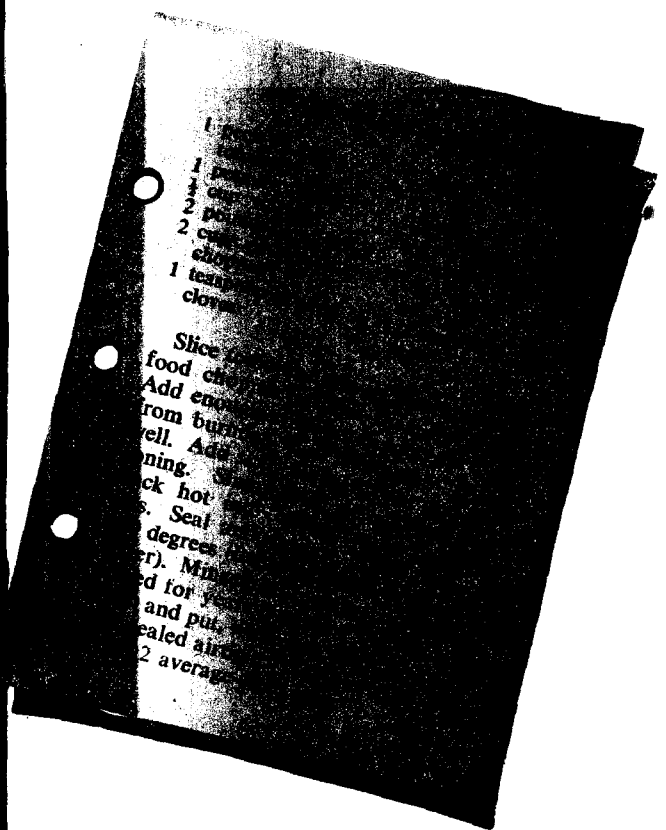
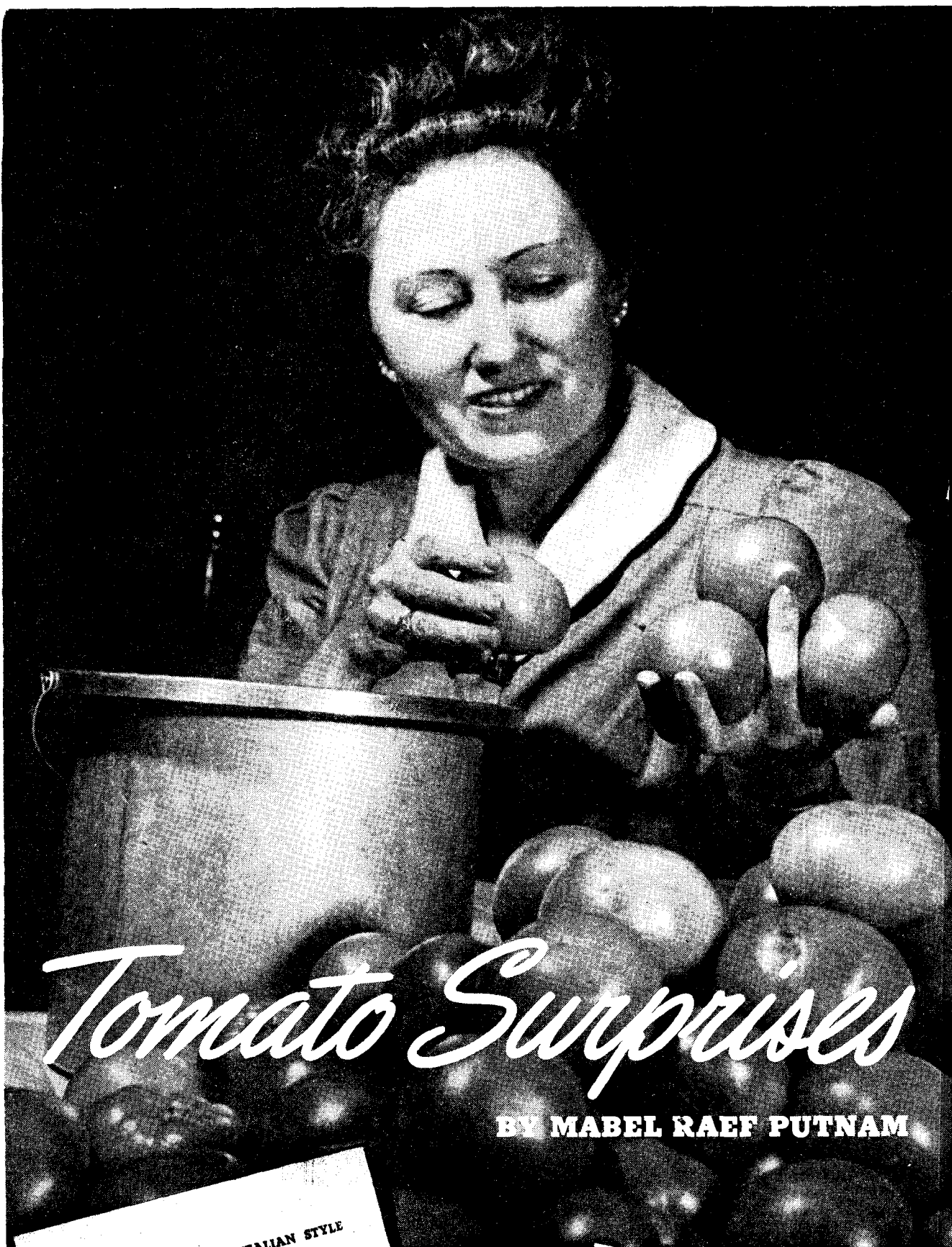
The versatile efficiency of the B-29 reflects Boeing's unparalleled experience in designing and building four-engine aircraft, and it forecasts the same qualities in the great Boeing planes of the future.

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The performance of the B-29 stems directly from Boeing principles of research, design, engineering, manufacture. In peace, as today, you can count on any airplane "Built by Boeing" to lead the way.

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THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING



IF YOU think little can be done with a tomato except put it in a salad or squeeze the juice out of it, you should know about Meta Grace. She has devoted most of her life to studying the tomato, and is recognized everywhere as an authority on its production, cooking and canning. And she probably can cook it in hundreds of ways you never heard of, for she has more than 7,000 tomato recipes.

Meta Grace has good reason for her enthusiasm for the tomato. She owes her life to it, also her career. As a child on a farm in Alabama, Meta didn't grow very fast. When three years old she was so tiny she had to wear doll shoes. Playing out of doors she began to eat the lovely cherry tomatoes growing wild in the yard, although in the deep South, tomatoes were not yet considered edible. They were still called "love apples," and most people thought they were poisonous. But Meta loved them. She ate them all the time and suddenly she began to grow. By the time she was six she was a sturdy little girl and the doctors said tomatoes had made her well.

About this time—in 1911—the United States Department of Agriculture began to foster the expansion of tomato production for food. It scattered seeds throughout the Southern states, organized children into community clubs, called Tomato Clubs—the forerunner of the 4-H Clubs—and offered prizes to those children most successful with their required one-tenth-acre plots.

Meta became a member of one of these clubs. Her father, who was a pioneer grower of tomatoes for food, gave her many kinds of fancy seeds and taught her how to grow them. She worked with them steadily and won a prize the first year.

During the next fifteen years, Meta's tomato exhibits won prizes at community, county, state and national fairs. When ten years old, for her first state fair exhibit, with her mother's help she preserved 216 jars of different products—tomato and tomato combinations—with no two alike. It won her the state championship. This success took it right on to a national exposition where it won first prize with so much publicity that it was exhibited at fairs, expositions and educational food exhibits for several years.

An intriguing by-product of this success was that year after year she was showered with a variety of gifts. Food, kitchen equipment and canning manufacturers sent her materials and equipment for experimental uses. Producers of thoroughbred poultry, hogs and cattle sent her baby chicks, little pigs and a Jersey calf as encouragement to grow their stock. Other gifts ranged from clothes and cosmetics to scholarships and a piano.

Tomatoes paid her way through school. She grew and canned them for exhibits and for sale at fancy prices. After graduation from college, her knowledge of tomatoes obtained for her a position with the United States Department of Agriculture as a director of its extension service. In this capacity she organized canning centers where she trained housewives in how to produce, preserve and serve tomatoes.

Tomatoes should be grown according to their uses," says Miss Grace. "Every gardener should grow at least a half dozen types. The yellow fig tomato makes choice and colorful preserves. Plum and peach tomatoes make delicious pickles. The cherry tomato makes tasty relishes and may be preserved whole for decorative purposes. The Beef-steak tomato is fine for drying or dehydrating, and the Stone tomato is one of the choice varieties for eating fresh.

"Tomatoes should be a part of the daily diet in some form or another," insists Miss Grace, "because of their high content of the important vitamin C which the body does not store. Tomatoes fit into any dish, at any meal, anywhere and any time. They are nonfattening." ★★★

TOMATO MARROW, ITALIAN STYLE

- 2 medium-sized marrows (vegetable squash)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon pepper
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 clove garlic
- 2 cups stewed tomatoes
- 1½ cups grated cheese

Trim and slice marrow, dust with salt and pepper, roll in crumbs, sauté in butter or oil until brown. Rub baking dish with garlic and arrange marrow in it, the slices barely touching. On each slice place a tablespoon of the tomatoes, sprinkle with cheese, salt and pepper. Bake in a hot oven, 375 degrees, 15 minutes.

MASKED TOMATO HALVES (Originated by Miss Grace) (Serves six)

- 3 egg whites
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons grated onion
- 1 tablespoon horse-radish
- 3 large-sized tomatoes
- 6 circles of bread, toasted
- 6 slices of bacon, broiled

Beat egg whites stiff. Fold in mayonnaise, onion, horse-radish, salt, pepper and cayenne. Cut tomatoes in half, place in a shallow baking pan, and them with a generous amount of the egg mixture. Bake in hot oven, 450 degrees, 10 to 12 minutes, or until puffed and lightly tinged with brown. Serve immediately on the toast circles garnished with the broiled bacon.

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Commodious staterooms with full-size beds, bath, shower—all conveniences of a modern hotel room.

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Long, non-stop cruises to the world's wonder spots within a short vacation! With all the uncrowded luxury of the finest ocean greyhound at about three times its speed! This will be possible in the air-liner of Tomorrow. New light metals, vastly improved methods of construction and propulsion, plus America's own non-inflammable helium gas make practical block-long, rigid airships carrying more than one hundred passengers in spacious comfort.

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For your pleasure today, tomorrow and beyond tomorrow, Seagram's has blended the best of Canada's fine, aged whiskies (none younger than six years) into one glorious Canadian whisky—Seagram's V.O. It is an entirely different kind of whisky—distinctly clean-tasting, light bodied, yet mellow—because Seagram's V.O. is *Canadian* whisky.

But, to be sure you get it, always ask for Seagram's V.O. by name... and you'll then be *sure* of Canadian whisky at its glorious, *pre-war* best.

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York



Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES



...When he comes back—

He comes back with a superb record, a lot of rank, a flock of fruit salad under his silver wings. Great guy! Certainly lucky to have him in the firm... Later, though, you begin to wonder. He's polite and pleasant, but a little aloof. Doesn't seem much interested, or catch on fast. Often in a fog, day-dreaming... You ask yourself: Has this boy got anything on the ball? Did I pick a lemon?... Pause a minute. Put yourself in his place...

You spend years learning, and doing the hardest job a man can do. You learn each day you fly can be your last. The Old Man with the Scythe sits nightly by your bedside. You see a man at breakfast



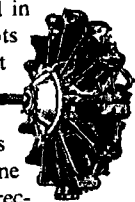
one morning; that night you gather up his stuff to ship home, and his empty bunk is awfully hard to take.

You force yourself to do what your mind tells you doesn't make sense; get so tired aloft you don't think you can land; want sleep more than anything, but you can't sleep. A hundred times you say the hell with it, and decide to quit—but don't. You miss the missing men, think the new guys are goofs... Finally you fear failure more than getting killed.

Then it's over... You want to forget, but can't. Back home, you don't feel as if you belong any more. Normal life isn't normal. No job is as important as what you were doing. You can't get interested, wonder if you'll ever fit—and worry...

THE best remedy is time. The country spent a lot to teach this man to live dangerously and die; you can afford the few months he needs to settle his nerves and spirit, to readjust to a new life, new capacities and responsibilities. Give him time—to make up for all the living time he has lost. Because this man is one of the best, by any standard. Understanding him now is more important than his understanding the job or your business... essential for his future, and for your investment in him!

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You've Gotta Be a Boss

Continued from page 20

Edward J. Kelly emerges from his position as the most powerful local boss in Chicago's annals to a position of national importance—a back-of-the-yards Warwick of large ambitions and few inhibitions.

Kelly is indeed a boss' idea of a boss. As mayor of the second greatest city of the Western Hemisphere, as ward committeeman, chairman of the Cook County Democratic Committee, as Democratic National Committeeman for Illinois—and now as sharer with U.S. Senator Scott W. Lucas of all federal patronage in Illinois—Kelly has hit the political jackpot. Outside of civil service employees, the odds against any Chicago person getting a position on the municipal pay roll, securing the Democratic Party's support for nomination to any elective office or obtaining a federal appointment, without the Kelly nod, approximate those of the proverbial camel passing through the needle's eye.

Yet, until Archboss Patrick Nash, too old and perhaps too wise to take the office himself, hand-picked him to succeed the assassinated Mayor Anton J. Cermak, Kelly had never been in a position to win a single elective office. Chief engineer of the Chicago Sanitary District at an annual salary of \$15,000, president of the important South Park Board and a man of substantial means, Ed Kelly appeared destined to end his career as a back-of-the-scenes politician.

A realist of the old "stick and slug" school, Kelly was aware of his own deficiencies. In part, they stemmed from his back-of-the-yards origin, his lack of formal education, his inability to address a public audience without committing mayhem on the American language. In part, it was due to his connection with the Chicago Sanitary District, whose reputation at that time was reminiscent of the sewage canal which it administered.

Kelly had been chief engineer of the Sanitary District during the "whoopie regime" of overloaded pay rolls and squandered millions, which saw seven trustees indicted, three of whom died while awaiting trial, two after being convicted. The other two had been acquitted. An indictment had been drawn against Kelly, but quashed for lack of evidence. Politically he was still "hot."

Also lurking in the background, like an unexploded mine, was the fact that Kelly, like Pat Nash and several other local political figures, had secretly settled delinquent

federal income-tax accounts. Kelly had paid \$105,000 in settlements for the period between 1919 and 1929, thus disclosing that his income for that period had been \$724,368, or exactly \$573,268 more than his salary.

An extensive investor in real estate and securities during the Hoover boom period, Kelly had always kept a tight mouth on his personal finances. It was not until he was mayor that a newly appointed Hearst newspaper managing editor, itching for an exposé, discovered and exploded the income-tax bombshell.

"Anything I might say would only put me on the spot," Kelly told a reporter, and the reply made streamer headlines.

Eventually the Internal Revenue agent assigned to the Kelly case declared the discrepancy due to an honest difference of opinion as to taxable income, but Kelly's offhand remark plagued him for the next two elections and occasionally still bobs up in exposés of boss-ridden Chicago.

A Dead-End Kid Environment

As a candidate for office, his background was completely lacking in vote appeal. Kelly's boyhood was full of such daily experiences as "rushing" pails of beer, foraging along railroad tracks for coal, chopping wood and peddling newspapers.

"I was the oldest of nine children, and life wasn't always easy for a boy in those days," Kelly recalls. "But my mother kept impressing me with the importance of making the most of myself. She taught me to keep neat, to show respect for my betters and—to keep my mouth off beer pails other people drink out of."

"The back-of-the-yards district I grew up in was like the Williamsburg district described in A Tree Grows in Brooklyn. The men had to work hard for a living, and money was something that belonged to the banks."

"The people who controlled the money and the jobs had a simple way of solving political problems. Their philosophy was: 'To hell with the people!' If there were too many men for the number of jobs, they didn't expect you to eat. Politics was in everybody's blood, and I used to hear my father and mother quarreling about the tariff."

"I soon learned you had to have power to do things for those you want to help, and

I made up my mind to get it. My father died before I could help him get his wish to see Ireland. But I was able to buy a cottage for my mother."

At the age of 13, Eddie was forced to quit seventh grade to seek work. His chief cultural sources outside his home were attendance at Mass, political ward meetings, and frequent visits to Sam T. Jack's and the Olympic, notorious burlesque theaters. By the time he was 18, he had organized the Brighton Park Athletic Club, with a membership of 200, and started the neighborhood kids boxing, wrestling, swinging Indian clubs and holding card parties. The budding political qualities of the redheaded Kelly had caught the eye of the Democratic ward boss.

Before he was old enough to vote, Ed Kelly had handled eight precincts in one election. Elections were elections in those days with hard-drinking, two-fisted party workers often winding up Election Day in a hand-to-hand battle for ballots. On one such occasion, the rugged Kelly youngster found himself in the center of a melee which catapulted him through the window of the polling booth directly on top of the ballots, where he held on for dear life until the arrival of the cops.

Shortly, Kelly got a job as chairman on the Sanitary District. By spending three nights a week at the old Chicago Athenaeum and accepting the coaching of his college-educated colleagues, he parlayed a seventh-grade schooling, his inexhaustible energy and native wit into a technical engineering education, and became an assistant engineer. Now at 25, he decided to become a trustee of the Sanitary District. Running against him was a tall, rangy "dude" of Kelly's own age, whom the latter derisively termed "that football player," a sneer at the young man's wealth, Eastern education and social position.

"I shouldn't have called him a football player," Kelly says now. "I didn't think he was, and it probably helped him win. To make matters worse, he was elected president of the Sanitary District by the other trustees. And to make things still worse, I got into an argument with a Republican politician working under me, for loafing on the job, and I walloped him on the jaw. 'That Irish temper of mine again,' I said to myself; 'there goes my job.'"

Sure enough, Kelly was summoned into the office of the new president of the Sanitary District: Robert Rutherford McCormick, since colonel and publisher of The Chicago Tribune.

"I'm going to make a change around here," harumphed McCormick, while Kelly gulped but held his tongue. "Anybody who has guts enough to hit one of those political workers on the jaw is worth fifty dollars more a month. I'm going to promote you."

This meeting with McCormick and later meetings with Patrick A. Nash (head of a huge sewer-constructing firm and afterward co-boss of the local Democratic Party) and with other contractors, proved invaluable to Kelly's political and business advancement. The dude and the Brighton Park fisticuffs expert became fast friends and, like Pat Nash, McCormick was able to help Kelly reach his ever-expanding political goals. Although Kelly's later espousal of "Roosevelt and humanity" caused the colonel to denounce Kelly to his face as a "pestiferous Democrat," not until lately has The Tribune ever attacked him by name.

Today, with Ed Kelly finessing the Republican state machine into support of his pet measures of a publicly owned traction system, slum clearance and a Chicago port authority, the Tribune has begun to turn its editorial rocket guns upon the formerly protected city hall.

In 1933, when Pat Nash suggested to the dying Mayor Anton Cermak the idea of naming Kelly as his successor, Cermak cracked, "Ed Kelly would make a good mayor; but if you once get him in, you'll have a hell of a time ever getting him out."

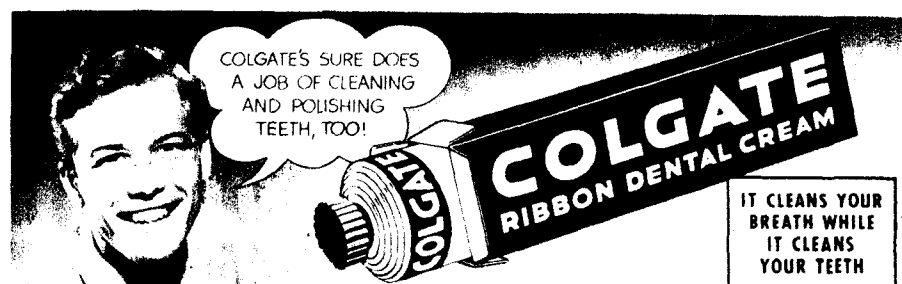
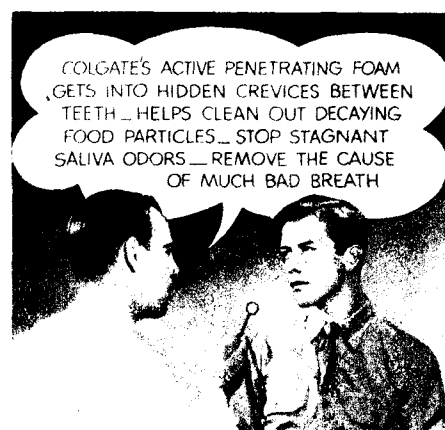
Acting Hard-to-Get

Hiding his own sense of inferiority under a gruff exterior, Ed Kelly retorted, "What in hell would I want that job for? The city's \$134,000,000 in debt, and the teachers and city employees haven't been paid for months."

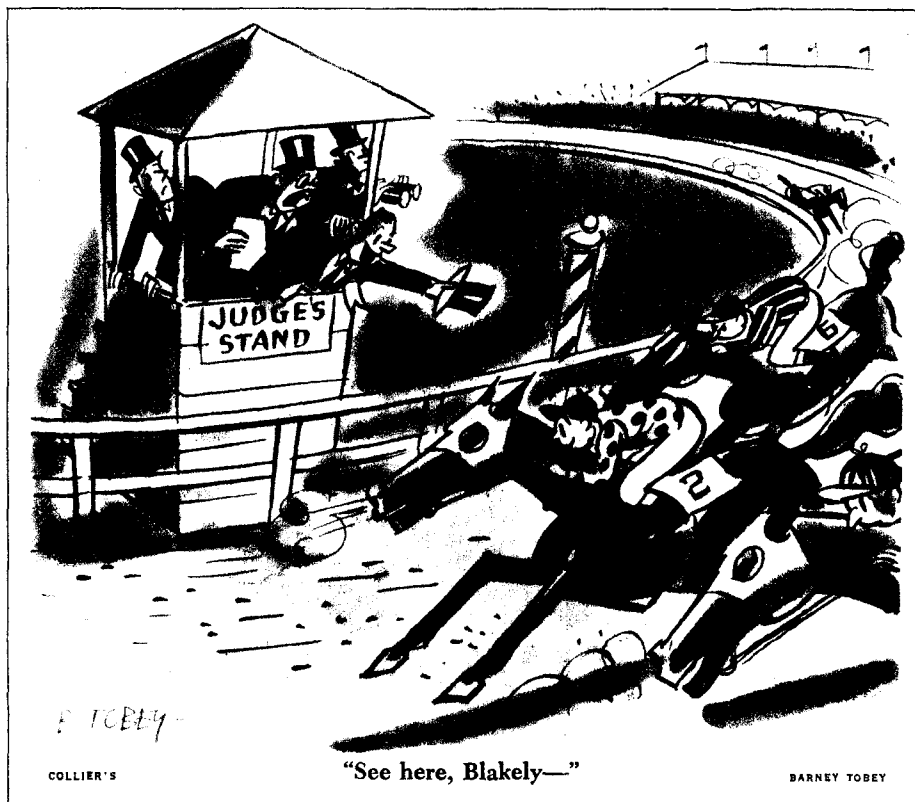
However, after Cermak died and an interim mayor had held office for six months, Kelly agreed to take the job for two years, until the next election. The city council dutifully "elected" Kelly, and the Kelly-Nash machine was born. Kelly now set about overcoming the handicaps which had kept him from elective office in the past.

A few years earlier the death of his only son, Edward, had hit him harder than any haymaker he had ever received in his fighting Brighton Park days. As a result, he had taken stock of himself and decided on a complete overhauling job. He cut out liquor and night-long poker sessions, and in their place he substituted health fads, massage, baths, light rays, throat sprays and diet. He started frequenting the legitimate theater instead of burlesque houses. He startled his City Hall colleagues by references to current literature. He interested himself in charities.

Gradually his ear began to distinguish the nuances in speech which separate the right and wrong side of the tracks. In his pursuit of culture, Mayor Kelly installed a home recorder, and winced when he first heard the damage he had been inflicting on the American language. By making recordings and



Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night — NBC Network



CHEV

THE SYMBOL

YOU'LL SAY

"PREWAR LEADER...WARTIME LEADER...

POSTWAR LEADER, TOO"

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

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1st IN SALES . . . 1st IN VALUE
10 of the last 11 car production years

★ ★ ★ KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS ★ ★ ★

A MAN AND HIS PIPE

What else does a man own that costs so little, yet gives so much pleasure? But, make it a good pipe — make it an

LHS STERNCREST STERLING IMPORTED BRIAR

\$5

Model No. 46

Smooth or Antique Finish
Dozens of hand-some models
STERNCREST 14K
with 14K gold band
\$7.50

AT ALL GOOD DEALERS
If your dealer is temporarily out of stock, ask again.

LHS PIPES

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Write for Booklet "Pointers on Pipes" FREE
L & H Stern, Inc., Stern Bldg., 56 Pearl St., Bklyn 1, N.Y.

It's better with fresh fruit and White Rock



Try this White Rock Tom Collins!

Put 1 level tablespoonful of sugar in a tall glass. Dissolve thoroughly in a little White Rock water. Add juice of 1 lemon (or 2 small limes) and stir. Add cracked ice (or ice cubes) then 1½ jiggers of gin—2 oz. plus. Fill glass with White Rock Sparkling Mineral Water—the tangy mixer that improves flavor. Stir slightly, and drink. Um-m-m!

listening to them, he learned to handle two-dollar words like "anachronism" without fumbling and to substitute such phrases as "blood and sinew," "brotherhood of man" and "potent political factor" for the more salty expressions that automatically came to his lips.

Simultaneously with his quest for the social graces, the mayor embarked upon a series of ballyhoo promotions which made the ancient Roman formula of giving the people "bread and circuses" seem as unpretentious as an ice-cream social in Pumpkin Hollow. While Chicago Republicans, "liberals" and "independents" were asking embarrassing questions about protected gambling and political control of the school system, the mayor went energetically about the business of holding superspectacles.

Typical was the series of Chicago's Own Christmas Benefits, featuring a supercolossal Night of Stars in the biggest local indoor theater, the Chicago Stadium. Every stage, screen, radio and night-club celebrity in Chicago took part, playing to enthusiastic audiences of 30,000. Receipts from ticket sales and program advertising the first year, 1933, amounted to nearly \$150,000. This money was turned over to a committee of prominent merchants, who used it to purchase complete outfits of clothing, including shoes, for nearly 33,000 children.

Shoes for the Younger Generation

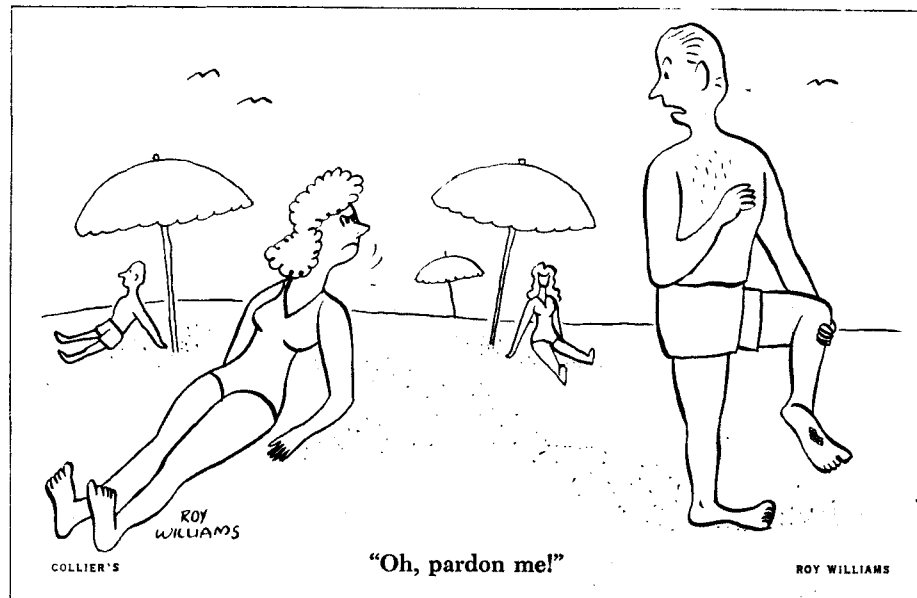
In 1934, a championship football game between the top Chicago public and parochial high-school teams was added, and by the end of 1941, when Christmas benefit funds were diverted to the Servicemen's Centers, a grand total of \$2,828,322 had been raised. Some 595,759 Chicago youngsters—a whole generation—had grown up in Kelly shoes.

Other colossal spectacles which brought Boss Kelly into the spotlight included: the Drama of Chicago on Parade, a spectacle held at Soldier Field before an audience of 100,000 bug-eyed fans, in which the biggest cast in the city's history presented the story of Chicago in fifty mammoth scenes (one per ward); Chicago's New Century, Chicago Charter Jubilee and Chicago's Homecoming—civic events headed by Chicago's elite and conducted not only on a city-wide scale but in every neighborhood by means of community pageants, park concerts, neighborhood shows, screen talent contests, patriotic spectacles, athletic contests, boys' and girls' civic activities, and other special events.

Honors flowed to the mayor from all directions. He became the first local politician admitted to membership in the exclusive Chicago Club, the first local political boss ever to enter the White House by the front door. The governments of Poland, France and Lithuania conferred decorations upon him. The University of Notre Dame made him a Doctor of Laws.

Paralleling these promotional activities has been the biggest physical improvement program in Chicago's history, financed in large measure by federal funds and marked by official openings, ribbon-cutting ceremonies and dedications dwarfing any cinema premiere. Since the turn of the century, every candidate for mayor had promised to build a Chicago subway. Kelly built it. The Municipal Airport was quadrupled in size with typical fanfare. Some of Chicago's slum areas were cleared and eight housing projects erected with appropriate ceremony. Chicago's funded debt was sliced from \$134,000,000 to \$30,000,000.

Throughout the war, and in the heart of isolationist America, Kelly and his brain trusters provided a mixture of ballyhoo, patriotism, mass psychology and administrative efficiency which has kept the people united, attracted billions of dollars in new war industries, kept labor troubles at a minimum, and put Chicago over the top in every war drive. In the twelve years he has been mayor, no ordinance has been adopted by the city council which he has found it advisable to veto. On the rare occasions when the mayor finds in the council hopper a measure of which he does not approve, he merely remarks to the author, "I don't like it, Jack. I'd like to have you reconsider." And the matter is reconsidered. No raising



of voices, no thumping on desktops—complete harmony.

Behind the façade of public works and public spectacles, Mayor Kelly's Chicago continues to live up to its traditional reputation of wickedness. In accordance with Chicago political tradition, the fifty ward committeemen decide who gets not only the political jobs but they also handle all the other perquisites not entirely under the personal eye of the mayor in a sort of local autonomy. As a result, handbooks and gambling clubs flourish with little police interference. There are exceptions, however; Kelly cracks down relentlessly on what he considers cases of moral turpitude or on incursions by the gambling syndicate into his own domain.

"Gambling isn't a violation of divine law, and you'll find it wherever there are human beings, beginning with kids who play marbles for keeps," says the boss. "All you can do is keep the strong-arm boys, the muscle, from moving in. And the strong-arm boys always move in where an activity is illegal. That's why gambling ought to be under state control like the race tracks, where betting is legal. It's the only way to keep out the gambling syndicate."

Despite this toleration of gambling, major crime has fallen off sixty per cent in the Windy City since prohibition. Under Kelly, taverns, night clubs and honkytonks operate full blast on the same basis of ward autonomy. However, the mayor, as local liquor-law enforcer, frowns on spots which serve minors, especially in uniform, or tolerate women barflies. Syndicate vice is virtually nonexistent, and the juvenile-delinquency rate is the lowest in the country.

Despite his years, the old-time Kelly energy today defies all efforts of assistants, secretaries, bodyguards, city department heads,

lesser Democratic party chieftains and Mrs. Kelly, to confine it within any conventional working hours. From breakfast with visiting bigwigs to midnight night-spot conferences, the Kelly entourage moves in a perpetual whirl of activity. The mayor loves to walk, is a fair golfer, an excellent pistol shot and a health faddist to the point of hypochondria.

The boss spends as much time as possible with Mrs. Kelly. Incidentally, she is his second wife, his first having died in 1918. It was Mrs. Kelly's original interest in the Servicemen's Centers which spurred the mayor to make Chicago the G.I. capital of the country, and it remains her chief activity. For many months, she has worked sixteen hours out of every twenty-four, often with the mayor helping her.

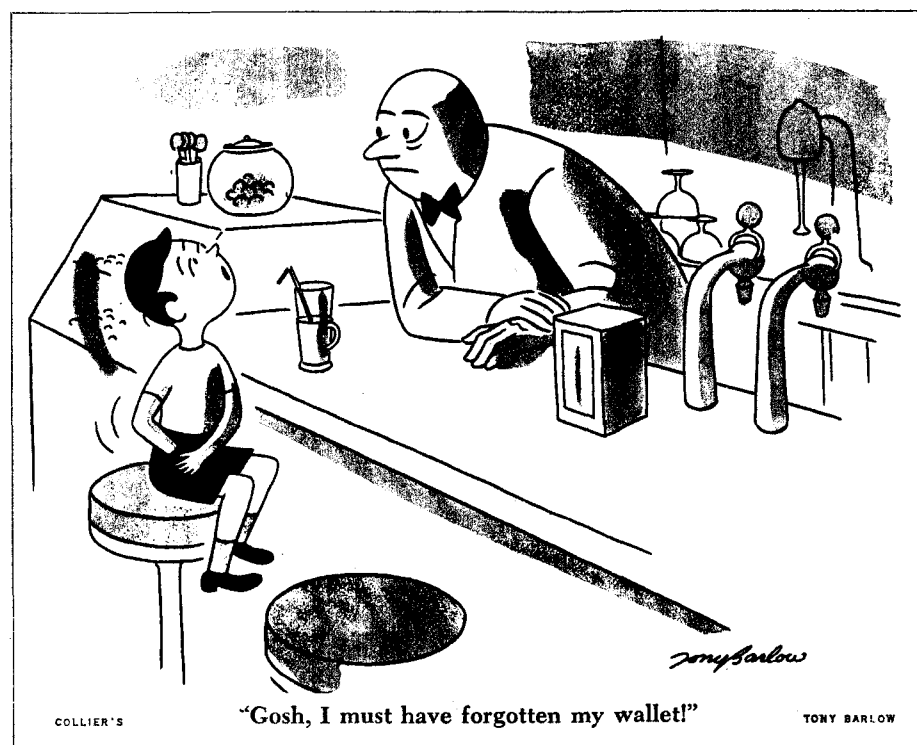
Building Up the Kelly Tradition

As he nears the Biblical three score and ten, Chicago's boss has entered a Louis the Fourteenth phase, in which he identifies his own attitudes and interests with those of Chicago. The Kelly name is blazoned over the entrance of the Service Centers, appears in light bulbs, in stone, in paint and in printer's ink, on every structure, billboard, proclamation or other medium of communication connected with the city. Every day the Kelly voice blares over all eighteen local radio channels in the form of recorded messages.

The boss wants to be remembered not only as "the best mayor in Chicago's history" but as "the best mayor in America."

"These people look to me for leadership," rationalizes Mr. Kelly. "To be a real mayor you've got to have control of the party. You've got to be a potent political factor. You've gotta be a boss!"

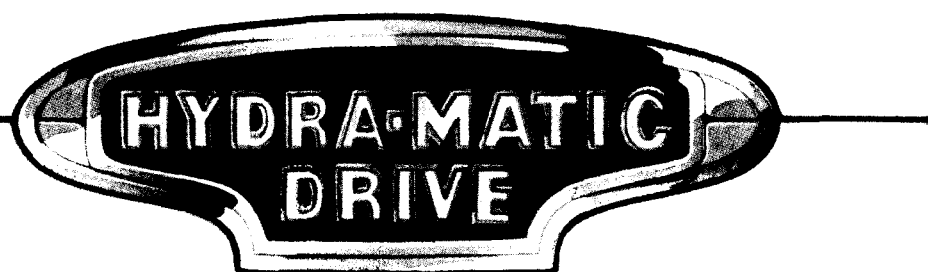
THE END



LOOK TO OLDS FOR ALL THAT'S NEW!



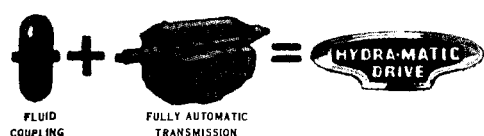
Tomorrow's Oldsmobile will have this famous General Motors feature



There's a *new* Hydra-Matic Drive on the way. As a result of combat use on Army tanks, this great General Motors transmission has been modified and improved for the next new Oldsmobile car. Basically the same as the famous drive Oldsmobile introduced before the war, the

new G.M. Hydra-Matic Drive still combines a fluid coupling with a fully automatic transmission . . . it still eliminates the clutch pedal and *all* gear-shifting . . . but now it gives even better performance, even greater economy, even more dependability than ever before.

In addition to Hydra-Matic Drive, the coming new Oldsmobile will offer many other *new* advantages. It will be new and modern in styling . . . new and improved in performance . . . new and advanced in engineering. You can "Look to Olds for All That's New" . . . inside, outside, and under the hood!

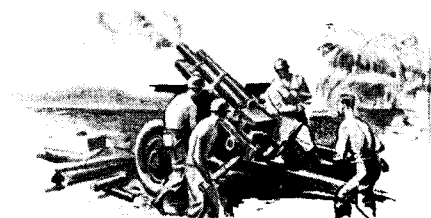


VITAL FIRE-POWER NEEDS ARE STILL BEING SERVED



America's fighting men come first. As long as they need the cannon and rockets and shell Oldsmobile produces . . . building Fire-Power will be our number one job. But essential transportation requirements must also be met, and Oldsmobile is now converting its remaining facilities to the production of quality automobiles.

BUY WAR BONDS TO KEEP 'EM FIRING!



OLDSMOBILE ^{DIVISION} OF GENERAL MOTORS

Mama's Boy

BY NORMAN KATKOV

ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY

A sharply real story about a kid who knew he was a coward, and nearly broke his heart proving that he was not

MA HAD the football out of the box and almost blown up when I got through with breakfast. I could see from the way she handled it, holding the ball like it was a goldfish bowl, that she was glad she'd bought it for me.

I came around past Pa's chair where nobody sat now he was dead. She tossed it at me underhand like she was heaving a free throw in a basketball game. Then she came over near the sink and put her arms on my shoulders, smiling down at me. Gee, she's pretty. My ma is prettier wearing an apron, with no lipstick and her hair just rolled down her back than anyone. Prettier than Ingrid Bergman, or Deanna Durbin or Merle Oberon or Betty Grable, even though my ma's hair is black.

"How's my boy?"

"I'm swell. How's my girl?"

"Your girl loves Joe. And she wants her boy to play football. Touch football, not tackle," she warned. She kissed the top of my head and shoved me out the kitchen door. We live on Colorado Street in a four-family flat.

All the way up Robert Street, around the signboards hiding the ravine and our shack, I kept running and throwing the ball. I'd throw it ahead of me, and then run to catch it. I'd be Bruce Smith and George Frank and Pug Lund and Bronko Nagurski; all the Minnesota guys.

At the gas station I blew the ball up with the air hose till it was like a stone. Roosevelt Junior High where we played on the school grounds was only two blocks up on Congress Street. I ran up the sidewalk, the ball under my arm, me stiff-arming tacklers and going for a touchdown. There wasn't anybody on the grounds but Frankie Pettit standing under the big tree on the Greenwood Avenue side. He's just about my best friend and lives over on Clinton.

"Where are the guys?" I asked. He held his hands up and then broke away, running low for a pass. I threw it and he snared it with one hand, wheeled around and came back toward me, weaving and dodging tacklers.

"They aren't up here yet," He held the ball in one hand and slammed the palm of his hand against it. "Hey, that's a ball, what I mean, that's a ball," he said. "Wow, your ma must have paid plenty for this ball, eh, Joe?"

WE STOOD about six feet from each other underneath the tree and tossed passes at each other. "I don't know what she paid but she went to Edwards' for it." That's the best sporting goods store in St. Paul.

"Lefty Vincelli was here before," Frankie said. "He wanted to know if there was gonna be a game, an' I said no. Right?"

I nodded. Nobody liked that guy. First place he was older, about fourteen, and second place he was tough and always wanted to run things.

We started throwing longer passes. My arm felt pretty good. I guess I'm the best passer up here except for Lefty, and we don't let him play much when we can help it.

"Hey, did you hear who Lefty beat up on?" Frankie yelled. "He smeared Katch Kramer Thursday, just ruined him."

"What for?"

"For nothing. Katch didn't do nothing."

"You're nuts," I said.

"Ask the guys. Here they come." The rest of the gang were running across the play-



I walked away all alone, calling myself every dirty name I'd ever heard

grounds from the State Street side. I heaved the ball down as far as I could, right at the gang. They started throwing it around, and it was swell. It was like a good Saturday always is. There were sixteen of us and we were just choosing up sides when I saw Lefty and Johnny, his brother, walk up on the grounds.

"Give us a pass," Lefty yelled, slapping his hands together over his head and whistling.

Frankie had the ball and he looked over at me.

"C'mon, heave it," Lefty yelled.

Frankie turned quick and threw the ball at him. He and Johnny started throwing it around by themselves. Then Lefty put the ball under his arm and they walked over to us, leaning up against the kindergarten windows.

"Let's have a game," Lefty said.

"We got sides," I said. He knew it was my ball, all right.

He counted with one finger. "Nuts! There's only eight on a side. I'll play with one team, Johnny with the other." All the guys looked like when the priest sees them on Sunday when they skipped church.

"It's a tournament," I said.

He held the ball out like he was going to boot it. "You want me to play, Joey?"

"It's a tournament," I said again. I reached for the ball but he jerked away, pushing me back with his other hand. There were sixteen of us and we could have jumped them easy, but all of us had seen Lefty fight. He and Johnny started passing it back and forth. I ran between them, trying to get it, and none of the guys came to help me. I was mad. Not at them, but at me for not running up to one of them and smashing him.

FINALLY Lefty put the ball under his arm. He was about twenty feet away. "We going to play, Joe?" he asked.

"No, damn you!" I yelled. Taking his time, real slow and careful, he aimed and kicked. I turned and watched the ball sailing, a perfect spiral, and it cleared the roof by plenty, and it didn't bounce back down.

Lefty and Johnny walked over to the gang and stood there, their thumbs hooked in their pants' pockets.

"What did you do that for?" I said when I got close.

"Don't you like it?"

"Damn you!" I yelled. "Damn you, you, you, you. . . . You didn't have to do that!"

I could see his face getting real mad. He got his fists up, just for no reason, just to be mean the way he was, and he slammed me with his left. For a minute I guess I didn't know what I was doing, and I rushed him and got him down with just pushing. When he got up, the rest of the guys were between us, and I was so scared my breakfast was almost coming up. I was just shaking.

"C'mon," he yelled over the shoulders of the guys holding him. "C'mon, fight."

I didn't want to fight. Rushing him was something I didn't know how I'd done, and now I just wanted to get away from him and out of there.

"I'll fight you this afternoon," I said. "I got to get home now."

I just couldn't now. It was like the time in gym when we had to do somersaults and I couldn't get over and I left my lunch at home, so I could get out of gym to go home and get it.

"Right now." He was trying to get free of the guys.

"You heard him," Frankie said.

"All right. Three o'clock in the ravine."

Lefty and Johnny walked away across the school grounds.

I didn't know what I was going to do. I

(Continued on page 50)

WHAT KIND OF WASHER DO YOU DREAM ABOUT?



1 One that washes fast? That's the Easy Spindrier. Twin tubs do the average family wash in less than one hour. One tub washes while the other damp dries!



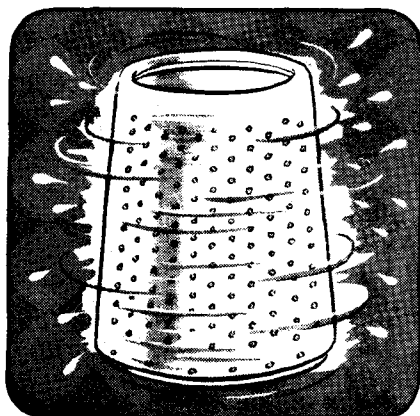
2 Quick drying? The Spindrier whirls out up to 25% *more* water. Clothes dry faster indoors on rainy days. Less chance of the sun fading colors outdoors.



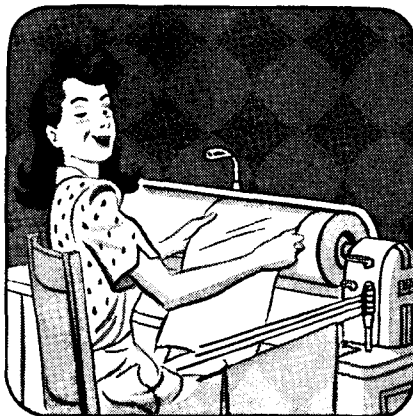
3 Gentle washing action? Easy's patented "Spiralator" is as gentle as a baby's handclasp. Washes *all* the clothes in *all* parts of the tub, a full 9 lb. load.



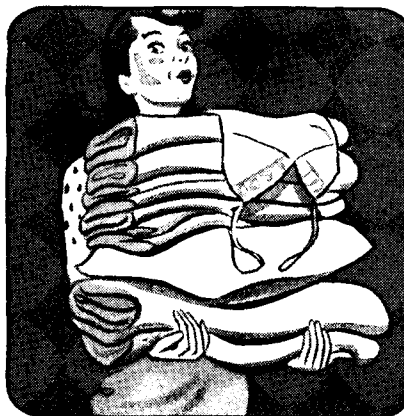
4 Want a thrifty washer? We don't blame you! The Spindrier is a miser with hot water and soap, yet your clothes are snowy clean!



5 Want easy rinsing? You can rinse and then damp-dry clothes without lifting—right in the Spindrier basket which takes the place of the old-fashioned wringer.



6 Want faster ironing? The Spindrier's whirling action can't put deep-creased wrinkles into fabrics. Can't break buttons or ruin precious zippers, either!



7 How about extra things? Pillows, blankets, drapes are duck soup to a Spindrier. Washes them perfectly. Damp dries them fluffy and light—like new!



8 Home tested, proved! Made by specialists with 68 years experience in home laundry equipment. Endorsed by over 2,000,000 satisfied Easy owners!



**WASHES MORE
CLOTHES FASTER**

If you want a washer with all these features—you want an Easy Spindrier. If your present washer needs attention, look for your Easy Service Dealer's name in the phone book. Easy Washing Machine Corp., Syracuse 1, N. Y.

EASY AMERICA'S
LEADING
WASHER

HOME LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT
SPECIALISTS FOR 68 YEARS



BUY WAR BONDS FOR KEEPS

"flavor-aged" means luscious goodness for both

You know how pears reach their juiciest, tastiest best when they've had time to ripen to perfection. And slow "FLAVOR-AGING"—blending rich Jamaica ginger and other choice ingredients and aging them for months—gives Clicquot Club Ginger Ale its distinctive flavor.

Clicquot Club
Ginger Ale

OVER 50 YEARS A FAVORITE



N.W. AYER & SON

Witness for the Defense

Continued from page 24

Rayburn wondered how she had found the major in two weeks and decided she hadn't wasted any time after what had happened. He knew she was hurt deeply and had every right to hate him, but he still could not understand why she had treated him as completely guilty without giving him a chance to explain. But that was his fault in a sense, and he knew it.

There was no use going back and rehashing what was done and finished. He already had an overclear picture of the investigation and his own amazed surprise at their pinning the guilt on him. They had assigned him a former lawyer, Major Williams, as his defense counsel, and at first Rayburn had treated the entire affair as absurd and foolish. But then, the slow, angry realization as he talked with Williams, outlining his defense, that Williams actually believed he was guilty, smashed him with brutal revulsion. He knew he was a fool for not getting up on his hind legs and proving his innocence—a bigger fool for not calling his own lawyer in town, but this unexpected and wholehearted belief by all concerned that he was guilty brought his Irish stubbornness and hot blood boiling to the top. So he had lain down, deliberately, stunned and angered until he didn't care what happened, and let them push the case through with the evidence piling up more than the necessary points for conviction. Even Major Williams could do nothing without his help. Williams gave up early in the trial; he knew when he was licked.

And then the last minute of the court-martial with his commanding general coughing sanctimoniously, and reading a lot of words that ran together in a meaningless jumble but finally came out cold and hard, stating that Captain Thomas Rayburn was dishonorably discharged from the Army for reasons set forth in the above statement. Rayburn had stood before the general, nursing a dull passive apathy, yet raging inwardly that they would doubt his sworn word of innocence. His word had never been doubted before and, while he knew that all he had to do was show them his bank book to straighten things out, some pugnacious resistance and stubborn pride sealed his mouth.

When they read the sentence he had pulled out his wallet, placed five one-hundred-dollar bills on the desk, and said bitterly, "Thank you, gentlemen, for a most interesting drum-head. Here is the money I am supposed to have stolen, with a little interest for your cigars. Now, as I am no longer in the armed services and not under your jurisdiction, you may all go to hell with my blessing." And turning, he had marched from the

building, seeing nothing and hearing nothing in his rage at their blindness.

He had driven to his quarters, packed his bags, changed into civilian clothes, then driven around to battalion headquarters and walked into the office. Captain Fisher was standing with his back to the door, talking with the colonel, and he tapped Fisher on the shoulder and said, "Right now, Fisher." When the man turned, his face paling suddenly, he hit Fisher the most satisfying blow of his life. He hit him again as Fisher went down, then gave the colonel a sardonic, half comic salute, and walked out of the building and out of their lives.

HE HAD stopped halfway to town and called Joyce after that, and had heard her voice answer, cool and unconcerned.

He said, "I'm a civilian now. I thought you'd like to know."

"I see," Joyce said, and he caught the sudden change in her voice. "They discharged you?"

"Dishonorably," he said tightly. "You want me to come in and tell you about it? I'd like to talk with someone I can trust. I think I've made a mistake."

Her voice was cold and very distinct: "I don't think it's necessary, Tom."

"Oh," he said, understanding then. But he was losing the last shred of his rapidly vanishing calmness and he slashed out at her bluntly: "Don't you want to get the straight of this?"

"Why?" she said. "I have the straight of it, haven't I?"

"So you believe the court-martial," he said bitterly. "All right, Joyce, if that's how you want it."

"If you'll give me your future address," Joyce said, "I'll send your ring."

"Throw it in the river," Rayburn said savagely, and slammed the phone on the hook.

He had driven on through the town and headed south for Florida to the resort hotel he had frequented before the war. It was a fine finish for a man who had given his country two years overseas, part of his health and all of his ability. His girl gone and a nice yellow can tied to his tail. The injustice of it hit him then, and a reluctant realization of his own foolish pride, but he was too mad to think straight, and he was still half stunned by the fact that they had convicted him for something he didn't do. . . .

Rayburn went back to his cabana and changed into swimming trunks, took a long drink from the rum bottle and walked behind the game house to a strip of quiet beach

far from the lounging chairs and parasols, where a man could lie down and think his thoughts out in silence.

He almost stepped on the girl lying full length in the sand, and when he recovered his balance she looked up and smiled. He recognized his little waitress, wearing a simple black bathing suit, her hair, now free of the white uniform cap, thick and tawny about her shoulders.

She said, "Oh, Mr. Rayburn. If you want to be alone, I'll move up on the beach."

It was her quiet voice and the gentle politeness she offered that made him swallow his curt words. He saw her as a girl then, not as a robot that carried plates and took orders. She was younger than he supposed and her face was not so much plain as it was regular and strong.

He said, "No, no, that's all right," and then, trying to be decent: "Why should you move away? You were here first and I won't bite."

She sat up and pulled her hands through her hair. "Well, you looked so worried and tired and you don't eat enough, Mr. Rayburn. I thought you wanted to be alone. You always are, you know."

He was surprised that she was so considerate; it made a difference to him in his present mood. He sat down beside her and offered a cigarette, and she accepted it and the light. "So I look worried?" he said, fishing for conversation. "What do you think I should do about it?"

"If you'll pardon me," she said quietly, "I think you have been drinking too much."

"That's my business," Rayburn said sharply, and then was ashamed of his anger. He looked at her again. She was different out here in the strong warm sunlight, and her voice was better, as though she were talking in the way she wanted to. "Sorry," he said. "I'm a little grouchy. Maybe I have been hitting it too hard."

She smiled and cradled her chin on her knees, staring out over the water. Rayburn heard voices coming toward them and saw Joyce and the major, wearing bathing suits running along the water's edge. Rayburn caught the angry flash of Joyce's eyes as she saw the girl beside him, but then she turned to the major, trotting like a puppy beside her, and they went on up the beach.

The girl raised her head. "You know her, don't you?" she asked.

"Did is the word," Rayburn said. "You've got sharp eyes."

"I noticed her in the dining room during your breakfast," she said. "You like her a lot, I think."

"I'll be damned," Rayburn said. "Is there anything you don't know about me?"

She gave him a level stare. "Why, yes, Mr. Rayburn. Whatever it is that makes you look like a sad bulldog and wear that perpetual hangover? You aren't supposed to be like that here." She laughed and he found joy in her voice and eyes. "You give the place a bad look. You're supposed to be happy and have a good time."

THEN he had to tell someone or blow up inside. He said, "Suppose I tell you a story. Would that stop you from playing doctor?"

"You do want to talk, don't you?" she said. "You're all full of words and you want to tell someone and I'm handy. Good. I'm glad I am. By the way, I've been waiting on you for two weeks. My name is Nancy Warren."

"My name—you know my name," Rayburn said. "Call me Tom, as long as we're being democratic."

"No," she said firmly. "I don't think I'd better. After all, you are a guest here and I'm a waitress."

Rayburn liked her for that. He threw his cigarette away, looked up the beach where the two figures were now small black dots against the white sand, and started talking. It was a relief to get everything out, put the bitter and sweet and unjust in a neat pile of words, tell it all and lean back, empty and relaxed.

He waited for her to get up and go away, but she rubbed her toes absently and frowned.

"You didn't take the money?" she said. "And you didn't do anything to defend yourself?"

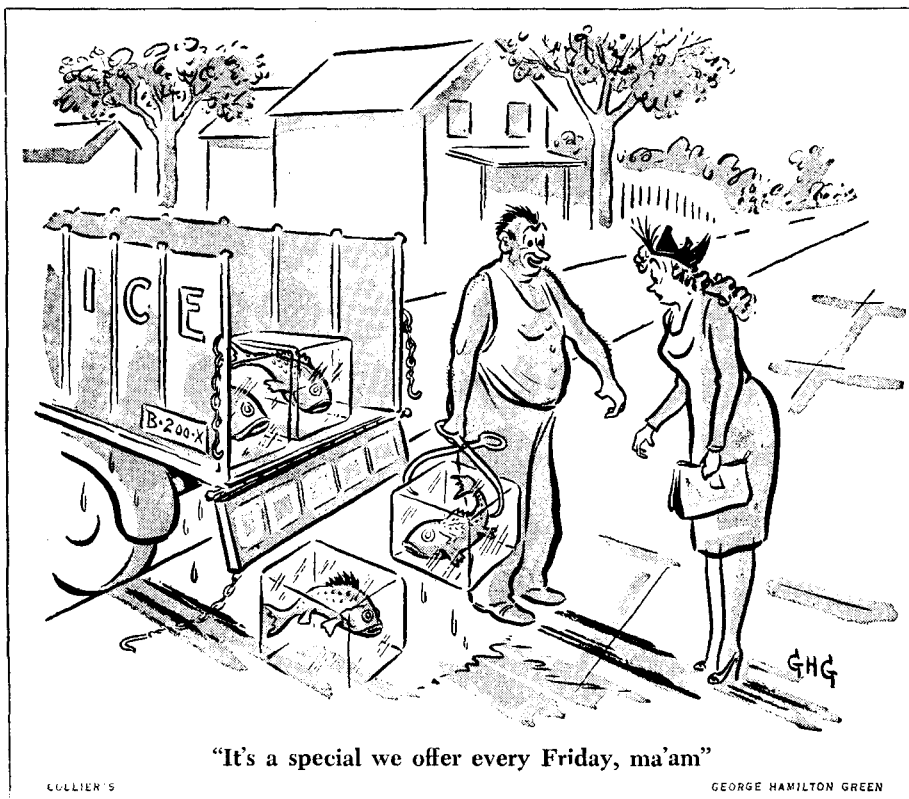


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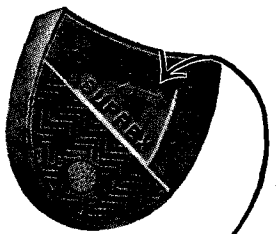


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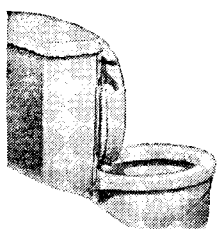


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"I was too mad," Rayburn said. "Oh, I had some ideas but the more stuff they threw at me, the madder I got. It was all so crazy and unbelievable, I just sat there and listened, told them what I thought at the end, and walked out."

"I think that's foolish," Nancy said. "I wouldn't let anyone railroad me because my pride was hurt. I'd—I'd fight 'em to a frazzle."

He grinned down at her determined face. She was a funny little thing, no bigger than a half pint, but full of fire and vinegar when you got to know her. He wondered what she was doing waiting on tables in this place; not that it wasn't a decent job, but she seemed to have something else in her.

"And how would you have fought 'em?" Rayburn asked.

"My Lord!" she said suddenly. "That's your business. Haven't you a lawyer or friends?"

"I had," Rayburn chuckled, remembering the exodus. "Dozens of them, I had."

"Fair weather friends," she said shortly. "Real friends would show up if you needed them. Don't you have one?"

"Well, yes," Rayburn said, remembering Brown. "I just didn't think about him."

She looked down at the white sand and then up at him, and her nose wrinkled and ironed out with some deep thought. "Well," she said, "you were certainly a fool in one way, and in another maybe not so much. Of course, if you used your head you wouldn't lose that girl—" They looked up the beach where the black figures were growing larger.

"Sure," Rayburn said. "Tell me that now." He laughed harshly. "We're all washed up."

"I don't know," Nancy said. "I saw her eyes when she passed us and she glared a hole right through me."

"Well," Rayburn said, "they're heading back and I don't want to see her again. Let's take a swim and I'll buy you a drink."

She pushed her hair back and got up. "I'll accept the swim but not the drink. It's against the rules for employees to associate with guests."

"All right," Rayburn said. "Will you swim with me tomorrow?"

"If I have time," she said. "And look, don't drink so much, please. It isn't good for you."

"Sure," Rayburn said, knowing he wouldn't remember later on. The figures were bigger now and he said, "Let's go," and ran toward the water.

HE SHOWERED and shaved and had two long drinks before he dressed and went to dinner. Nancy waited on him, smiling her friendly greeting. He remembered what she had said about eating more and ordered a large dinner, finishing with apple pie à la mode. He left just as Joyce and the major entered, and then he felt bad inside, as if the food had turned to cement. Joyce could do that to him, no matter where he was, no matter how many years passed.

He went into the bar and played checkers for a while with Patterson, a wrinkled centenarian who inhabited the corner table sixteen hours a day. After he lost the rubber game, he paid for their drinks, considered a few more, then decided on a walk before he settled down to some late evening elbow bending.

He said good night to Patterson and went outside and stood in the grass, blinking groggily into the setting sun and smelling the salt air coming from the dark green water. Then everything came back into clear focus, the hotel, the people, the voices about him. He could hear the rhythmic pounding of the waves on the sand, the moan of wind rising through the palms, and his watch said ten o'clock and meant exactly nothing. He turned away toward the lights of the hotel and saw Joyce and the major come from the patio entrance. Just seeing the maple leaves and insignia on the major's collar gave him that sharp tearing pain in his chest again, and veering away, he headed for his cabana.

He remembered then what Nancy had said about proving his innocence, and the thought was lucid and good tonight. He had loved Joyce too long to give up so easily, and seeing her like this brought back all the old



"Save Paper!"

longing with a rush. He went into his cabana and on a sudden impulse picked up the phone.

Calling long distance, he told the operator to find Jim Brown, the lawyer in the city near the fort, a man he had met two years before and liked very much. He got Brown after an hour, during which he had five drinks, just enough to make him sullen again and completely angry at the world.

When Brown answered, he talked for an hour, telling Brown what he should have told him three weeks ago. Indifferent at first, Brown became greatly excited, asked a question now and then, and finally shouted, "Is this straight stuff, Rayburn?"

"The only way I can figure it," Rayburn said thickly. "If you mean, did I take the money, hell, no. You know better than that. You did my income tax last year. You know what I'm worth."

"You damned fool," Brown said. "Why didn't you tell them the facts? Why didn't you tell me two weeks ago?"

"Never mind," Rayburn said. "Get to work. You could do it in a day if you hit him fast."

"Are you drunk?" Brown asked suddenly. "I am," Rayburn said, "and I had to get drunk to call you."

Brown's voice was excited. "Listen," he said, "I believe you, Rayburn. By God, I do believe you, but, damn it all, why didn't you come to me at once? I'll start on it at once, not tomorrow. This is too urgent to waste time sleeping. I'll call you as soon as things shape up."

"Good," Rayburn said, suddenly feeling tired and foolish. "Good night."

He hung up and reached for the bottle; he was tired and groggy and didn't care much

what happened as long as he could show Joyce the truth. He thought of her again and smiled at the bottle. . . .

There was a burning in Rayburn's eyes when he woke, a burning that extended from the middle of his nose to the back of his head. Light was pouring thick and yellow-bright, through the Venetian blind and he got out of bed to close it, his fingers fumbling with the cords; the battens stuck and he swore once, jerked savagely and they flopped down. The room was immediately dark and cooler and much easier on his smarting eyes.

He sat down on the bed and groped for his shoes, then remembered it was morning and he needed a bath, maybe a short drink and then a swim. He looked at the bottle; it was empty. He groaned and walked unsteadily into the bathroom. His head was swelling now, bigger and bigger, like a kid blowing a red balloon too tight at a circus, bigger and bigger and then—pop!—and nothing. The cold water stung his shoulders and face and he sat down weakly on the edge of the tub, gasping for breath, feeling the needle darts of cold water shock him awake, shivering and half sick to his stomach.

He was ashamed of himself then and wished someone would tell him what a fool he was. He thought of the sergeant he had known, the man who could stand up before a platoon and, in a flat voice like someone beating a fly swatter against a stone wall, evoke such horrible pictures of what would happen to them if they didn't pass inspection that you could see their hides blister visibly. He needed the sergeant to give him a good eating out, or the girl, Nancy, to talk softly and make him feel ashamed. Then he remembered Nancy and his promise to go swimming, and glanced at his watch. It was almost noon. He dried off, shaved, dressed quickly and hurried over to eat.

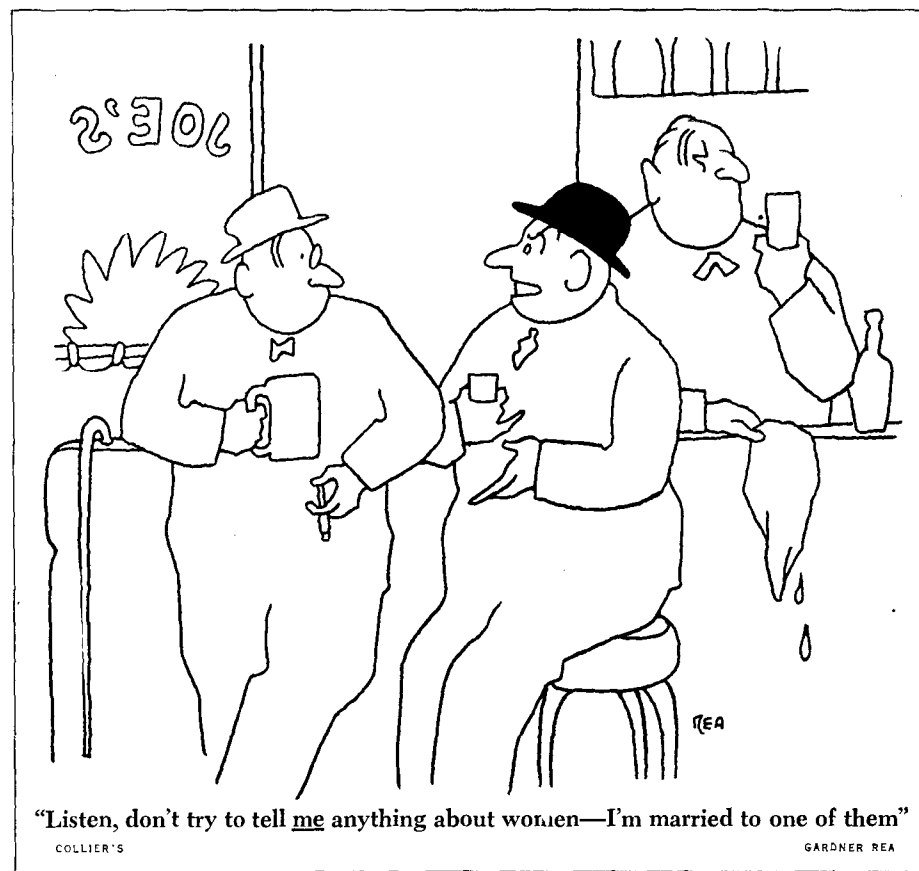
NANCY had already gone swimming and Rayburn bolted tomato juice and black coffee, went back and changed into his trunks, then walked behind the game house to the beach. She was in the same spot, a towel over her eyes, lying on her shoulders and paddling her feet. He sat down beside her. "Exercise?" he asked cheerfully, and she stopped and pulled the towel away and grinned at him.

"My legs," she said. "They gain weight on me when I'm not looking. You look better this morning."

"I don't see how," Rayburn said. "I feel terrible."

"But you did something, didn't you?" she asked. "I can tell."

"Yes," he said, and told her about his call. She listened solemnly and nodded her ap-



"Listen, don't try to tell me anything about women—I'm married to one of them"

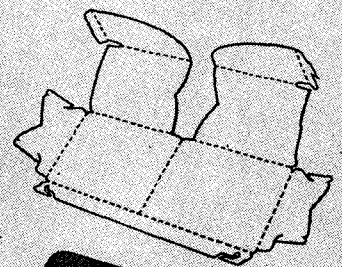
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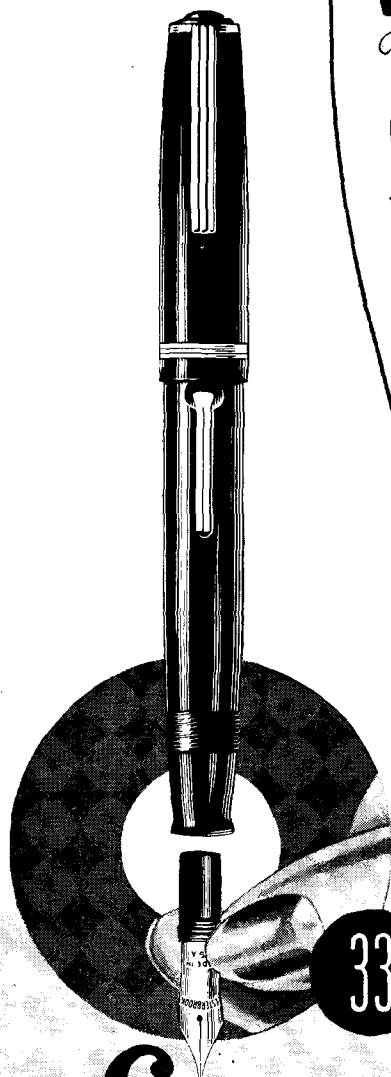
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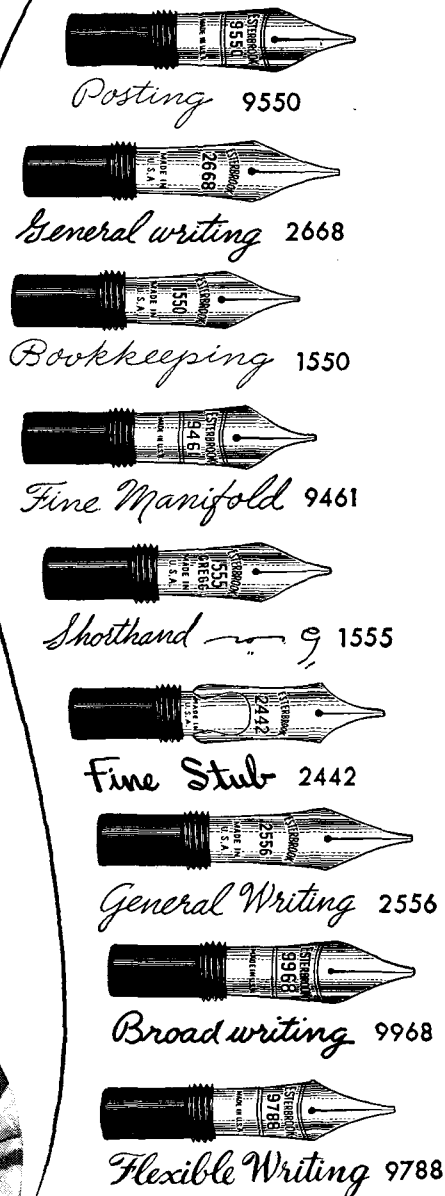
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proval. "You should have done that long ago," she said. "Now you'll see what a darned fool you were to be so stubborn and reticent."

Her soothing connotations were nice to hear. Rayburn said, "Look, you're not really a waitress, are you?"

She laughed. "No, although I try to be a good one. My brother is stationed near here at an airfield and he's about to go over. We're pretty good pals so I came down here to be with him these last three months before he goes. I couldn't find anything else to do—there are a dozen wives for every job—so I took this. It's really fun in a way."

AND then they were lying on their backs and she was telling him about herself and her brother being alone since their parents' death ten years before in an accident. And how she had finished college and helped him on through until he was drafted. She had been secretary to the president of a large engineering company in the Middle West, and when her brother was alerted, her boss gave her a three-months leave of absence and she came down at once. "You know how it is," she said, "I hadn't saved very much because Dick had been quite an expense, so this job was almost a necessity."

He didn't answer, and she sat up and looked over at him, and said, "You've taken a bad beating, haven't you?"

Rayburn nodded, thinking about Joyce and wondering if Brown was getting any action up north. He sat up and stared at the gulf, and the girl watched him, her eyes clouding over.

"Look," she said suddenly, "I don't know how to say this, but if you need some money, if that's the trouble, I could help you a little."

Rayburn turned and stared at her. "You want to loan me some money?"

"Not very much," she said apologetically. "A hundred or two but you're welcome to it."

"Why?" Rayburn asked. "You don't know me, Nancy. How do you know I won't take it and skip?"

"I know you won't," she said. "I trust you."

Rayburn said, "I'll be damned," and wanted to put his hand on her shoulder, to feel her smallness and great courage, so that some of it might flow into him and rekindle part of the belief he had known before. He felt very humble, sitting beside her, getting so much from her words. He said, "Thanks, Nancy, thanks a lot, but I don't need it. Look, you've been good to me and told me about yourself. Let me tell you about the things I did before."

He told her about his home and school and going out on his own, in Mexico, and how he had made his money in various ways; and how, as these things built up through the years, he gained a reputation for honesty and truthfulness in his business that became a sincere part of his life, so that being confronted with something like the court-martial accusation, he was so mad he refused to say a word in his own behalf.

He finished and, looking around, saw that her face was very close, and knew that she had bent toward him unconsciously, listening to him speak. He smiled and poked her in the nose and she grinned back and straightened up. He didn't know why he did it but he reached over and pulled her against him and kissed her gently. It didn't last long for she sat up and looked at him, her mouth trembling a little.

RAYBURN said, "Please, I'm sorry, but I just couldn't help it. You've been so damned nice."

"I know," she said. "I know how you feel. But don't do it again. Sometimes other people don't understand how a person reacts to a thing like this."

"You're not angry?" he asked.

"No, just glad that you feel so good. You'll have her back in a few days and I hope she's worth it. Well, I've got to go."

"Look," Rayburn said, "will I see you again?"

"I don't know," she said, suddenly quiet and sober. "I'm going over to the field for the week end and stay with Dick. He leaves soon after that. I'll be going home then."

"But—" Rayburn said.

She got up and pushed her hair back in that funny little way she had, and before he could thank her, she ran swiftly down the beach and into the ladies' locker room.

Rayburn frowned and started for his cabana, and a boy came from the lobby and said, "Telephone, sir. It's long distance and important."

Rayburn crossed the shuffleboard court to his cabana and picked up the phone. He said, "Brown?"

Brown's voice came to him, clear and strong and extremely excited: "That you, Tom?"

"Yes," Rayburn said. "What about it?"

Brown said, "Rayburn, you were right—I just laid the evidence before your colonel. I showed him your bank book—it's just over thirty thousand now—and what I discovered. Brother, it was like shooting fish in a rain barrel. This Fisher sent his brother a money order for four hundred and seventy-five dollars the morning after the battalion fund was stolen. He didn't send it from here, but I covered every town within thirty miles and got the dope from the postmaster in a little dump down the line. The postmaster identified his picture and is with me now. I also checked Fisher's bank account for one year back and he never had over a hundred bucks in it. Then I checked up on his movements that night and the next morning, and he was gone all right, just like you said he was, until almost noon, when he returned from town with some good excuse."

"What else?" Rayburn asked.

"WE HAD quite a little courtroom scene," Brown chuckled. "Your colonel turned about ten different colors when I showed him just what you were worth. Then he called this Fisher in and laid it on the line, and Fisher got white as a sheet in nothing flat. He tried to pan off the dough as his winnings in a crap game, and then this colonel called in every officer in the regiment while we sat there, and not a single one had shot craps for a week before or after the time of the robbery."

"It was the last of the month," Rayburn said. "They were all broke by then."

"Of course," Brown said. "It was a feeble excuse. The colonel showed Fisher your bank account and got up and let loose with some of the choicest language I have ever heard in my born days, about you and what a fool Fisher was to pin it on you, just because you were in charge of the fund. Then Fisher just wilted and sat down and mopped his face, and all at once it came out. It was the prettiest piece of surprise attack I ever witnessed. That colonel sure missed his calling. He should have been a lawyer."

"So—?" Rayburn said, feeling himself tremble.

"So come on back," Brown shouted into the phone. "At once. They're warming up a fresh court-martial and calling Washington for your records and changing them and hanging out an arch to welcome you home. Listen, Tom, you're partly to blame and I hope this taught you a lesson, but the colonel told me to tell you that he's a damned fool and you're a stubborn jackass and he has a couple of maple leaves almost ready for you. When can you start?"

Rayburn said, "In a couple of days, maybe sooner. And, Brown—"

"Yes, yes, what is it?"

"Just name your fee and it's yours."

He heard the lawyer snort. "Fee!" Brown said. "What do you think I am? I'll charge you the expenses and nothing more. Why didn't you come to me in the first place, you damned fool? What do you think friends are for if you give 'em half a chance?"

Rayburn said, "Thanks, Brown, thanks," and his throat choked up and words were difficult. He said, "We'll talk later. I'll see you soon," and hung up.

He started for the door and remembered he hadn't changed clothes. Then he laughed, good and clean and free, and grinned down at the fresh bottle on the table. He picked it up and dropped it into the wastebasket. He wanted to find Joyce and tell her what she didn't know and watch her face; and in the same moment he thought of Nancy and how pleased she would be.

He changed clothes rapidly and went out

of the cabana with his shirt half unbuttoned. The gulf was dark blue and a few clouds were scudding overhead. He came around the corner by the patio and almost bumped into the major.

"Sorry," the major said. "Oh, Mr. Rayburn."

THE major was holding some bottles and a bowl of chipped ice. "You look lonely," the major said. "Why don't you have a drink with us? Joyce knows you—been telling me about you. Come on over to the game room. We got a big crowd over there."

The man was kidding him, Rayburn knew, and then he saw Joyce coming toward them. She was carrying a glass and she was half on the way to a good glow. She said, "Oh!" and stopped.

The major grinned and said, "I was just asking Mr. Rayburn over for a drink, Joyce. He looked so lonesome—"

"Captain Rayburn probably doesn't want to drink with us," Joyce said, and laughed at Rayburn, her eyes wide and vacant.

"Thanks," Rayburn said, not liking their talk, feeling his happiness curdle in him. He felt something coming and he hadn't planned it this way, but he couldn't do a thing to stop it.

"Come, come," Joyce said lightly. "Guilt needn't hang heavy on your head."

"I was just going to tell you something," Rayburn said. "I—"

"Oh, about that little girl," Joyce laughed. "A waitress, too, of all things. You have beautiful taste, Tommy."

And then Rayburn felt it coming and he knew it was true and part of his joy turned to ashes in his mouth, the way anything that seemed good would do when you found it false. He remembered his father talking to him one day, while they rested during a hard afternoon's hunting, saying, "Tom, women are fools. Just one hole in their stocking and you see them square away and love takes a runout." And looking at her and seeing the hole, not in her stocking but in her whole self, he knew how smart the old man had really been.

He laughed. "Yes, a waitress, Joyce. Much better than the last one."

THE major swung around and said, "What do you mean, Mr. Rayburn? Joyce, is he insulting you?"

She flung her head back, her eyes hot and angry.

"In a sense, Bill," she said. "He's good at it. He made me a laughingstock three weeks ago."

The major thrust the bottles into her hands and moved toward Rayburn. He said, "I think you'd better apologize to Joyce, Mr. Rayburn."

The anger was rising in Rayburn now. He said, "Apologize to her, Major? Not on your life. She should apologize to me."

"It's a good thing I found out about you before it was too late," Joyce said suddenly.

"No," Rayburn said gently, "it is the other way, Joyce. It's a good thing I found out what a narrow-minded, sanctimonious little fool you are. Made you a laughingstock, did I? Lady, just wait, just wait."

"Now look here," the major said, with great dignity. "You can't talk to Joyce like that."

"Shut up!" Rayburn said curtly. "You're playing out of your league, Major. And no rough stuff with that uniform on. You wouldn't want to go through a nice little lawsuit for assaulting a civilian, would you? And I might add, for your benefit, that you might not be able to appear before a court for a long time if you get any strong ideas." His voice went up a notch, harsh and slapping. "Joyce, you might read the evening paper, just for laughs."

He looked at Joyce and grinned and walked away from her, down the walk toward the hotel. He felt good and his brain seemed fresh and swept clean of all cobwebs. It had hit him all at once—the fact that she hadn't been worth the torture and pain and long hours of thinking about her. When he thought back and realized how close he had been to telling her, he thanked the little major with all his heart for his unconscious assistance. But his anger was hot and bright against her, urging him to do something else, something good and decent, and then he had it.

HE WENT straight through the lobby into the dining room and looked for Nancy. She was bending over a fat lady at the center table, and he walked over and took the tray from her hands and set it on the other side of the table, hard.

Nancy looked up surprised, then wondering, for he knew she had thought he was drunk. She said, "Tom, please!"

Rayburn took her hands and turned her around. "Look," he said, putting words together slowly. "Let's go see your brother tonight. Do you understand?"

"You mean—?" Nancy asked.

"Lady," Rayburn said, "we've got to figure out a lot of things and let's not waste a moment."

She looked at him, her eyes on his face. Rayburn saw the feeling spreading unchecked now, like a fine glow, coming straight from her heart, a glow like a widening ripple that was warm and reached out from her to him. Rayburn took the white cap from her head and turned her toward the door.

The fat lady said peevishly, "My good girl, serve my dinner!"

Rayburn turned and snapped his fingers under her nose.

"Madam," he said happily, "serve your own blasted dinner. You've got enough there for three people anyway."

THE END



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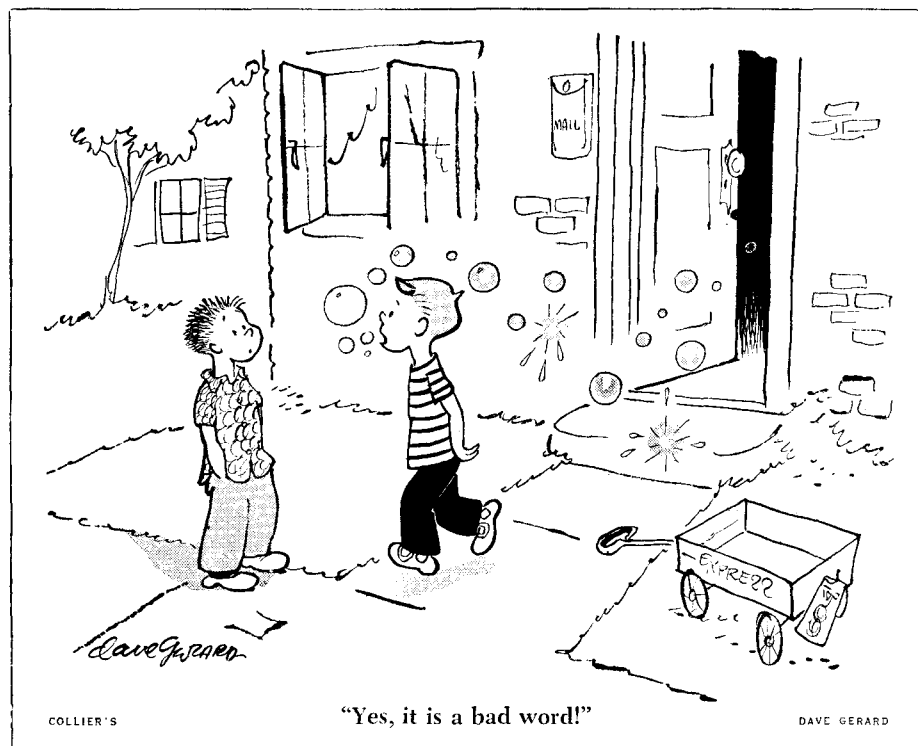
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FALSE DAWN IN *Holland*

BY W. W. CHAPLIN

Liberation drove the Germans out of Holland, but it did not bring freedom. Nor did it eliminate the Dutch Nazis who now await the opportunity to grab control

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BLACK STAR



HOLLAND suffered more in the war years than any other occupied land with the possible exceptions of Poland and Greece. What happens to Holland now may furnish the answer as to what chances freedom and democracy really have in all western Europe. It should disclose who really won the war.

The answer may not come soon. The situation in Holland is complex. Influences are at work which to me, at least, seemed sinister. Hunger, though alleviated since liberation, is still the rule. I could not find that there is yet any real freedom save the freedom of religion. On every hand you hear whispered the desperate word "revolution," though that is generally qualified with the phrase "of some sort."

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to judge accurately now what the outcome may be. I have never been in a country where first impressions were so false.

The Dutch countryside is so neatly picturesque; the herds of fat cows grazing in green fields, the diked canals and lazy windmills. In the small towns, the houses look as freshly scrubbed as the faces of Sunday-morning children. The housewives sweep even the street in front of their homes with brush and dustpan. The whole impression on a stranger passing through is one of peace, and even plenty.

But how difficult is the truth. There are

still cattle in many fields, but the Germans killed or exported an estimated sixty per cent of all the herds. That will be felt for a long time in the meat markets of the Netherlands.

Inundations by the Germans put hundreds of thousands of acres of arable land out of use, though not as much as was originally estimated. Walcheren Island and Wieringermeer Polder were flooded with salt water from the tideless Zuider Zee. In some cases, salt has penetrated the soil and even after the dikes are repaired and the land once more reclaimed, there will be no crops in that earth for at least eight years. But even this sterilization of land is not as great as had been feared, according to U.S. Foreign Economic Administration reports. North of Rotterdam, 250,000 acres of good land was flooded with fresh water. That land can be used again as soon as the water is removed and the soil fertilized. But there will be no crops there this year.

There is almost no transport in Holland to move what surplus food there is in the country to the hungry millions in the cities. The cows are actually being given injections to check milk production because there is no way to get the milk to market. The chances are that the housewife you see sweeping the street in front of her town house will re-enter her home to carry comfort to at least one member of her family who is confined to bed by what is politely called under-

nourishment. Too often comfort is all she has to offer.

Last winter was the worst. Our armies were doing well except for the temporary setback in the Belgian bulge; and so the Germans were increasingly desperate and ruthless. What Holland had left, they took.

The per capita ration in Holland last winter was half a small loaf of bread and one pound of potatoes per person per week. There was no electric light, and night comes early and lasts long in winter. Let them use candles? If they had candles they would not have lighted them, they would have eaten them. There was no fuel for cooking, there was no heat, though the season was unusually severe.

Only the Strong Survived

After the liberation I asked a military government official in Amsterdam what strata of the population had suffered most from the starvation. He said the greatest number of deaths were among the very young and the very old, and people who did not have bicycles.

A man or woman with a bicycle could pedal ten or fifteen or twenty miles into the country and generally buy some food from farmers. Without a bicycle there was undernourishment, often to the point of death; and the Germans confiscated civilian bicycles by the thousands.

Dutch hospitals are working full time to combat starvation of the kind illustrated by this aged lady

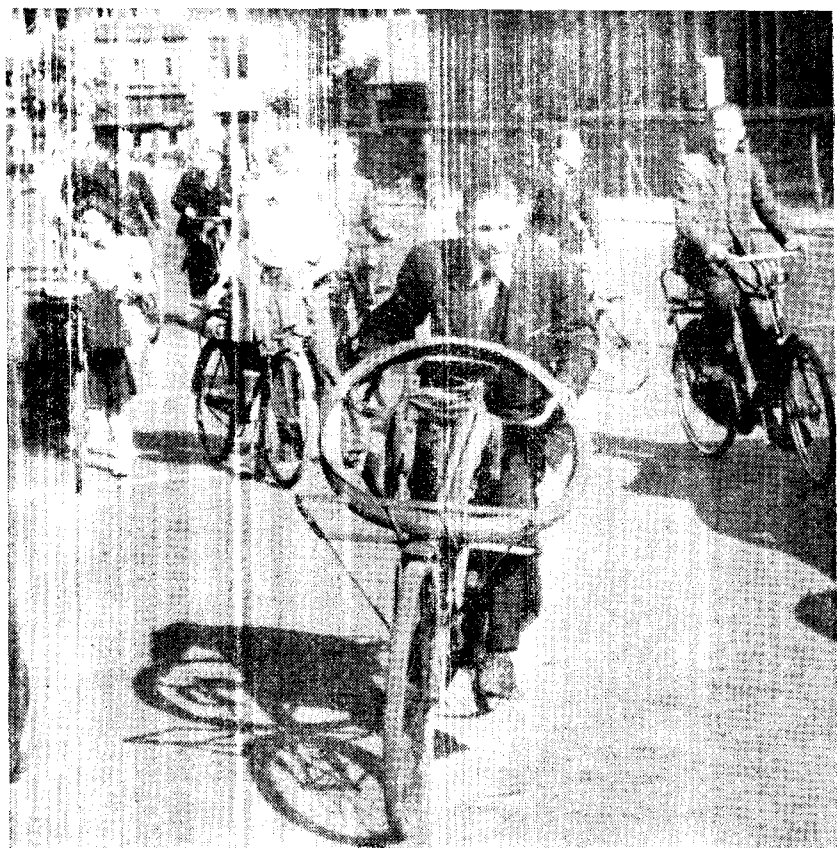
Wherever there is human misery, there appear inhuman men to prey upon it, as certainly as maggots appear in decaying flesh. And so the black market flourished in Holland to a nightmarish degree.

There was a black market in stolen food and clothing. There was a black market in wood, for cooking and for warmth. No Dutchman dares even today to let his wooden shoes out of his sight, where the fast hand of the black market might snatch. No Dutchman leaves his house unguarded lest he return to find that black market men have stripped the house of window frames and stairways and even floors. Agents of the black market have torn up long strips of the wooden blocks which form the pavement between streetcar tracks in Holland. The rich can buy this purloined wood at fantastic prices; the poor clean the streets for splinters, the black marketeers have left.

Black market operations reached the ultimate in heartless avarice last winter when there was actually established an organized black market in burials. It was a German rule that, because there were no coffins, the dead must be wrapped in two blankets before



Children beat empty biscuit tins together in a wild celebration after receiving their first food from Allied relief agencies. First food was dropped from British airplanes. Later supplies came by ship; were doled out to civilians having ration cards.



Bicycles often mean the difference between eating and going hungry in Holland. Acute tire shortage makes matters worse. Some cyclists—like the girl in left background—have none, and ride around on the rims.



After liberation, hordes of Hollanders returned to the cities from rural havens, thus augmenting relief problems so much that guards were needed to stop the influx. This girl got through.



One of the mainstays of relief food taken to Holland was milk. Photo shows a tanker-tug near Amsterdam which pumped milk into huge cans, in which it was taken to the city and issued free of charge to all persons with ration cards. Note the vast variety of carts and trucks used.

being officially acceptable for burial. And even then the problem of transportation to the cemetery had to be solved by relatives of the deceased.

There have been no blankets legally available in Holland for five years. There was almost no transportation legally available. And so last winter in Amsterdam alone, there were thousands of houses occupied jointly by the living and the dead, week after frightful week. For a price—a terrific price—black market buriers would furnish blankets and transportation, but many couldn't pay the price.

The situation was aggravated by the fact that many members of the prewar Dutch Nazi party became ardent collaborationists and worked constantly to pave the way for a postwar Holland cut to the German Nazi pattern.

That was Holland last winter. In the spring came liberation. In the spring also came food. Quantitatively it didn't mean much at first. What is a hundred tons of food to millions of hungry mouths? But many Dutch told me about those first deliveries of food, and they all said that from that moment Holland be-

gan to be reborn. They stood in the streets and on the housetops by the thousands watching the great transport planes circle in the sky before dropping the food boxes. They stood there and cried with joy because they had proof at last that they had friends.

When the Canadians, and some Americans, drove the Germans out—many by battle and later in convoys—the long climb up from darkness began. Holland had a queen but only an exile government. Its newspapers and radio stations, except for underground establishments, had been suppressed or had operated under German direction.

The work of the Allied liberation forces and military government has been excellent and is still improving. They can and will handle the immediate emergency. But in due time they must withdraw. What sort of country Holland is to be in the future must be decided and achieved by Hollanders themselves. And, at least to my eyes, it did not seem that all is yet well.

I found no one in Holland who directly blamed Queen Wilhelmina for certain apparent trends in the Netherlands today. She has been a good queen as monarchs go, but some

of her advisers do not seem to be democratic hundred-per-centers.

Many people told me that strong influences are at work toward a one-party system of government in a country which used to have half a hundred parties representing every shade of political thought. During the occupation there was a liaison committee among all the former parties. Many Dutchmen believe this merely welded the old diverse parties into one party, even though some of the old names remain.

The Crime Had to Be in the Book

The first rule of the old criminal code, which said that a Hollander could be charged only with crimes specified in the statutes, has been abolished, or at least suspended. Under that rule a Dutchman knew just what his rights were, what was legal and what illegal.

The official explanation is that the code was thus amended in order to deal with collaborators, traitors and Nazi prisoners, for whom the statutes do not provide. But the fact remains—complained of by many honest burghers—that the amendment makes possi-

ble arrest by whim, and it opens an avenue to dictatorship if the wrong leaders get control.

When I was in Holland after the liberation, the political situation might have seemed like comic-opera stuff except that it plainly held the elements of national tragedy. At that time there were, in effect, two prime ministers, but no cabinet, no parliament, no elections in sight; government was by decree alone.

Instead of inviting one man to try to form a resident government to succeed the exile government in London, Queen Wilhelmina appointed two. They are Willem Schermerhorn, a former college professor who was very active in the underground, and Willem Drees, a Socialist politician. After some weeks they did come up with a cabinet, with Schermerhorn as Prime Minister, Drees as Labor Minister, and thirteen of the fifteen other ministers, men who had remained in Holland during the occupation. To a large extent—at least so many Hollanders with whom I spoke believe—it has been decided to turn the postwar governing of the country over to the underground. This is not universally approved by the people.

All during the occupation, the Dutch un-

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derground was one of the best organized and most effective anywhere. But somewhere along the line, this patriot organization has lost the full confidence and support of the population. There are ugly rumors, true or false, that Nazi sympathizers and former collaborators have bought or sneaked their way into the forces of the interior (as the former undergrounders now call themselves) and are attempting to turn this semiofficial auxiliary police force into a sort of Nazi Gestapo.

You see the men of the underground, with identifying arm bands, marching around the streets in groups or even columns, and nowhere did I hear them cheered by the burghers. While expressing personal admiration for Schermerhorn's work as an underground leader, many people told me they thought that sort of work scarcely a proper foundation for peacetime democracy. Underground organizations must almost of necessity be operated on semitotalitarian lines.

And even now, with a Prime Minister and a cabinet, there is no parliament in Holland and as far as I could find out, there are no plans for any early election. The official explanation is that because of the scarcity of trustworthy newspapers during occupation years, the people are not well enough informed to be able to vote intelligently.

Just how they are going to get informed is hard to find out. A handful of newspapers have begun publication, but the paper shortage is acute and in addition they must obtain a government license. They must also print all official notices in full. It seemed to me that most of those I saw represented little beyond the personal ambitions of their owners, and did little to increase the readers' knowledge of domestic and world affairs.

The inevitable result of all this is that there is widespread suspicion and fear. People don't know what lies ahead. Technically there is freedom of speech, yet people whisper when they meet in public places. Several people apologized to me for being uncommunicative the first time we met. Always the reason was the same: "I didn't know," they say, "whether that other man at the table is to be trusted."

So there is really no freedom of speech, and there certainly is no freedom from fear, just as surely as there is not yet freedom from want. Many people feel that because they have no direct representation in government, there is no government in the democratic sense and they are afraid of drifting or being pushed into Fascism or something like it.

I have always found in traveling abroad that you can get a pretty good idea of the soundness of a country by finding out what its people think of their money. Many Dutchmen think very little of the guilder.

There is little to sell in Holland except articles "liberated" from departing Germans, but you can buy plenty of German cameras and guns. I was offered many of these, but never for money. The Dutch wouldn't take their own money, which is officially listed at 37½ U.S. cents to the guilder. All prices are in cigarettes. American cigarettes have a black-market value of as much as 45 cents apiece, \$9 a pack or \$90 a carton.

After a few days in Holland, listening to the Dutch whisper their fears and reading official statements, there seems to be little hope of saving the country from turning toward some ugly stripe of Fascism. It is only when you see more of the average burghers, that hope revives and confidence in an ultimate true democracy in Holland returns.

My hope revived when I met the Kerkovens in The Hague.

A Search for Old Friends

I had flown from Germany to Holland with Colonel Edwin S. Chickering, Jr., of Oil City, Pa., the commanding officer of the 367th fighter group of the Ninth Air Force's 19th Tactical Air Command. We traveled through Holland together, my interest being general and his specific and personal. He was looking for the Kerkovens.

Rudolph Kerkoven had had business dealings with the colonel's grandfather and then his father. He had been several times in Oil City, and the Chickering children called him "Uncle," though there was no real relationship. "Chick" wanted to find out if they were still alive, and if so, whether they needed

TOWARD A BETTER WORLD

DEPARTMENT

**Perennial pest
To haunt our nest
Is the featherbrained,
Forgetful guest
Who comes for the day
Or a three-month stay
And leaves behind
When she flits away
A coat, a veil,
Her keys, her kale,
Which you must hunt
And wrap and mail.
Her rings, her comb,
Her Bubble Foam
By post (prepaid)
Must trail her home.**

**Such folks, in fairness,
Should be branded
Or travel naked
And empty-handed.**

—Ethel Jacobson

help. From Amsterdam we traced them to The Hague and found them, old, frail but indomitable, in a back-street boardinghouse.

Mr. Kerkoven, who has two of three sons and several grandchildren in Japanese prison camps in the East Indies, told us about the war and smiled. "It is really very broadening," he said. He called our attention to his white collar, a rubber one, and laughed. "It's the only one I have," he explained. "Of course I have some linen ones, but we haven't had any soap for five years, and they wouldn't fit me now anyway."

His suit was worn and he could wrap the coat around him like a cape. He made quite a joke of showing us this and then for a moment his smile faded.

"It isn't merely the hunger that has made me shrink so," he said. "We haven't heard from the children for a long time. It's partly ... thinking."

Dutch Stove—Occupation Style

Then he was all smiles again, proudly showing us their stove, their only means of cooking and heating. It was the same type I had seen in every Dutch home I'd been in; like a six-inch length of stovepipe with a little grate halfway down. A few splinters of wood laid on that grate and lighted, and you had a cook stove, a furnace.

Because actual cooking is impossible under such conditions, many of the Dutch are fed now from central kitchens operated by the Canadians. In Amsterdam 60,000 people are fed that way every day. While we were at the Kerkovens', the boardinghouse servant brought in their daily ration from the central

kitchen. Mrs. Kerkoven lifted the cover of a tin pannikin to show us some muddy-looking soup which might have filled two small tea-cups.

Mr. Kerkoven sniffed it and beamed. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "Meat went into the making of that; things are much better now."

Chick had brought along two cases of what the American Army calls ten-in-one ration. Each case has enough food for ten meals for one man. In each case are canned hamburgers, ham and eggs, frankfurters and sauerkraut, pork and beans, cheese, butter, crackers, jam, fruit, chocolate, coffee, sugar, cigarettes and other sundry items.

Hunger Takes a Holiday

We opened one watertight case to demonstrate how the various cans and boxes operated and to explain the different contents. The old couple stood watching us as the pile grew on their table. There probably hadn't been a waking minute for five years when they hadn't been hungry beyond any knowledge we have of hunger. This was more food than they had seen except in starved dreams since the occupation began. But their only comment was how beautifully Americans always packed their products.

Before we left, we learned of the hard years they'd gone through and were amazed at their optimism for the future. Mr. Kerkoven even had his personal victory over the Germans to report. He took us into the bedroom and told us to look under the bed. There was a bicycle there.

"The Germans were confiscating them all," he said, "but I hid mine and now I can ride across town to visit my third son."

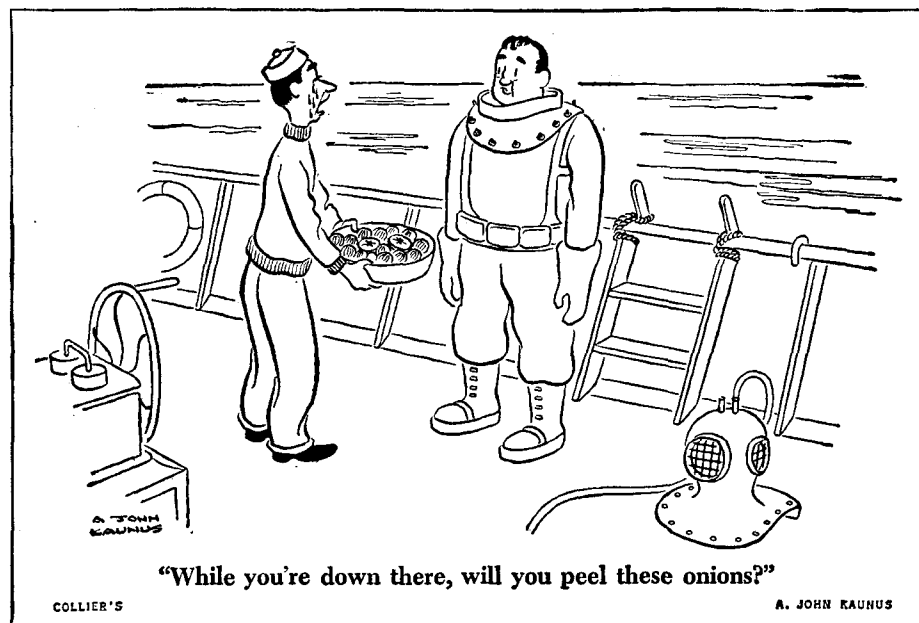
As we were leaving, Mrs. Kerkoven stopped us and said, "But you're forgetting your food."

They had apparently thought that we were merely showing them the sort of food we had in return for their showing us their pitiful ration. It seemingly hadn't entered their minds that this could be for them. We left them standing hand in hand, staring at that pile of food with an expression I have seen on the faces of children when they first see the laden tree on Christmas.

If certain tendencies now apparent are not checked, Holland could sink into the mud of Fascism. The government is largely a government by the former underground. It is axiomatic that an underground is an activist organization. It must be. But if direct action should be applied in Holland now, a popular explosion might occur that would play straight into the hands of the Dutch Nazis. Chaos is the one thing that might give them an opportunity to seize power.

Should this happen, we would, to at least a certain extent, have lost the war. But the great body of the Dutch have the spirit to insist on democracy, if we give them the strength in their starved bodies to make that insistence overpowering. If we prove now to be really good neighbors, the Kerkovens of Holland will in due time take care of the Fascists, the fools and the black marketeers.

THE END





How many locomotives make a railroad?

HOW many locomotives a railroad needs depends on many factors—the size of the railroad, the kind and amount of load it carries, the nature of the territory it serves, and so forth.

Today, however, regardless of these factors, a railroad can do the same job with fewer locomotives—thanks to an important development.

You see, for years, the railroads bought and maintained different types of equipment for freight and passenger service. Locomotives powerful enough to haul freight trains have usually been too costly to operate on passenger runs—and locomotives speedy enough for passenger service haven't had the pulling power to haul freights.

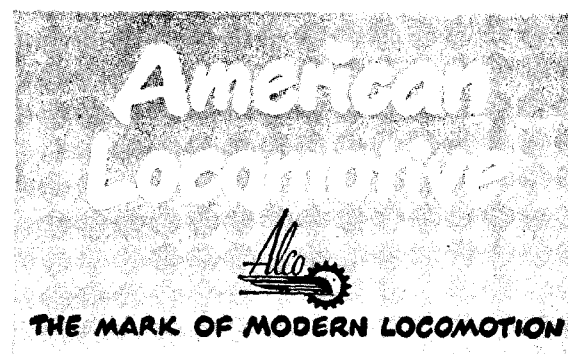
But now—out of the shops of American Loco-

motive—are coming locomotives that are *interchangeable*. Locomotives powerful enough to haul freights, yet speedy enough to handle passenger trains, with low maintenance costs and high availability. Locomotives that reduce the need for “helper” locomotives in getting trains over steep grades.

The principles underlying this development can be applied to any type of locomotive—diesel-electric or steam or any modification of either type. It doesn't matter whether a locomotive is powered by coal or oil—*economy of performance* is American Locomotive's chief concern.

This is just one of many developments that will contribute to finer postwar railroading. And it is significant that it comes from the Company that

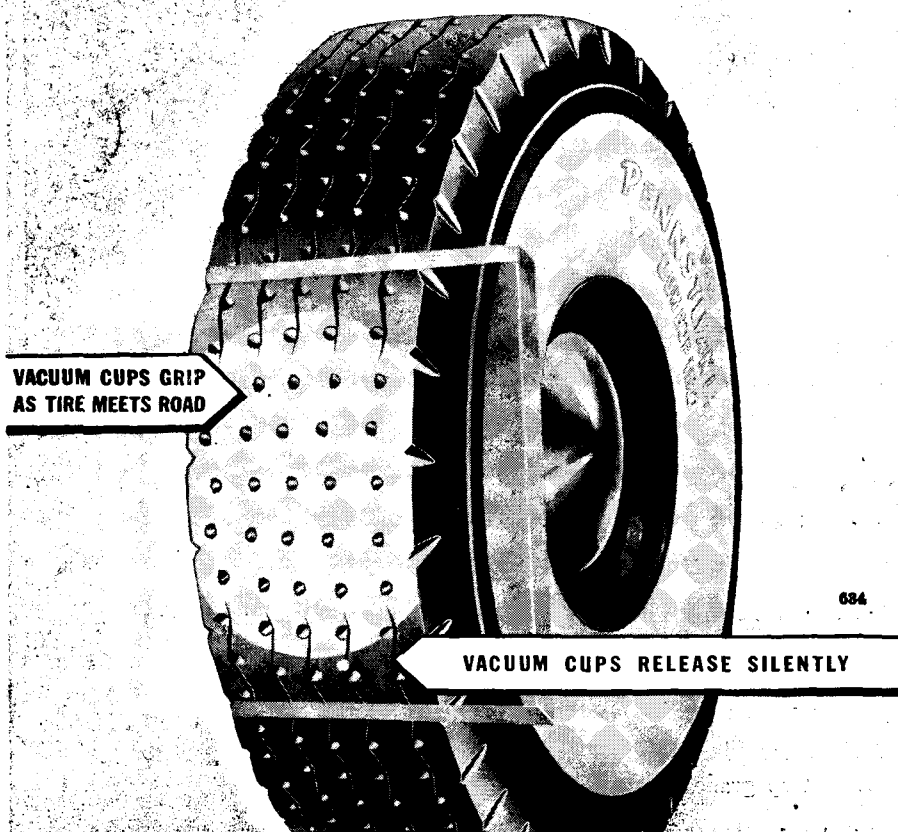
designed America's first diesel-electric locomotive, built the world's largest steam locomotive and has supplied an important share of the locomotives now being used for war purposes by the United Nations.



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was built

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**PENNSYLVANIA
TIRES** MANUFACTURED BY THE ORIGINATORS OF THE
Silent Vacuum Cup Tire

Mama's Boy

Continued from page 38

didn't want to fight him. I remembered what he'd done to Jack Kirk, right here on the school grounds.

I walked away all alone, calling myself every dirty name I'd ever heard. I could have fought him right there and got it over with, and now I knew that I wouldn't fight because I was afraid. I heard somebody running and Frankie came up next to me. He put his arm around my shoulder. "You can lick him, Joe."

"He's too big."

"You can lick him, though."

"You're not fighting him, what do you care?" I turned to him. "You didn't help me with the ball. You just want a fight. Just so you're not in it. You wouldn't fight, either, and I'm not going to. G'wan, tell him that."

Frankie took the ring off his finger. We'd bought two of them at the dime store downtown and we'd sworn always to stick up for each other, no matter what. He took it off and threw it right out in the street and then walked away from me.

I GUESS the worst thing that can happen to a guy is to know he's yellow. It's not so bad when your friends know it, but if you know it, all the way in your head and in your stomach, then it's worse than anything.

I started down Greenwood toward home, trying to think of what Ma would say when I told her the ball was gone. When I got to our house, I walked in the front door, dirty clothes and all. I didn't care any more.

Ma had a white cloth tied around her head. She was up on a kitchen chair dusting a big picture of Pa. "You're back early," she said.

"We got through early."

Her hand came down real slow from the picture and she got off the chair. Then she took my arm and led me into the kitchen. She sat me down in my chair and she sat down in hers. "Tell me, Joey," she said.

"Tell you what?"

"You came in the front door, Joe. You haven't got the ball. What's up, son?"

I told her about the guys coming, and Lefty wanting to play, and how I'd rushed him and I'd promised to fight. "I'm not going to be there, Ma."

"You promised," she said.

"Yeah, but I was mad. He's bigger. I don't have to go, do I, Ma? I can stay here, can't I?"

"Of course. You're my boy, Joey. But you gave him your word."

"He's bigger, darn it!" I got up and went over to the refrigerator. I didn't want to answer any more questions, and she was against me, too. I took a quart of milk out and just tipped it and drank right from the bottle, some of the milk trickling down my chin on the dirty sweat shirt.

She didn't even say one word about it, and I know she hates for me to drink from the bottle.

She was watching me. I don't know what I was scared of. I tried to think of why I was scared, and it was something I couldn't understand. I wasn't scared of playing tackle football, and last year when I broke my arm, I didn't cry when the doctor set it. I wasn't scared of the fastest junior league pitching in St. Paul and I wasn't scared of hooking rides on the back ends of trucks, or of riding over to Minneapolis on the back end of the caboose on a freight train.

"Joey," she said, real quiet, like she was whispering to me in the movies. "Your father never backed away from a fight in his life."

I slammed the refrigerator door so hard the box shook. "I'm not him," I yelled. "I'm me and I don't want to fight, and leave me alone."

I ran for my bedroom. Mothers are supposed to stick up for their kids. If nobody else is on your side, then your ma should be with you. I closed the door. My baseball mitt was on the dresser, next to Pa's picture. I took off my tennis shoes and fell down on the bed, pounding my hand into the glove. If she didn't want to give me lunch, then I wouldn't eat. I guessed I could get along by

myself without getting anything from her. I guessed I didn't have anybody with me now. I got up and found some paper and a pencil in the drawer, and started writing my Aunt Dora a letter. She lived in North Dakota, in Bismarck. I wrote her that I wanted to come live in Bismarck with her, and I had the letter about through when Ma came in.

"Come eat lunch, son," she said.

"Don't want any."

"Please, Joey, don't be mad at me, too. Please come eat." I got off the bed slow and in the kitchen I sat down in my chair. We ate all through the meal quiet, and she didn't say anything about the fight. If she would of told me it was all right, that I didn't have to fight, then I wouldn't of cared. All I wanted was for her to be with me, on my side.

She gave me another piece of yesterday's apple pie and then I threw down the fork. "You hate me," I said.

"No, son. I don't hate you."

"You do. You think I should fight him!"

"Joe boy, you'll have to decide that for yourself. I don't hate you, darling, I'm your mother." She still hadn't said it.

I ran out of the house, my belt loose, me pulling at my pants. Behind the house there is an old barn that the other people use for a garage. Upstairs where they used to keep the hay, me and Frankie got a kind of shack. I went up the ladder, way in the farthest corner, in the dark, right where the roof sloped. It was hot and sticky and dirty. I must have sat there for an hour at least, waiting for Ma to come and get me, but she didn't.

All of a sudden I figured I'd take a freight and maybe go some place away from St. Paul. All the police would be looking for me, and the kids would think I'd got killed, and Ma would be worried, and I'd sleep in the woods and wash dishes for my food and get to be a hobo. I'd go all the way to California and get a boat. I'd make a lot of money on some island and come back to get Ma, and I'd have a big car.

Thinking about it, I forgot about being scared and I got down the ladder and sneaked around the garage and was careful to drag my feet on the ground so there wouldn't be any footprints when the police tried to find me. I went down the hill to the tracks and I moved a big stone right over near the tracks. When I came back in twenty years, I'd show all the guys where I'd left right from that spot. But I let two trains go by and didn't even try to hop them.

All of a sudden I knew I was still scared and I wasn't going to jump no freight. It was like the time Pa was sick, and sometime when I'd wake up in the morning, just for a minute I'd be not thinking about him in the hospital, and then smacko I'd remember that he was there and that he was awful sick, and I couldn't forget about it.

I CAME up the hill and around the side of the garage facing the driveway that ran along the edge of the flat. I stood in the yard picking up stones and smashing them against the garage, but she didn't come out. I got my bike from the side of the flat and started riding it around the yard making a lot of noise, but she didn't come out. I walked over to the steps and began jumping across from one side to the other, but she didn't come out. I had the same feeling I'd had on the school grounds, and if she only would have come out, I could have gone in the house and I wouldn't have cared, but she didn't.

I tried to talk guts into myself, but it was no use. I'd have to go, but I didn't want to and I didn't have guts. I didn't have nothing, I guess, but I couldn't stand to think of Ma looking at me the way she did and being sorry for me.

It was only a half a block to the ravine. When I came out of the driveway out on Colorado Street, I saw a kid take a long look at me and duck down underneath the signboards. I wanted to turn around right then more than I ever wanted anything in my life; more than I'd wanted my Pa, and more than I'd wanted the bike, and more than I'd wanted the football.

I walked down the middle of the street and I could feel all my toes inside the tennis shoes, each one separate and I counted them: little, next little, middle, next biggest, biggest. I could hardly keep walking. It was

like the time we'd scaled the cliffs at Mounds Park, and the farther up I got, the more scared I got.

The signboards run on Robert Street toward Delos and two of them are on Colorado. On the other side is a hill that slopes down past Sammy Garlich's house. I walked up there and around to the top facing Colorado Street. Down below in the center, right where we had the ski jump in the winter was Lefty with all the kids around him. I heard the guys say "There he is," and they pointed up at me. He had his hands folded right across the "West Side" lettered on his sweat shirt. I came down the hill, walking sideways like I had skis on.

There must have been a thousand kids there. I saw some of the guys from up around Baker playgrounds and I saw some from around the neighborhood house down on the flats. They were in a circle around a space as big as three marble rings.

Some of the guys must have cleaned out the space, because it was just dirt, no cans, no wires, no ashes. Most of them were nervous. Everybody's nervous before a fight. I've been to lots of them and they're always that way.

Nobody wants to show who he's for, so they joke around. Two guys near me were hollering at each other.

"You wanta fight?" one yelled.

The other guy said, "Sure," and the first one dropped his fists and said, "I'll hold your coat."

Couple of other guys were wrestling on the ground, but nobody was watching them. They were like the consolation games before the championship at the state basketball tournament.

I WAS standing all alone when Frankie came over. "Hit him low, Joe," he whispered. "Hit him way down low."

"That's not fair," I had no spit in my mouth to talk with.

"No fight's fair, Joe. Hit him low." Frankie saw Johnny looking over at him and he quick pulled his hands out of his pockets, like he wanted him to see he wasn't loading me with stones.

When he stepped away, the whole ravine got quiet, and the kids started shuffling around, everybody trying to get in the first row around the circle.

Lefty had his hands down, and I couldn't keep my eyes off of him. I saw everything he was wearing: the high black shoes, and the overall pants, the sweat shirt with the sleeves cut off at the elbows like a baseball player's. His neck was dirty and his fingernails were long, and I could feel them running down my cheek.

There wasn't a sound. I put my hands in my pockets and made fists, hard fists, pushing my fingers into the palms so hard I could feel the fingernails making deep marks in the skin. I thought the more it hurt me, the harder the fist would be.

I was praying real fast to myself: Please stop the fight! Please don't let us fight—please, please, please.

Just then Johnny Vincelli came over and put a piece of wood on my shoulder. He put his arms out like a cop at a parade and shoved back. Then he pushed me out, and Lefty came at me and flicked the wood off with his fist.

"Fight's on," somebody yelled.

"Kiss me, honey," another guy hollered, and I turned to see who it was, wanting to laugh with them.

Right then out of one eye, like a pitcher watches the runner on first, I saw Lefty's fist. I knew where it was going to land, and I couldn't help myself. I turned like I wanted to be sure he wouldn't miss. It hit me right on the cheek, right against the bone, and it hurt more than anything had ever hurt. It hurt so much I wanted to cry. I swung back, but he dodged and swung at me, and hit me again in the face.

He knocked me down and stood over me, motioning me with his fists, and I didn't want to get up. None of the guys were talking, but they all looked down at me. I rubbed my cheek and Johnny leaned down and half lifted me up.

Lefty hit me twice more, once in the mouth. I fell again and I could feel the blood between my lip and my teeth. There was dust mixed with it. I hurt so much my legs didn't shake any more. Lefty kept moving around, his fists waving, and he spit out the corner of his mouth.

"Got enough, ya gutless, yellow Mama's baby?" he said.

I heard the guys sucking in their breaths, and all of a sudden I forgot scared and I forgot hurt and I jumped out at him. I hated him so much I wanted to kill him. I hit him on the side of the head, and my arm felt like it was under the needle of Ma's sewing machine. I hit him on the ear, right smash on the ear with my left hand. I was so glad I'd hit him, that I wanted to slug him good, get him on the ground and kick him and smash his face.

He just stepped back and slammed me twice more, knocking me down again. I couldn't wait to get up. He must have knocked me down about five more times. The guys started hollering to stop the fight, but I yelled no.

He hit me in the mouth again, and I was bleeding more now and my nose was bleed-

No curative power is claimed
for PHILIP MORRIS... but

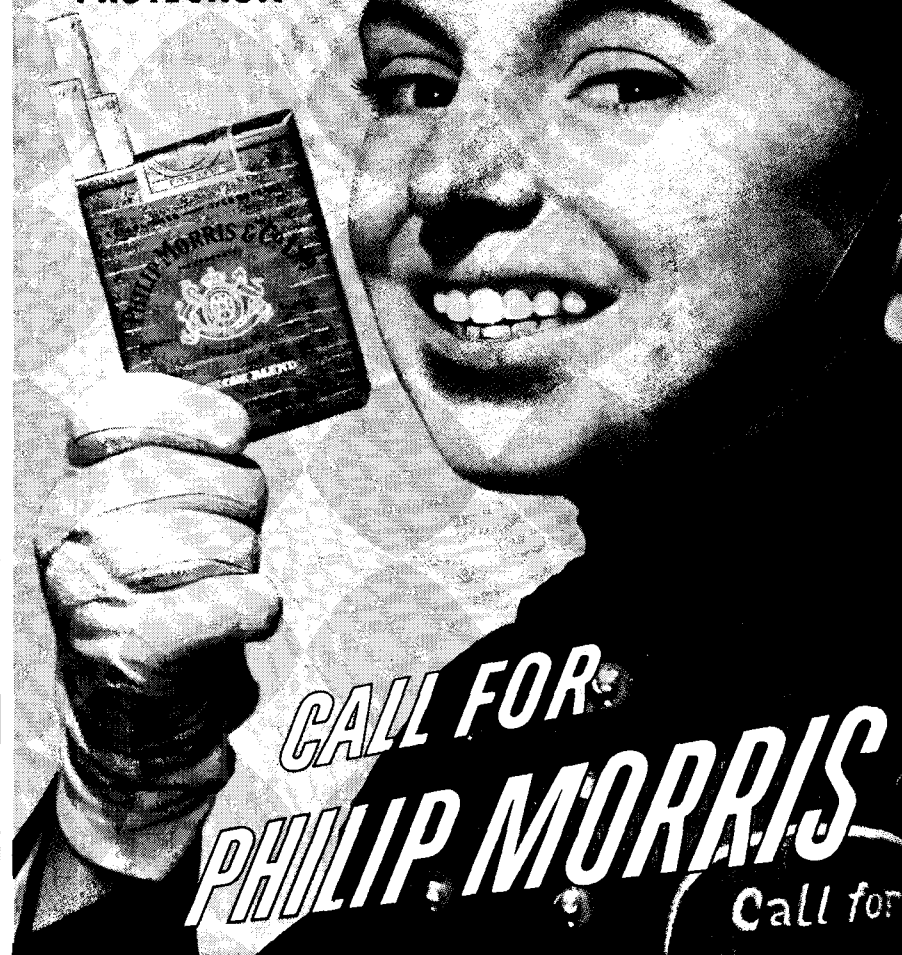
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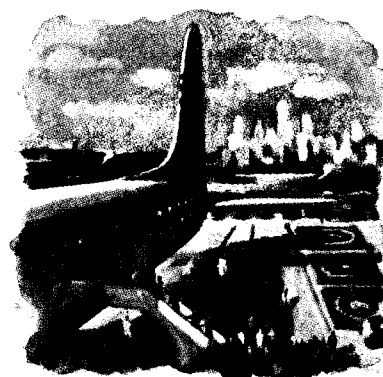
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ing. I kept wiping it on my sleeve, but some of it got on him too, and the ground was all bloody. I started crying but it was good crying. When he saw me get up, he pushed me away.

"You've had plenty," he said.

"Come on, fight," I yelled.

I couldn't hardly see him but I started swinging on him. The whole gang but Johnny were on my side. Johnny started out in the circle to stop it, but three kids grabbed him and told him to let us fight.

Lefty stepped back and he hit me from way behind his ear, his fist was way down like a pitcher all wound up. When he hit me, I guess he shook every bone in my body. It was like the time I fell off the barn. I laid on the ground and tried to push myself up, but I had to wait a minute because Lefty was standing on his head and the kids were look-

ing funny to me and I could see them all moving around like I was in the middle of a merry-go-round watching them go by real fast.

I was on my knees, my hands pushing the ground away from me, when I saw he wasn't in the circle. I thought maybe he was behind me and I turned around on my hands and knees like I'd lost a dime under the couch. But he wasn't there.

Frankie got his hands around my chest and pulled me up. The rest of the guys crowded around me, telling me what a swell fight I'd put up.

"Where's Lefty?" I asked.

"He's gone," Frankie said.

"He quit," I yelled. I hadn't quit. He'd quit. He'd run, not me. I hadn't run.

Frankie pushed the other guys away. "I'll go home with you, Joe," he said.

"I'll go home alone." I could hardly talk, but I wasn't having anybody go home with me.

I crawled underneath the signboards and came out on Colorado Street, walking down the middle the way I'd come. My nose was still dripping. I could feel the inside of my mouth, sore and stinging like cold water on a cut finger.

I turned in at the driveway and walked up the back steps. Ma had the kitchen door open. I could smell fruit salad. She must have made that just for me.

She was standing by the sink when I got to the door. I stopped, not knowing what to do. I wanted to run to her, but I couldn't, not bloody and dirty the way I was.

She had a plate of radishes in her hands and she set them down on the table. "I lost, Ma," I said.

She shook her head. "No, you didn't lose, Joey."

"I lost. I got licked." I went past her and into the bathroom. I took a bath, and then cleaned the tub and took another bath. I got into some clean clothes and came back to the kitchen.

Ma was sitting down and right in the middle of the table was the biggest bowl of fruit salad I'd ever seen. I went for my chair, but she reached out behind her and grabbed my pants. She pulled me around front and pointed across from her at Pa's chair. "Sit there, Joey," she said.

"Me?"

"Sit there, Joe." I slipped into it. There was a plate and silverware there.

Ma smiled over at me. "How's my man?" she asked.

THE END

It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog

Continued from page 13

he might pin that Broad and Wall Trust Company robbery on Mike. Remember that job?"

"I covered it," Henry said.

"Mike pulled that one," Saul Evans said. "But they never could prove it."

"So Abe Arnold is sort of an important guy," Henry said. "Saul, isn't there anything to work on?"

"I've told you all I know. Abe Arnold was a certified public accountant and had a little office on upper Broadway, but he's cleared out."

He should have kept his mouth shut, Henry thought as he hung up. He had talked himself into a very tough assignment. It seemed that those fifteen lines were all he would ever write about Abe Arnold, unless, of course, Mike Koski found him first and the Homicide Squad sketched in the details.

HENRY walked to Eighth Avenue and took a C train to the Bronx. The rooming house where Abe Arnold had lived was two doors from the corner, an eroded limestone building that was hardly a suitable home for an associate of Mike Koski. Abe Arnold, Henry thought, should have been wearing twenty-dollar shoes and living on Central Park West.

The landlady was a thin, knobby-jointed woman with subway eyes—the dead, staring eyes that lined the city's subways like unlighted bulbs. She looked Henry up and down and said, "No vacancies."

"I'm not looking for a room," Henry said. "I'm looking for a Mr. Arnold."

Her hand went out to the doorknob, to shut the door in his face, but Henry had wedged his shoulder in. "Mr. Arnold moved out," she said.

"I don't care about Arnold," Henry said. "Madam, I'm an attorney, representing an estate, and I'm looking for an heir. A young woman who was a friend of Mr. Arnold."

"Oh, that redhead," the landlady said. "You mean that redhead?"

"Yes," Henry said. "You know where I can find her?"

"There was a time you could usually find her here," the woman said acidly. "She had a job in that restaurant down on the corner. That's where Mr. Arnold picked her up. I expect." She inspected Henry. "How much money?"

Henry wet his lips. "A hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he said, and enjoyed saying it.

The landlady's face had a sour, green look, like wrinkled fruit fallen from the vine. "That little trollop!" she said. "A hundred and fifty thousand!"

"What name did she go by?" Henry asked.

She looked at him suspiciously. "You don't know her name?"

"I know several of her names," Henry said.

"Which did she use here?"

"Just Olive. That's all I ever heard him call her."

He was getting a line, Henry thought, but he wasn't excited about it. He walked slowly to the corner. It was a small Italian restaurant. The dinner hour was long since past



and the manager was adding up the checks at the cashier's desk.

"I'm looking for a waitress of yours," Henry said. "The one called Olive."

"Olive Stone?" the manager said. "The redhead? She don't work here no more. One less headache I got. Never in on time, that girl. Always late."

"Do you know where I can find her?" Henry asked.

"She lives in Queens. That's why she was always late. Never could get the right subway train. Wait a minute, maybe I got the address."

Henry knew her name now, and he had her address penciled on a sheet from a memorandum pad. It would be Queens, he thought, miles from the Bronx. He took the subway down to Times Square and changed to an E train. He was sure that she would not be at the Queens address; the trail was too easy to follow.

HENRY was like the average New Yorker with Manhattan habits. His attitude was a state of mind and a state of ignorance such as that of the map makers of ancient times, and to him Queens was terra incognita—a vast area that stretched fluidly beyond the East River and dropped away somewhere into the ocean and elsewhere became, abruptly, a part of Long Island instead of New York City.

He got out of the subway on Queens Boulevard and made his way along a side street to the address he had been given. It was a rooming house on a quiet street not far from a block-square apartment development in red brick. The landlady came to the door in a kimono and frowned when Henry asked for

Olive Stone. "Don't you ever look at the clock?" she said. "It's going on eleven."

"I'm sorry," Henry said. "It's important."

"Well, she don't live here now, anyhow. I've been wondering about her. She called up a couple of weeks ago and asked me to hold her room. Then she sent me a money order for two weeks' rent." The landlady shook her head. "I ain't seen her since, and her rent was due again yesterday."

At least it was adding up, Henry thought. If he found Olive Stone he'd probably find Abe Arnold, too.

He told the landlady the story of the inheritance, and reduced it to ten thousand dollars. She was a fat, pleasant woman with an easy laugh and a disposition to believe what she heard. "Why, that's fine," she said. "Olive is a nice girl and she works so hard. My, ten thousand dollars!"

"Have you rented her room yet?" Henry asked.

"No."

"I'll take it," Henry said.

"Oh, you want to wait until she comes for her things?" the landlady asked, with the air of making a shrewd deduction.

"That's right."

"All right, I'll show you the room."

It was on the second floor, overlooking the street. There was an enamel bed, a bird's-eye maple dresser, and chintz curtains screened off closet space at the end of the room.

"I'm not sure it's the same Olive Stone," Henry said. "I wonder if she left a photograph in her things?"

"I haven't looked through her things. I can't do that."

Henry considered. "I suppose you cashed the money order?"

"Of course I cashed it."

"You wouldn't know the post office where it was issued?"

"No, I didn't notice."

"I'll take the room," Henry said.

The landlady introduced herself as Mrs. Mahoney, and accepted a week's rent in advance. She showed him the bath, gave him keys to the room and the outer door. Henry asked, "Did you keep the envelope the money order came in?"

"No." Her nod was alert and her eyes shone. "You mean the postmark? You mean you might trace her that way?"

"You ought to be in this business, Mrs. Mahoney," Henry said. "You're wasting your time renting rooms."

HE WOULD have to find where Mrs. Mahoney had stored the girl's suitcases, Henry thought, and wait his chance to get at them. Meanwhile he looked over the room. There was an engraving of the Laughing Cavalier on one wall and a Marie Laurencin color reproduction faced it from the wall opposite, the head and torso of a pale woman among exotic blossoms. That was hardly Mrs. Mahoney's taste, Henry thought. The Laughing Cavalier was Mrs. Mahoney, but the other picture was more the taste of a redheaded waitress who wanted nice things.

There was dust on the tabletop and on the mantel above the shallow fireplace. Apparently Mrs. Mahoney had not cleaned the room since Olive Stone left it. He tried the bureau drawers. They were empty, and the drawer paper was crumpled and stained; it had not been replaced since the last tenant. Henry took up the paper in the top drawer. Underneath were three bronze hairpins, a trunk key and a white rectangle of paper. He picked up the paper and turned it over. It was a snapshot showing a slim girl in a bathing suit, standing beside a pier. The pier threw shadow on her face.

Henry went into the hall and called Mrs. Mahoney. She was downstairs and he went to meet her. He showed her the snapshot.

"You should have let me see it in the first place," Mrs. Mahoney said. "Yes, that's her."

"It's not very clear," Henry said.

"It's her, though. It doesn't show her hair. She's got nice red hair."

"Thank you," Henry said, and put the snapshot in his pocket. "I'll move in tomorrow, Mrs. Mahoney."

"You're not sleeping here tonight?"

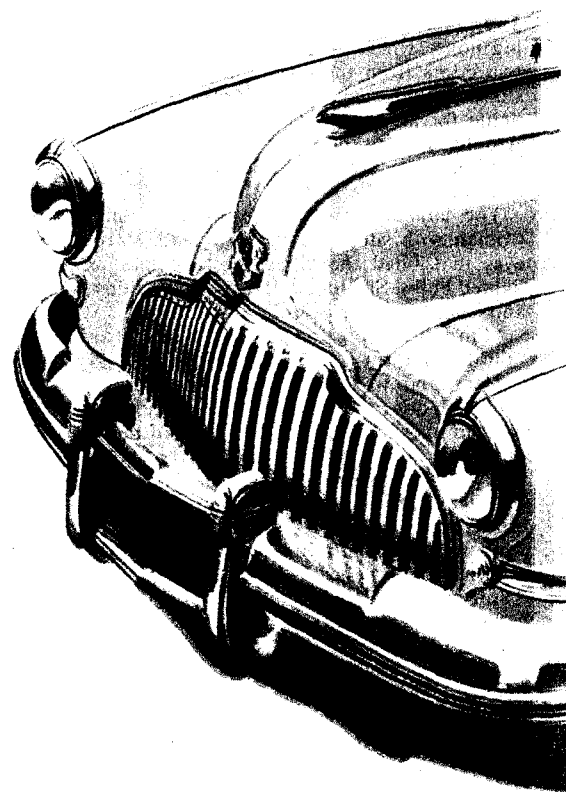
Henry considered. "Maybe I'll sleep here tonight."

He went out again and stood on the corner. It was past eleven o'clock and the night was turning cold. He felt in his pocket for a cigarette and found only one left in the pack. There was a chance, he thought, that the girl had taken a room somewhere in the neighborhood. People clung to the areas they knew, and if she were hiding Abe Arnold the police would expect her to have moved far, far away. The cigarettes gave him an idea.

He started at the corner candy store. The proprietor was a stooped man in a cap, and looked as dusty as his shelves. He merely

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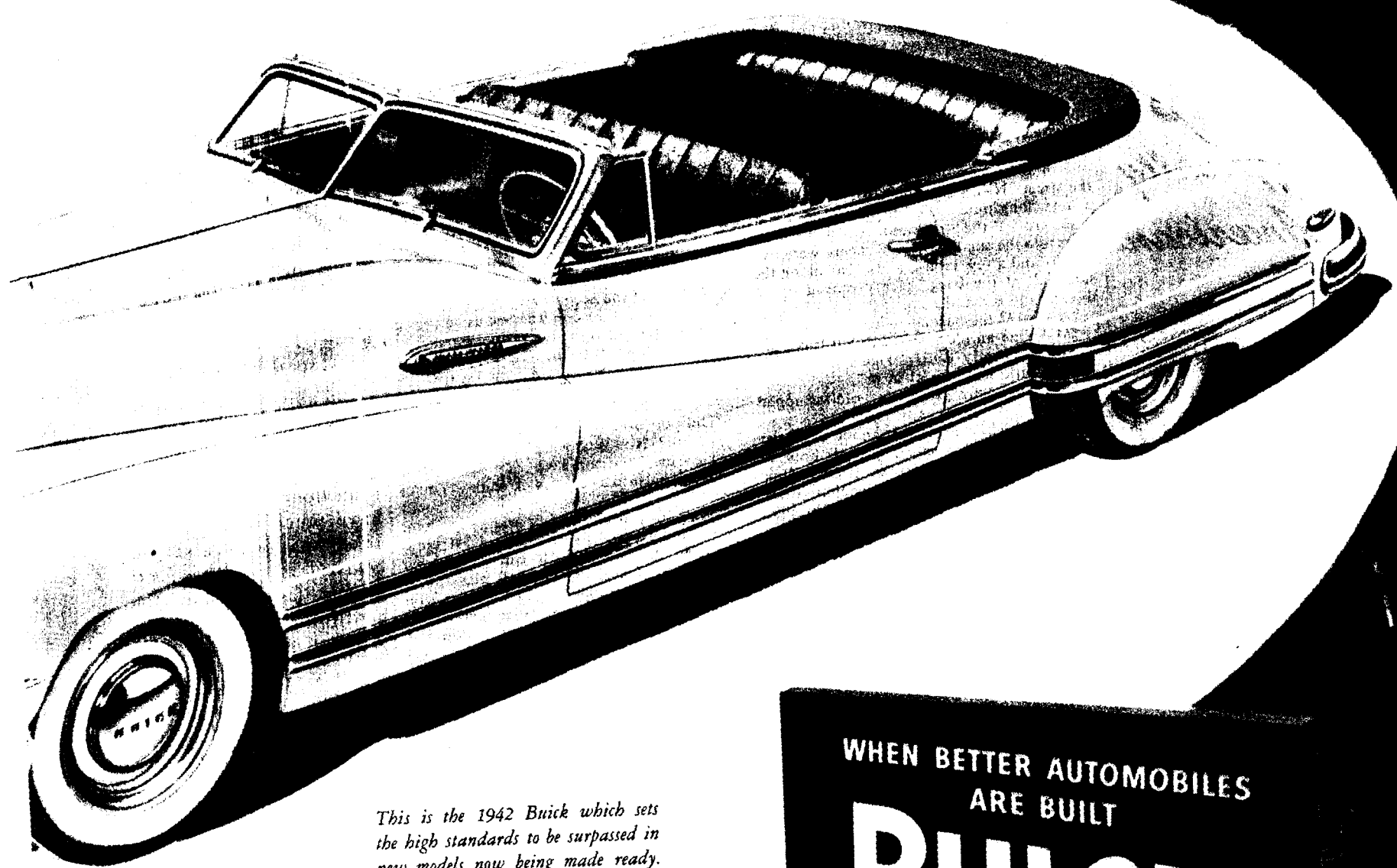


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shook his head when Henry asked for cigarettes. Henry showed him the snapshot.

"Sure, I know her. Redhead. Used to come in here."

"You haven't seen her lately?"

"Not for a couple weeks." He shrugged his shoulders. "Somewhere else maybe she can buy cigarettes."

"She smokes?" Henry said.

"Plenty. Like a coffeepot."

Henry walked on another block, to the next store. His answer was a shake of the head. He walked a block down a side street. He beat his way back and forth, block by block. The stores began closing for the night, and he tried the drugstores. At last, in a corner drugstore, ten blocks from Mrs. Mahoney's rooming house, the cigar-stand clerk looked at the snapshot and said, "Yeah, I think so. A redhead?"

"Yes."

"She was in here yesterday."

"You know where she lives?"

"I couldn't say, mister. She lives in the neighborhood, though. I'm sure of that."

"You've seen her around, is that it?"

"Just in here. We sell cigarettes at ten-thirty in the morning and six at night. She knows when we sell 'em, so she must live somewhere around."

IT WAS going so smoothly, Henry thought, surely the police had come this far, or Mike Koski. He asked casually, "Anybody else been asking about this girl?"

"No, not that I know of."

"See you in the morning," Henry said. "About ten-thirty."

"Well, we only sell cigarettes on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Tomorrow's Thursday."

"Don't have a spare pack now, do you?"

"Sorry."

Henry bought two cigars and went out to the street. He had walked a lot, and he was tired. He stood outside the drugstore and lit one of the cigars, and noticed a bar across the street. Nick's Bar and Grill. It had been a long, long time since his last rye gag.

He crossed the street and went down three steps into the small barroom. There were two booths and a few tables, and a bar along the side wall at the back. Henry moved up to the bar and ordered a rye gag.

"A what?" the barman said.

"Make me an old-fashioned, but leave out the fruit," Henry said. "That's a rye gag. Twist a little lemon peel in it."

"Okay, a stripped-down old-fashioned you'll get."

The stool was comfortable and it was quiet in the barroom. It was the timeless hour of the night when the lights were as mellow as good whisky and a man's imaginings had no limit. Almost automatically he brought out the snapshot and showed it to the bartender. "You know that girl?"

"What gives?" the barman said.

"I represent a large estate," Henry said. "I'm looking for a missing heir. That's her."

"You don't represent no estate," the barman said. "You're a cop."

"He ain't no cop, Nick," another voice said. "I can tell a cop."

Henry turned his head. The only other customer in the bar was a lean, morose individual who was nursing a highball glass half-full of whisky. He gave Henry a brooding look.

"You oughta know, Joe," the barman said. He looked again at Henry. "But he don't represent no estate."

"Hell, who cares?" Henry said. "How about that rye gag?"

"Now I'm a cop," the other man said. "Anybody can look at me and tell I'm a cop."

Henry looked at him and had no doubt of it. His shoes were the large, economy size.

"You don't represent no estate," the barman said. "What's your angle?"

"Okay," Henry said. "I'm a newspaperman."

"Oh, a reporter?"

"Are you going to fix me that rye gag?"

"Coming up," the barman said. "What do you want to know about that girl?"

"She ever come in here?"

"Never saw her. Who is she?"

Henry looked at the cop. "You the cop on the beat?"

"Not tonight. I'm off tonight. I'm always off on the fourteenth of February."

"You're the cop on the beat, though?"

"Yep."

Henry pushed the snapshot along the bar.

"Ever see this girl?"

The cop looked at it, shook his head.

"Nope. Why?"

"She inherited ten thousand dollars," Henry said.

"Wait a minute," the barman said, and put the rye gag in front of Henry. "You don't represent no estate. You're a newspaperman, you said."

"Did I?" said Henry.

The barman put his elbows on the bar and looked across at Henry. He was a big man with black hair that fell across his forehead and he wore a striped silk shirt that was surely a prewar relic. "What do you want with this babe?" he asked.

"Forget it," Henry said. "You never saw her, so what's the difference?"

"Sure, what's the difference, Nick?" the cop said. "Skip it."

Henry drank his rye gag. "It's a dull night," he said. "Better pour me another."

"Dull, he says," said the cop. "He says it's dull."

"Business is no good, too," the barman said. "Whatsa matter, people don't drink no more?"

"I do," Henry said. "How about that rye gag?"

"Dull," said the cop, with a hoarse chuckle. "He says it's dull."

"Shut up, Joe," said Nick.

"You know what I done yesterday?" said the cop. "I pinched a guy for peddling chestnuts. That's all I done, leaving out walk my beat and get chilblains. At that the only way I could make the pinch was for lighting a fire without a license. He had a fire to keep his chestnuts hot."

There was a somber light in the cop's eye and a cynical curl of his lips.

"Whatsa matter, can't you let the guy sell his chestnuts?" Nick asked.

"I just felt mean yesterday," the cop said. "Day before my anniversary. Twelve years on this here beat."

NICK set the second rye gag in front of Henry and the cop watched as he sipped it. Henry felt the burning eyes on him and at last turned to meet them. The cop shook his head and said, "So you're a newspaper reporter. What paper?"

"Record-Star."

"Did you ever hear of Joe Parelli?"

"Parelli? No. Who's he?"

"He's me," the cop said.

"Joe, whatsa matter?" Nick said. "You're drunk."

"No, I ain't drunk. I just wanna ast him. He's a reporter. Why shouldn't I ast him? It was in the papers." He came along the bar toward Henry, the highball glass swallowed in his big hand. "Lemme ast you somep'n," he said. "You remember a cop twelve years back? He was a rookie cop, just out of the Academy, and he seen a car over-parked in Foley Square and he wrote a ticket. That was twelve years ago today. This here is the anniversary. Valentine's Day. Some Valentine!"

"Shut up, Joe," Nick said.

"It was the mayor's car," the cop said. "The cop was me."

"Every year he gets like this," Nick told Henry. "Every anniversary."

"Twelve years now," the cop said. "Twelve years in exile. Sure, you never heard of Joe Parelli. Whoever heard of Joe Parelli? I just wanna ast you this. Is that right? Is that justice? I catch you selling chestnuts and I'll run you in, too."

"Write a letter," Nick said. "We had a new mayor a long time now. Write him a letter."

"I write a letter and I'll spend the rest of my life right here on this beat," the cop said. "You don't write no letters in the police department, brother."

"Okay," Nick said. "Write yourself a letter. Don't bend our ears."

The cop was aggrieved. "He's a newspaperman, ain't he? He can walk in and chin with the commissioner any time he wants to, can't he? He ought to know the angles. Why shouldn't I ast him?"



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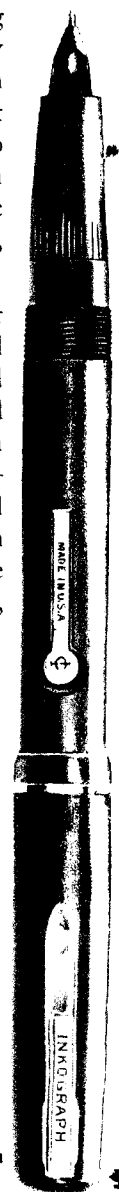
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"You don't walk in and chin with this commissioner," Henry said. "If you want to ask a question you write it out and send it in and wait for the answer."

"Okay," the cop said. "What's your name, Mac?"

"Henry Barton."

"I'm Joe Parelli. Call me Joe."

"Okay, Joe," Henry said.

"Have a drink," said the cop. "Nick, set up another one of them strip-tease old-fashioned ones." He took off his hat and put it down on the bar, and Henry saw that there was a little gray in his black hair. "So you can't chin with the commissioner," he said. "Okay, but why can't you put it in the paper? Just write it in the paper that Joe Parelli is still out here pounding his brains out on a Queens beat? Can you do that for me, Hank?"

Henry shook his head. "We don't have any space to speak of for local news these days. It's got to be a good story to get in the paper."

"So that ain't a story?" Joe said.

Henry was feeling the rye gags and he was sorry for the cop. "Look, Joe, if you worked on a big case, made an important arrest, we could work the facts in that way. Any time a good case comes your way you call me up."

The cop slumped a little on the bar. "Nothing happens on this here beat," he said. "That's why they put me here."

"Maybe you don't know news when you see it," Henry said. "What did you work on today, for instance?"

"I didn't work today. I never work on February fourteenth. You won't catch me writing no ticket on my anniversary."

The outer door swung open and a cold draft came in. Henry turned his head and saw a girl coming down the steps. Her heels rang loud on the steps and there was a clattering noise with it, so that Henry noticed the dog with her before he took a good look at the girl. It was the blackest, fiercest Doberman pinscher he ever saw, and it walked with a high, alert step close to her heels as she came to the bar. Then Henry looked at her.

She was small and as cute as a kitten, Henry thought. Her hair was blond and would probably have reached her waist if it hadn't been in a snood. She had the collar of her fur coat turned up and Henry couldn't see much of her face except her eyes, which were blue.

She stopped at the bar and the dog stood beside her, its long powerful legs solidly planted on the floor. The black hair of its head, edged with tan along the jaw and jowls, was like a black mask through which the hazel eyes looked piercingly at Henry. There was a silver chain around its long, graceful neck. The girl said to Nick, "Have you got anything in the kitchen for my dog?"

"Kitchen's closed," Nick said.

"Look, I just got my dog off the train. He's had a long trip and he hasn't been fed since morning. Everything is closed up and I saw your lights. Haven't you a bone lying around somewhere?"

"Icebox is locked up," Nick said. "Ladies got to have an escort in this place at night, miss."

"An escort?" she said, and the part of her face Henry could see turned a bright pink.

"That's the rule," Nick said.

The pink had been a blush at first. Now it was anger. Henry saw her small hands clenched on the bar. "You're very rude," she said.

Nick shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"And I do have an escort," her clear, sharp voice said. "Guard him, Rodney!"

The Doberman stiffened in every muscle and its head came forward, low, the ears pricked. Henry saw the hairs along the back of its neck bristle.

"Now, look," Nick began, and turned toward the girl. The moment he moved, a menacing growl came from the dog's throat and its shining eyes turned up to Nick.

"Better not move," the girl said. "Rodney was a K-9 dog. He's trained to kill."

Nick stood perfectly still, looking over the bar at the growling dog.

"Don't you worry about my escort," the girl said. "Now do you think you can find a bone?"

"Better give the dog a bone, Nick," Henry said.

The girl looked at Henry then, and he saw the rest of her face and saw that the eyes belonged there. He grinned at her and she said, "Rodney's guarding you, too, mister."

NICK shrugged and started away, and a dreadful snarling came from the Doberman. Nick stopped short and said, "Call him off. I'll see if I got a bone."

"Out, Rodney," the girl said, and the dog dropped on its haunches at her side.

"Lady," the cop said. "You got a license for that dog?"

It was Joe Parelli, observing his anniversary. "I ought to give you a ticket," he said. "Dogs is supposed to be on leashes. You got a license?"

"Who are you to give a ticket?" her cool, sure voice said.

"I'm a police officer, lady."

"Show me your shield."

Parelli brought his shield out of his pocket. "Now, you got a license?"

"His tag's on his collar," she said. "And here's his honorable discharge from the Army, if you want that."

The cop looked at the certificate, and read it aloud: "The War Dog Rodney, Tattoo No. F06192, having served with the Armed Forces of the United States of America, is hereby awarded this certificate of faithful service and honorable discharge." He folded the paper and handed it back to her.

"Rodney served overseas," the girl said. "He's a hero."

"Just the same the city ordinance is he's got to have a leash," the cop said. "If it wasn't the fourteenth of February I'd give you a ticket."

"Go on, give me a ticket," the girl said.

"Huh?" Parelli said.

"Give me a ticket," she said. "I'll bounce it back at you."

Henry had an idea. "It's the fifteenth now, Joe," he said. "It's going on three A.M."

The cop looked at him, and grinned, and took his book out. "What's your name, lady?"

Her low, angry voice said, "Julia Andrews," and when she gave the address Henry recognized it as the red brick apart-



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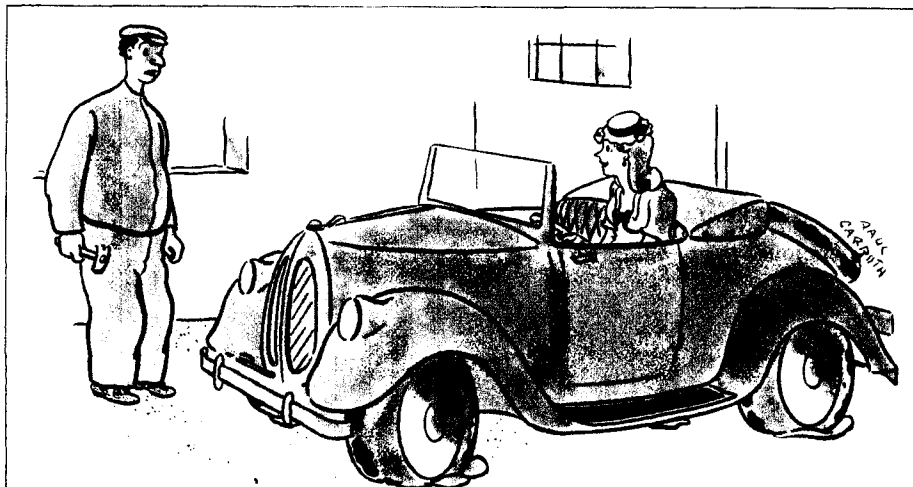
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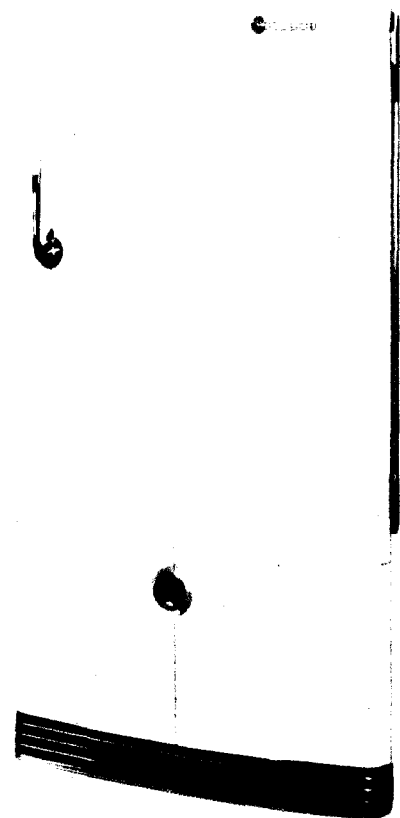
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ment development near Olive Stone's rooming house.

Nick returned then with a paper bag in his hand. "This is all the bones I got."

"Thank you. How much is it?"

"On the house," Nick said. "Ain't he a veteran?"

The cop grinned. "I guess I can forget about the ticket, too," he said. "But don't let me see him again without a leash."

She turned away without speaking and walked quickly to the door, the Doberman at her heels. Nick watched her go and said, "Joe, I believe you'd give a ticket to a Seeing-Eye dog."

Parelli shook his head. "I just done a favor for a pal, Nick. I seen how Hank here was giving her the eye and I knew he wanted me to get her name and address." He handed Henry the ticket. "Here you are, pal."

Henry put it in his pocket. "You did me a favor, all right," he said. "A big favor, Joe. Thanks."

"Any time you can do the same for me," the cop said. "Any time you can get my name in the paper, you'll do it, won't you, Hank?"

"Depend on it," Henry said. "Let's have a drink."

Henry should never have had that next drink. The idea came with the first sip and crystallized with the second, and mellowed with the third, and by the time he had finished the rye gag it was burning in his head.

"So you want your name in the paper?" he said. "A story. A good story! Joe, how do you like this one?—A blond bandit in a snood. She doesn't have a mob. She doesn't pack a rod. She just goes in a bar with her K-9 dog and says, 'Guard 'em, Rodney,' and helps herself to the cash register and the customers' pocketbooks. Why, that's got angles. It's better than Man Bites Dog. It's page one."

The cop said, "I don't get it." "You don't get it? Did you ever hear of anybody using a dog instead of a gun for a holdup?"

"No, I never heard of anything like that," the cop said.

"Of course not," Henry said. "That's why it's a story."

"A guy wants to hold up a joint, he gets him a roscoe," the cop said. "He don't walk in with no dog."

HENRY finished his rye gag and ordered another. "My friend, it just happened," he said. "Right under your nose. She came in here and held us up."

"I didn't notice it," the cop said.

Nick had a dubious look as he fixed the rye gag. He put it down in front of Henry and said, "What you talking about?"

"Now look, Nick, didn't she come in and ask for a bone, and didn't you refuse to give it to her?"

"Yeah, that's right."

"And didn't she sick her Doberman on you and make you get her the bone? You dope, you were held up and didn't know it. And a cop looking on, too. What kind of a cop is that?"

"I'm off tonight," Joe Parelli said. He thought a moment, nodded over his glass. "He's right, at that. You was held up, Nick."

"I give her the bone," Nick said.

Just thinking of such a story delighted Henry. He looked thoughtfully at the clock. "You know, I ought to call it in. That's really a story. Dog bandit terrorizes Queens. Discharged veteran and ravishing blond mistress. I tell you, it's page one."

"You put that in the paper, they'll laugh," Nick said. "Goodbye job."

"They won't laugh," Henry said.

"Dog steals bone," Nick said. "You think they won't laugh?"

"Would you like to make a small wager?" Henry said. "Say a rye gag."

"Okay."

"Gimme some nickels," Henry said. "I'll prove it to you."

Then he was on the phone. It was after three in the morning and the only man on the city desk was the one rewrite man who stayed until the paper was put to bed. He was Sam Black that night, and in spite of occupational indolence from years of organized loafing, Sam was the fastest writer on the rewrite bank.

"Sam, I got a story," Henry said.

"You found that guy already?"

"What guy?"

"That missing witness."

"Oh, him," Henry said. "Not yet. But look, is this a story or not? A girl comes in a bar over here in Queens, Nick's Bar and Grill, and holds it up with a dog. Listen . . ."

"A dog!" Sam said.

"A mean-looking Doberman," Henry said. He was only proving a point when he started talking, but then he began building the story up, and polishing it off, with all the details about the dazzling blonde and the Doberman named Rodney. He went to town.

Sam broke in, "Henry, where did you get this story? Are you sure of it?"

"Is it a good story or isn't it?"

"It's a hell of a story," Sam said. "It ought to go outside. But after all, holding up a bar with a dog! How much dough was in the place?"

Henry called out, "Nick, how much in your cash register?"

"I dunno. Sixty, seventy bucks."

"About seventy bucks," Henry told Sam. "And a bone."

"A bone?" Sam said. "Henry, are you tight?"

"No. A bone for the dog. A bagful of bones."

"Sure you're sober, Henry?"

"What's the matter with you, Sam? Don't you know a good story when you hear it?"

"Well, I'm paid just to write what the man says," Sam said. "I hope the man knows what he's talking about."

"Okay, don't write it," Henry said. "Forget

administrator to make room. They're rolling, Henry."

"Sam," Henry said. "Sam, I . . ." He hung up, and went out of the telephone booth, feeling a little faint. He had the strength to call out, "A rye gag, Nick."

"No more," Nick said.

"Nick, I'm tight," Henry said. "I know I'm tight. But I got to have another. I'm in a jam." He leaned across the bar and caught Nick by the shoulder. "You got to stand by me, Nick. You got to."

"Stand by you? How do you mean?"

"You were held up," Henry said.

"No," said Nick.

"Nick, you can't do this to me," Henry said.

"No more," Nick said. "You had enough."

"Nick, listen to me," Henry said. "You'll be famous. You'll make a mint. You'll have customers coming in all day tomorrow to hear how you were held up."

"Held up for a bone?" Nick said. "You're crazy."

"Held up for seventy bucks out of the cash register," Henry said. "Look, why don't you phone the police and make a complaint? You got to do that, Nick."

Nick's face turned a splotchy color, like spaghetti with sauce marinara. "Forget it. I don't want the cops in my place. I ain't making no complaint. You're crazy."

Henry looked at Joe Parelli, touched his shoulder. "Joe, you want to get off this beat, don't you?"

"I ain't kidding," Nick said. "I don't want no cops in here."

Henry looked again at Nick's face; it was

"I'll buy you a drink," Henry said. "Then we'll make that call. How about it?"

"This is my anniversary," the cop said. "I ain't working on my anniversary."

"Your anniversary is over," Henry said, and pulled Parelli along toward the corner. "It's the fifteenth now. Joe, the way it stands it's going to look like Parelli was trying to put something over and get his name in the paper. Did you think of that? Joe, you going to go on taking it for twelve more years? You got your big chance now. Make that call."

They had reached the door of the bar and Henry elbowed the cop through it.

"Okay," Joe said. "Got a nickel?"

Henry stood by the booth as Joe telephoned in, and he could hear the desk sergeant screaming, "A dog! Are you kidding?"

"A big black Doberman," Joe said. "A war veteran from the Army. No, I ain't kidding. . . ."

It seemed a good time to leave, and Henry went out the door.

IT SNOWED in the morning and Henry awakened in near darkness and stared blankly at the chintz curtains before he realized that he was in Olive Stone's room in a rooming house in Queens. He moaned, put his hands to his aching temples, and remembered. But there was a dreamlike quality about everything that had happened, and he had to shake his head and think hard to be sure that it was true. Then he threw on his clothes and ran down to the corner newsstand.

It was a two-column head on page one—BLONDE AND DOG ROB BAR. He winced and folded the paper over. He could not read the story yet, but he shuddered and peeked at the newspaper again. The headline said *Dog Raids Icebox for Bone*.

Well, it was a story, Henry thought. It certainly was a story. He visualized suits for false arrest, the scene with Mitchell. No job. Blacklisted. His was the worst sin in journalism: he had faked a story.

He remembered that he had fixed things up with Parelli. It was on the police blotter, at least. The story had that much to back it up, and maybe it gave him an out. But he had to fix things with Nick, and fast.

He couldn't find a cab, and it was ten blocks to Nick's bar. He ran most of the way, and was breathless when he turned the corner. As he reached the door a voice called, "Hey, Mac."

Henry turned. A slight man in a green hat stood by the curb. Henry didn't like his sallow face and he didn't like the tight cut of his overcoat. He had subway eyes, too, like the landlady in the Bronx. "I want to talk to you a minute, Mac," the man said.

Henry hesitated. To match the green hat the man wore a green necktie with orange horseshoes on it. The tie would have delighted Oscar, Henry thought.

"That's a good-looking tie you got," the man said.

Henry was surprised, and glanced down. He had forgotten that he was wearing Oscar's cornflowers.

"Where'd you get it?" the man asked.

"I had it made," Henry said. "Why?"

"A friend of mine was admiring it," the man said.

"That's quite a tie you got yourself," Henry said, and thought of Oscar. "Want to trade?"

Henry noticed that there was sufficient fullness under the arms of the tight-cut overcoat to accommodate a shoulder holster. The man grinned and said, "Sure, I'll trade."

They untied their ties and exchanged them. The man held Henry's tie up to examine the cornflowers. "My friend noticed the flow-ers," he said. "He noticed that snapshot you got in your pocket too."

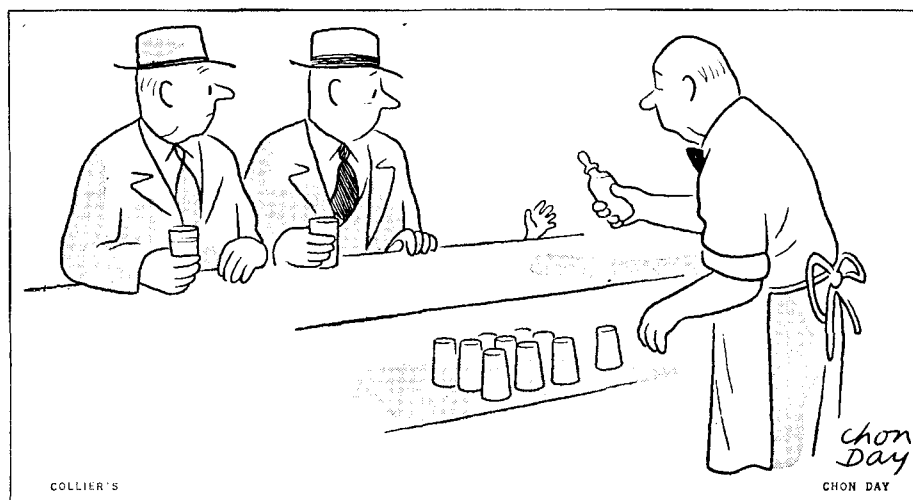
Henry slipped the tie under his collar and tied a knot. "Is that so?" he said as he tightened the knot. He looked cautiously into the bright, dark eyes.

"Did you find the dame?" the man asked. "What dame?"

The smile was a tight, unfriendly stretching of the lips. "You should know. You're carrying her picture."

"That's my sister," Henry said.

"Listen, Mac, I don't want to play games," the slight man said. "What do you want with this dame? Why you been asking questions?"



it, and we'll wait and pick it up from the Courier tomorrow."

"Okay, okay," Sam said, and hung up.

Henry laughed and called, "Nick, you owe me a rye gag." He went back to the bar to drink it and to lecture Nick and the cop on the principles of journalism, and he had been at it for some time when Nick said, "Say, you told the guy it was all a gag, didn't you?"

Henry put his glass down. It was the rye gags. It was the hour of the night. It was Queens. He didn't know what it was, but he knew he hadn't told Sam. He raced to the telephone booth. When he got the connection the Record-Star operator buzzed the city desk for a long time until a copy boy finally answered. Henry asked for Sam Black and was told to hang on.

Henry put his head out the phone booth and called to Nick, "How about another?"

"I think you had enough," Nick said.

"No. One more. One for the road."

NICK brought it to him in the booth and he sat there sipping it. Only after he had finished the drink did he realize that he had been sitting there a long time holding the phone. He hung up and dialed the number again and shouted at the Record-Star operator, "Give me the city desk, and quick."

On the third ring the receiver was lifted and Sam's voice said, "City desk."

"Sam, this is Henry . . ."

"We made it, Henry," Sam said. "I wrote it in short takes and we made the last lift. It went outside. Page one."

"You made it?" Henry said weakly. "You mean it's in the paper?"

"Yep. Threw out a speech by the OPA

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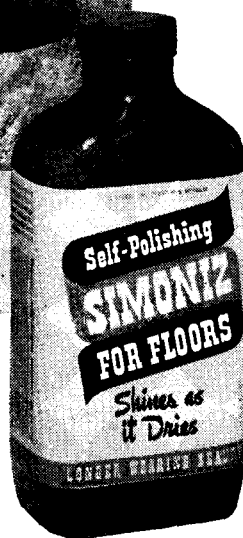
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"Whose torpedo are you?" Henry said.
The man quit smiling. He finished tying an elaborate knot in the tie. "Now let's be friends," he said. "We both want the same thing. You want to find this dame and so do I. Maybe we can co-operate."
"I don't think so," Henry said. "But I'm glad to hear it."
"Glad to hear what, Mac?"
"That Mike Koski hasn't found her yet," Henry said, and went in to the bar.

THE first man he saw was Joe Parelli, in uniform and looking as if his blue collar was much too tight. There was a police lieutenant at the bar, talking to Nick. His face was red up to his gray hair; his voice was loud. "Now look here, you told Parelli you was held up," the lieutenant shouted. "Why did you tell him that?"

"I didn't tell him nothing," Nick said.
"Was there a blonde in here last night or wasn't there?"

"Why dontcha forget it?" Nick said. "I got no complaint to make. Forget it, Lieutenant."

"Was there a blonde in here?"
"Sure, sure."

"And did she have a dog with her?"
"I seem to remember a dog," Nick said.

"A Doberman named Rodney, wasn't it?" the lieutenant said.

"Yeah, she called him that."
"Did she hold you up, or didn't she?"

"Just bones," Nick said. "Just a bag of bones."

"Bones!" The lieutenant's blood had boiled to the vapor point. "You trying to tell me all she took was bones?"

"That's a fact," Nick said. "Just bones. Look, I got no complaint. She's welcome to the bones."

"What's your angle?" the lieutenant demanded. "Don't you want to get your seventy bucks back?"

"What seventy bucks?" Nick said.
The lieutenant slammed his fist on the bar. "The seventy bucks she took!"

"It was just bones," Nick said stubbornly. "In a paper bag."

Henry stayed in the background. He could see that Parelli was sweating, and he had no wish to catch Parelli's eye. The lieutenant glared at Nick. "Brother, what are you hiding? What goes on in this here bar? You mixed up in the numbers racket? Trying to stay clear of the cops? What goes on?"

"It was just bones," Nick said.
"But she held you up for 'em?" the lieutenant persisted.

"I guess so."
"She sicked her dog on you, didn't she?"

"Yep," Nick said.
"Damn it, what goes on?" the lieutenant shouted.

"The commissioner was on the wire this morning. We got to find that dame and her dog or else. We picked up six Dobermans already this morning. I never knew there was so many Dobermans, but none of 'em is Rodney."

Henry backed quietly out the door. It was worse than he had feared, and he thought of the girl. What was her name? He reached in his pocket and found the ticket Joe Parelli had written—Julia Andrews.

What would this girl do, Henry thought, when she saw that story in the paper? She'd blow her top when she did. She'd run to the police or march into the city room of the Record-Star. And the first time she went out with the Doberman and called him Rodney somebody would be bound to yell for the police. They'd take her to the station and after that she'd have blood in her eye.

Henry thought hopefully that the story had only made the last lift—it was only in a few thousand copies. Maybe she'd never see it. Still, there was the dog named Rodney. He shook his head. She would find out the truth as soon as she took the Doberman for a walk, find it out in the worst way.

He turned into the corner drugstore and ordered a cup of coffee. There was an oppressive weight on his stomach and he could not eat. He had never been more sober, and reality had never been more cold. There was only one thing to do, he decided over his second cup of coffee. He would have to see this girl at once and tell her everything, whatever happened.

He paid for the coffees and walked slowly the two blocks to the apartment development where Julia Andrews lived, a block-square brick building with many entrances and walk-up flats in each unit. He rang the bell three times before he heard the buzzer click. He pushed the door open and started up the dim-lit stairs.

She was waiting at her door on the second floor, and the first thing he noticed about her was her eyes. They were the glazed and remote eyes of one just awakened from sleep.

"Hello," Henry said.
"Yes? What is it?"

"Rodney like his bones?" said Henry.
Her eyes opened a little wider. "Oh, you were in that bar last night," she said. "Did you wake me up just to ask me that?"

"No," Henry said.
"Then what do you want?" Her voice was sharp.

The door was open only a few inches, but Henry could see Rodney standing stiffly by the window, the brown eyes watching him. There was menace in the alert poise of the dog's head and the erect points of his ears.

"Miss Andrews," Henry said. "I hope you've got a sense of humor."

"At this hour of the morning! Listen, if you had any good reason for ringing my bell, let's have it."

Henry hesitated, and met her unfriendly eyes. It was no use attempting to explain. Let her find out for herself, when she took the Doberman out. He could not face it now.

He shrugged his shoulders and said, "I'm the gas man. I came to read your meter, miss."

"The gas man?" Her eyes examined him coldly; they expressed a suspicious nature, Henry thought. "You were drinking in that bar last night. You're no gas man. What's the idea?"

"I hang out in that bar, that's all," Henry said. "When you pound around all day reading meters you got to have some relaxation. Gas men are human, too."

She hesitated, frowning. "Why do you people have to come so early in the morning?"

"It's ten-thirty, miss."

"Is it? Oh, well, come in."

"Better introduce me to the dog," Henry said. "I've seen that dog operate."

"He's all right, Rodney," the girl said. The Doberman looked at Henry, then bounded onto a davenport and lay down, his head between his paws. The watchful expression had gone out of the small eyes.

"I suppose you know where the meter is," the girl said. "I'm going back to bed."

When the bedroom door closed behind her Henry drew in a deep breath and turned back to the door, to get out as fast as he could. As he opened it he heard a sudden clatter of claws behind him. He swung around and saw the Doberman at his heels, eagerly watching him, whining a little.

Henry stood looking at the dog and the idea came to him with the blazing light of inspiration. If he got the dog out of the way, and she never saw the paper, it would be all right. "You want to go out, Rodney?" he whispered.

THE Doberman whined and his sleek body writhed eagerly. Henry moved quickly around the room. He found the leash on the mantelpiece and Rodney remained perfectly still as he bent over and snapped the leash on the collar. The Doberman pulled Henry toward the door and a moment later they were on the street, in the snowstorm.

Henry paused at the corner newsstand and saw that only earlier editions of the Record-Star were on display. Even if she bought a paper, she wouldn't see the story.

It was done now, but already Henry had misgivings. The Queens police were out looking for Dobermans, and what would his explanation be if he were found with Rodney? He had to get the dog out of sight in a hurry.

He hurried to the rooming house, with Rodney walking ahead as if he were slipping through the jungle. When he opened the door Mrs. Mahoney was in the hall. She looked at Rodney. "Is that your dog?"

Henry nodded, holding his breath.

"I'm sorry. I don't allow dogs," Mrs. Mahoney said.

She hadn't read the paper, Henry thought, but Lord, it must be on the radio. "She'd

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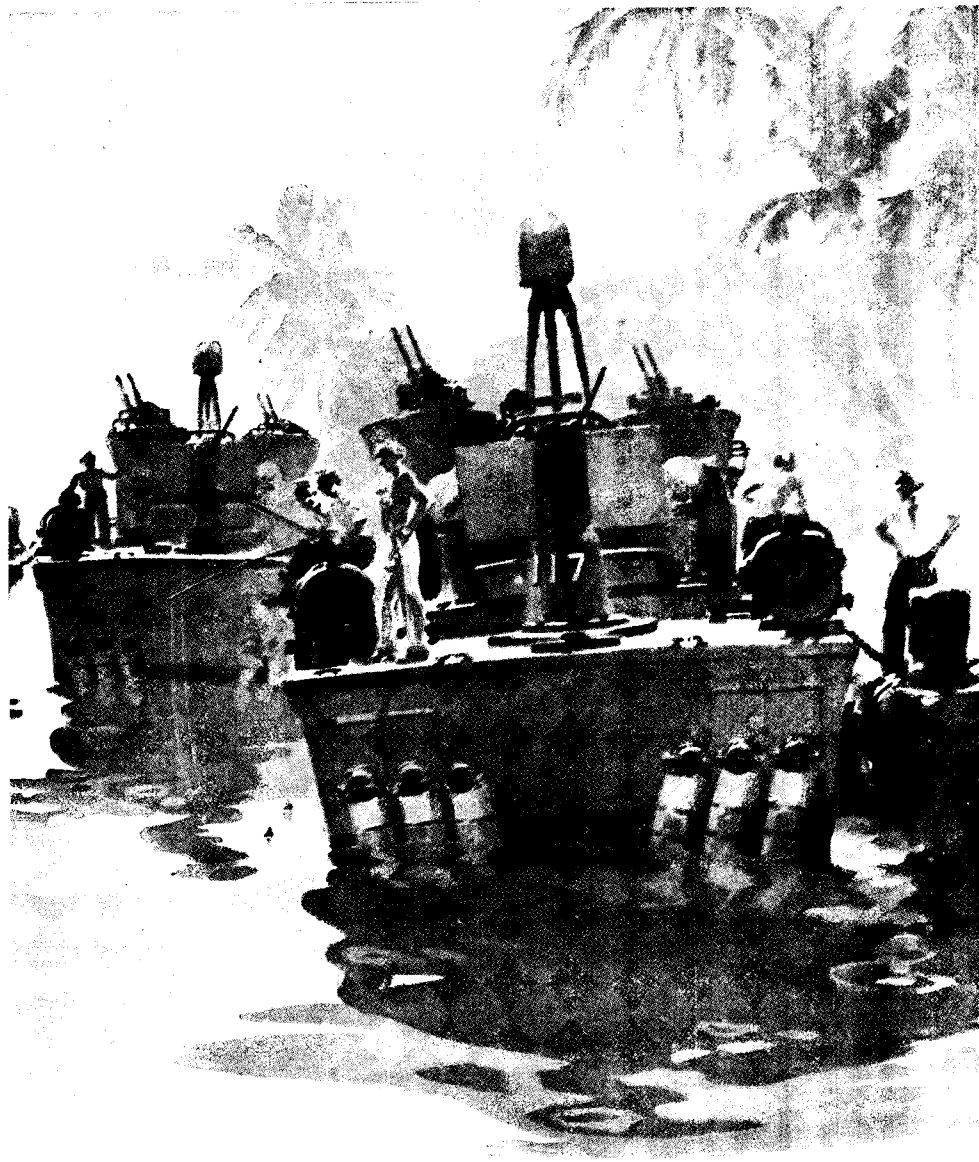
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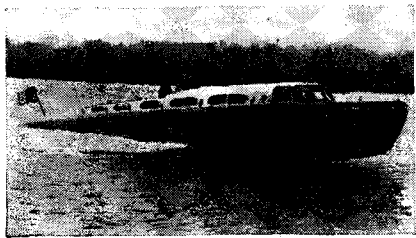




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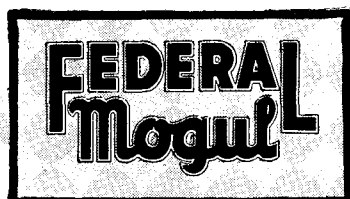
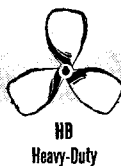
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hear it as soon as she turned on the news. "He'll only be here a short time. Mrs. Mahoney," Henry said. "He's a very quiet dog. And gentle."

"You taking him away again?"

"In about an hour," Henry said.

"For an hour, all right," said Mrs. Mahoney. "But see he don't bark."

"He won't bark," Henry said, and led Rodney quickly up the stairs to Olive Stone's room. He slipped off the leash and the Doberman looked at him solemnly, his black head cocked a little on one side.

Henry listened at the door. He heard footsteps in the hall, going on up the stairs. He opened the door. Mrs. Mahoney had passed from sight on the next landing. He slipped quickly down the stairs and tiptoed back through the hall to the kitchen. It was a comfortable, sunny room. There was a coffee-pot on the back of the stove, a magazine was open on the table, and on the window ledge was what he had been looking for—a radio.

Henry turned the radio around and jerked several connections loose. Mrs. Mahoney would have to do without her soap opera that morning. She would have to do without the news.

When he opened the door of Olive Stone's room, Rodney stood stiffly by the mantel, his head low. Henry shut the door.

"Rodney, you and I are going to be pals," Henry said, and put out his hand.

The Doberman growled.

Henry sat down on the bed and looked at the dog. He put one hand out slowly, tentatively, and Rodney sniffed at it. There was a horrible moment when Henry thought the dog was going to snap. Instead he dropped down on the floor and put his head between his paws.

"Rodney, what am I going to do with you?" Henry said. "You're hot."

Rodney's hazel eyes were open, watching Henry.

"What does a man do with a hot dog?" Henry said. "I got to stash you away somehow." He bent forward. "Old pal, I wonder if you'd let me look at your ear?"

He put his hand out; the bright eyes watched it. Very gently he patted Rodney's head. The dog closed his eyes. Henry fondled an ear, turned it gently inside out, and saw the tattoo mark F06192.

"Rodney," Henry said, "you're plenty hot."

He leaned back in his chair and stared at the dog. Rodney wasn't just a Doberman, he was a tattooed Doberman, and the first thing the cops would look for would be the tattoo mark, Rodney's dog tag from the Army.

But Rodney was not his only problem. Nick was a problem. Joe Parelli was a problem. Julia Andrews was even more so. Stealing Rodney had delayed the accounting, but Henry began to wonder if it had been a wise thing to do. He was getting in deep.

"Make yourself at home, Rodney," Henry said, and let himself out the door.

THIS time he found a cab, and drove to Nick's Bar and Grill. As he got out of the cab a voice called him. He turned and saw Bess Williams standing at the entrance to the bar. She did not look happy.

"Well, here I am," she said in a tone of resignation. "I've been looking all over for you."

"Here I am, too," Henry said.

"Mitchell sent me over. If it hadn't been for you, Henry, I'd have had a good assignment today."

"What's the matter with this assignment?"

"Dogs!" Bess said. "Blondes! What trivial nonsense! Mitchell is all excited about it, though."

"He is?" Henry said gloomily.

"As soon as I got in this morning I looked at the assignment sheet," Bess said. "Charlotte Roberts got it. You know she can't handle a thing like that. She's not interested in politics."

"She can handle anything. What are you talking about?"

"You know, the diplomatic mission that got in last night on the Clipper. Don't you read the papers? They're holding a press conference at noon today. Because of you, Henry, I didn't get it. That kind of thing would help me get to Europe and instead I'm

here chasing dogs and blondes. All because of you."

"Maybe Rodney will hold a press conference," Henry said.

"Ha-ha," Bess said grimly. "Mitchell wants you to call in, Henry."

"Sure, sure," Henry said.

Her sharp brown eyes examined him. "How did you run onto this story, anyhow?"

"I'm the police-reporter type," Henry said. "I got my methods."

"Better call Mitchell."

"Sure, I'll call Mitchell."

Henry went down the three steps into the bar like a man entering a dungeon. The police lieutenant had gone, but Joe Parelli was there at the bar, talking to Nick. They both looked at Henry, and he ducked into the telephone booth. Before he dropped his nickel in, Nick was pulling the door open.

"Get out," he said. "What you want?"

"I'm making a phone call," Henry said.

"You make too many calls," Nick said. "You make too much trouble. All morning they been coming in, the cops, reporters, the A.S.P.C.A. I told you I didn't want no cops in here."

"Nick, you stick by me and I'll do you some good," Henry said. "Already you're famous."

"Don't do me no more favors, Mac."

"Just keep your mouth shut," Henry said.

"That's all you've got to do. This will blow over by tomorrow."

JOE PARELLI came up behind Nick. "Listen here, Hank, I thought you was my pal. Listen here, Hank, I took a gander at the paper. My name ain't in that story."

"It's not?" Henry said in a shocked tone. His head ached horribly. "I don't understand it, Joe. That dope of a rewrite man must have left it out. He wrote that story in an awful hurry."

"Well, listen here," Joe said. "They're making a big stink about it at the station, and the place is lousy with reporters. I'm left in the middle, Hank."

"Joe, I'll fix it," Henry said.

"I went home last night," Joe said. "I woke up the wife and the bambino and I says, 'Get up. Get packed. We're high-tailing it out of Queens.' I tell 'em I got my name in the paper and the commissioner's gonna give me a break. Early this morning the wife runs out to buy a paper and my name ain't there."

"Let me make a phone call, Joe," Henry said.

"Dames is nuts," Parelli said. "You know what she said? She says she don't wanta leave Queens, anyhow. She likes Queens, she says."

Henry dropped his nickel in, but Parelli went on talking: "The loot says to me, 'Joe, you got to find that dog.' I got to go out and bring in a Doberman, he says. They got a dragnet out for Rodney, Hank, and six pooches they picked up so far."

"I think this fella's crazy," Nick said. "Go on, make your call. Then get out. And don't come back."

Henry shut the door of the phone booth and dialed the Record-Star number. Mitchell's voice had a springtime lilt in it. "Nice little story you sent in last night, Henry," he said. "It did my heart good."

"Glad you liked it," Henry said cautiously.

"I want you to keep on it," Mitchell said. "Get a good follow. Keep it alive. Henry, I feel ten years younger. A Doberman! Wish we had a picture."

"Look, Mitchell," Henry said. "I'm busy. I'm working on the Abe Arnold case."

"Abe Arnold?" Mitchell said. "Forget that bum. See if you can find that girl and her dog. See if you can get a picture. I sent Bess Williams over to help you. Put her to work."

"You bet," Henry said tonelessly.

"We're checking to see if it's a violation of the Sullivan Law," Mitchell said. "Is it armed robbery, or what? You might check police headquarters on that."

"Okay," Henry said.

"Did I tell you this story will get you a bonus?" Mitchell said. "I don't know, maybe a raise. If it was mine, I'd give you the paper. Say, you'd better check with the Army. You'd better check with Dogs for De-



Which is a Photograph?

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means more
than you'd
guess**

BOTH OF THE PICTURES reach the printed page through a series of photographic processes. So—although the picture on the left, "Lady Jean," was painted by George Bellows in 1924, and the one on the right is a snapshot made on Kodachrome Film by "any amateur"—as you see them here, they are both "photographs."

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fense. Get busy on it, Henry. Find that blonde. You can do it."

"Okay," Henry said, and hung up.

Joe Parelli was still waiting outside the booth. "Hank, what you gonna do?" He put his hand on Henry's shoulder. "I got an idea I ought to pick up that blonde and her dog. Let her do the talking."

"Lord, no," Henry said.

"We can make it stick," the cop said.

Henry stared at him. "Look, Joe, don't get any ideas."

"It wouldn't be much of a rap," Joe said. "She didn't have no roscoe."

"If anybody goes to jail, Joe, it's liable to be us," Henry said. "How would you like a nice, fat suit for false arrest?"

"I knew I shouldn't of wrote a ticket on my anniversary," the cop said. "I always get in trouble."

"I wonder," Henry said thoughtfully. "Maybe you could take the dog in. Say you found him on the street with the blonde and the blonde got away."

"Okay," Joe said. "Let's snatch the dog."

"But maybe not," Henry said. "She'd sashay down to the station to claim him." He shuddered. "When she sees that story, Joe, when she finds out..."

"She held Nick up," Joe said. "We seen her do it."

"For a bag of bones," Henry said.

"Well, like I told the loot, when Nick said bones I thought he meant moolah. Hell, everybody makes mistakes."

"We do, anyhow," Henry said.

THEY went up the three steps to the street, where Bess Williams was waiting. She approached Henry and tapped his arm. "You know, there's a faint odor about this story. You didn't pipe it up a little, did you, Mr. Barton?"

"What gives you that idea?"

"I was talking to the barman before you came. He said she didn't take any money. Just a bag of bones, he said. Henry, what are you trying to put over?"

"He changed his story," Henry said. "He doesn't like the idea of cops hanging around his place. The lieutenant thinks he's mixed up in the policy racket, or something."

Joe Parelli shook his head. "Not Nick. He ain't in no racket."

"But he doesn't like cops," Henry said.

"I get along okay with Nick," said Parelli.

"Henry, as long as I'm stuck on this story, let's get going," Bess said. "What kind of follow is there? Mitchell wants us to come back with something good."

"Mitchell suggested we find this babe and her dog," Henry said. "That's all he wants."

"That's easy enough," Parelli said. "Hank, like I was telling you..."

"Skip it, Joe," Henry said.

"Who's the cop, Henry?" Bess asked.

Henry started to answer. His mouth opened, and the muscles slacked and his jaw sagged. Hurrying toward him, crossing the street, was a trim blonde. But she was no cute kitten this time; she had the look of a wildcat with claws unsheathed.

"I've been looking everywhere for you," she cried. "Do you know what happened to my dog?"

Henry waved his hand and shouted, "Taxi!"

"You were the only one there this morning," Julia said, approaching him. "Did you..."

"Taxi," Henry shouted, and stepped to the curb. There was one too many blondes. It was a terrible, harrowing thing for a man to be caught between two blondes.

A cab swung in to the curb and he caught Bess Williams' arm and said, "Get in."

"What's the idea?" Bess said.

"I'll be right with you, miss," Henry said to Julia, wedging himself between her and Bess. He pushed Bess into the cab, said in a whisper, "Listen, I got a tip on that dog."

"Who's that girl?" Bess said.

"That's the point. She's a reporter from the Courier. Competition. Look, I got a tip they've got the dog at the Bronx Park Station. Hustle up and check it."

"The Bronx is miles from here, Henry!"

"Miles and miles," Henry said. "Mitchell told you to help me out, didn't he?"

"Yes, but..."

"Then get going," Henry said. He slammed the cab door and shouted to the driver, "Tri-borough Bridge."

He turned to face the other blonde as the taxi drove away. There were spots of color high in Julia's cheeks and her sharp voice was saying, "What goes on, anyhow?"

"I'm sorry about your dog," Henry said. "When I went out the door he followed me and ran away down the street. I chased him for blocks, but I couldn't catch him."

"Then for Pete's sake why didn't you let me know?" She moved in toward him aggressively.

"I was trying to catch your dog," Henry said. "Look, this cop is a friend of mine and he's working on it. We'll find Rodney."

She studied Parelli's face. "I've seen you somewhere before," she said.

"This is my beat," Joe said. "I guess you seen me around, Miss."

"Oh, no," Julia said. "I know where I saw you. You were here last night. You gave me a ticket."

"That's right," Henry said. "He's the cop on the beat. Friend of mine."

Her eyes were bright. "What is this? Are you a gas man or aren't you?"

"I'm a newspaperman," Henry broke in. "For the time being, anyhow."

"What were you doing this morning?" Her small hands were fists and her eyes seemed to be measuring him. "Why did you come to



"Save Paper!"

my house and say you were the gas man? Did you steal my dog?"

"Take it easy," Henry said. "I'll tell you all about it."

"Better tell me fast, mister."

Henry took a deep breath. "I couldn't help it," he said. "I was here last night and saw you. I followed you home. Now don't get excited. I wanted to find out where you lived, so I followed you to your house. But I didn't know your name, so this morning I rang all the bells and said I was the gas man until I found you."

"Go on," Julia said.

"I couldn't just let you get away," Henry said. "The minute you came down those three steps last night I knew I had to meet you."

"So you stole my dog?"

"I didn't steal him. He ran out the door. What could I do?"

"You could have called me."

"I was kind of scared to," Henry said. "That's the way it was. I couldn't get up the nerve to go back to your place."

"The nerve is right," she said. "I've heard some crazy explanations in my business, but that one's a beaut."

"What is your business?" Henry said.

"I'm a policewoman."

"No kid," said Joe Parelli. "A lady cop?"

"What's wrong with that?"

"You look more like Vassar to me," Henry said. "Vassar, '43."

"I went to Hunter."

"So you're one of them new streamlined babes they got in," Parelli said. "First I met up with."

Henry felt lost. What approach did a man use with a lady cop? She knew all the answers. And when she saw the newspaper—she, a cop, God help him!

"Let's get back to my dog," Julia said. "I want that dog."

"I guess you know how to go about finding a dog," Henry said. "You, a cop."

"I'm not at all convinced you didn't steal him," Julia said.

"You think I'm nuts?" said Henry. "I've seen that dog operate. He's tough."

"He's been gentled," she said. "They put them through a gentling process before they let them out of the Army. Rodney is as friendly as a puppy."

Things were sufficiently involved already, Henry thought, without a lady cop. How was he to know she was a cop? Cops shouldn't have big blue eyes and blond hair and impertinent noses and figures like that. What he'd better do, Henry thought, was get that dog out of the rooming house as quickly as possible. It would be too bad if Rodney were found in his room, and by this time Mrs. Mahoney had probably become impatient. Or she might have seen a newspaper, or heard a neighbor's radio. And she might have called the cops.

"Suppose we cover the neighborhood, the three of us," Henry suggested. "We'll each take a parallel street and cover the area in sections."

"Okay," said Joe Parelli.

"There's a drugstore on the corner when you reach Queens Boulevard," Henry said. "We can meet there. It's about ten blocks from here. Suppose you take this street, Miss Andrews, and Joe the one below and I'll go up to the next?"

The girl nodded. "Let's get started."

Henry had decided to get the dog from the rooming house and take him in a taxicab to his own apartment in Manhattan, on Eleventh Street, where he could keep Rodney out of sight. Since the rooming house was on Parelli's beat he had a good chance of getting the Doberman out without encountering a policeman. He started up the side street and, when he turned at the next corner, he began trotting in the direction of the rooming house.

AS HENRY let himself in, Mrs. Mahoney came running from the kitchen. Her face was shiny and her excited voice called, "Mr. Barton, she was here!"

"How's that?" Henry said.

"She was here. Olive! Olive Stone."

Henry had practically forgotten Olive Stone.

"She just left," Mrs. Mahoney said. "Not two minutes ago. And she acted so strange, Mr. Barton. I told her about the money and she just didn't care. She even asked me to keep it quiet about her coming back, but after all, ten thousand dollars!"

"Where did she go?" Henry asked.

"She jumped in a taxi with her suitcase and drove away. She didn't even wait for the man."

"What man?"

"He came in a minute after she did. To carry her things, he said. He followed her up to your room and he's still there, I guess. I didn't see him come down."

"To my room," Henry said.

"I was sure you wouldn't mind," Mrs. Mahoney said apologetically. "Olive wanted to get something out of the room, a picture she left on the wall. And after all, you don't have any luggage yet, and she still had her key, and all."

"It's all right, Mrs. Mahoney," Henry said, and started up the stairs. This was good, almost too good. Had Abe Arnold walked straight into his hands?

The door of the room was shut, and he paused in the hall. On the floor was a key ring with two keys on it, where Olive Stone had probably dropped it in opening the door. But why hadn't she picked it up? Henry heard no sound from within. He tried the knob. The door was unlocked, but as he opened it he heard a menacing growl.

"It's all right, Rodney," Henry said, and pushed the door wide.

Rodney was crouched in the middle of the room, his graceful neck extended and his shiny eyes watching a small man who was frozen into an easy chair. But the man was not Abe Arnold. Henry saw the cornflowers on a yellow field and recognized the dapper man with whom he had traded ties—Mike Koski's torpedo.

(To be continued next week)



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She couldn't stop herself then, she had to write him. It all seemed so wrong, dishonest, impossible, to go on pretending. He was just a picture in a frame now

Long ago I gave up even dreaming of a girl who would have any notion of what science was about. And then, tonight, by a fluke, I meet you. For even a halfway pretty girl to major in bacteriology would be almost a miracle, but you—"

"But it wasn't meant to be me," she protested. "I wasn't even coming to the dance. It was just that Genny disappeared at the last moment—"

"Exactly!" He reached across the table to take her hand. "That's what makes it a miracle. Think. In a week you'll be graduated and gone from here. In less than a month I'll be starting my internship in a hospital halfway across the country. And if this Genny had turned up, we wouldn't have met. We came that close to missing, but—"

His hand tightened on hers, his last words were almost a whisper: "But we didn't miss, do you see?"

She drew away her hand, then. "But do you see?" she asked, a little desperately. And she held the hand out to him, her left hand with the ring. It was a star sapphire set in perfect blue-white diamonds.

HE LEANED back in his chair. "Yes." The excitement was gone from his voice, leaving it harsh. "I see." Then he added, very low, "I should have seen before."

"It wasn't easy to see," she told him faintly. "Too small to notice, just a ring, and so many of us wear them—"

"It's not small," he contradicted almost angrily, staring at the ring, watching the sparks of color dart from the diamonds over the milky flawed blue of the central stone. "It's big; maybe too big—"

"Or do you mean too elegant?" Drusilla tried to smile. "My hands are rather the worse for all those laboratory hours. But of course she didn't know that, his mother. If she did, I'm afraid she'd be horrified—"

Her words were hurrying now, to fill the silence as he stared down at the ring. "She picked it out, his mother, because he was already gone then, and they wanted everything just right. They always do everything just right—"

"I can't figure how I missed it," he went on thoughtfully, as if he had not heard her. "I should have seen it right at first. It would have had to be before I saw you coming down

Drusilla knew this new love would be so good and strong—if she could forget her promises to the old

Not So Simple

BY HOPE HALE

I CAN'T understand this," Ben was saying as they walked back to their booth—walked, yet without effort, as if drifting together on the rhythms of the music that had died away behind them. His arm lay lightly circling the firm little bodice of her blue dress, and his head—the thick brown hair cut short, showing the hard young roundness of the bones—was bowed over hers.

When they sat down opposite each other, his dark eyes studied her face, intently questioning. "I never did much about dancing, you know, Drusilla. Too busy, but tonight"—he shook his head, half-smiling across the table at her, incredulous—"this dancing of ours, tonight had a quality about it. Something you couldn't analyze in terms of feet merely taking steps. Something transcendent, or am I wrong?"

Drusilla frowned into her glass a little, as

she drank. Her light hair fell in heavy softness at the sides of her flushed cheeks, giving her the look of a child in deep doubt. But when she set down her glass, her mouth formed into a patient shape that was not childlike, conflicting with the full curve of the lips. "No, you're not wrong, Ben," she said and her voice was husky as if with weariness.

"I suppose the answer is very simple," Ben went on, his tone too hushed with suspense for the casual words. "You just happen to be the kind of dancer who can give any partner delusions—"

"No," she said again, almost reluctantly. "No, I'm not specially good. I've been pretty busy, too."

"Then the answer is not so simple," he said quietly. He pushed his glass to one side and spread his folded arms wide on the

table before him. "I had an idea it wasn't, from the first."

"Are any answers simple?" She thrust the question at him in a kind of unhappy defiance.

"It's not like you to be evasive," he told her. "I know you very well, you see."

SHE did not answer. Her eyes were still lowered and her bronze-gold lashes cast a fringe of darker shadow over the young pink of her cheeks.

"Are you?" he insisted sternly. "Are you one to brush off a serious question with a dash of cheap philosophy?"

She shook her head, tossing the soft hair back as if it burdened her.

"I knew it." He leaned forward eagerly. "That's part of the whole thing. Your being the way you are—honest, straight-thinking,

the stairs. Before I saw you wearing that blue dress and looking at me. Looking almost startled, just the way I felt, as if you knew right then that we were kind of special people for each other—"

She did not answer, did not deny it, she could not find any more hasty, trivial words.

"You were holding your skirt at each side, like a little girl dressed up," he went on softly. "Your fingers were hidden, then."

"I know." Her breath lifted her breast against the soft blue silk.

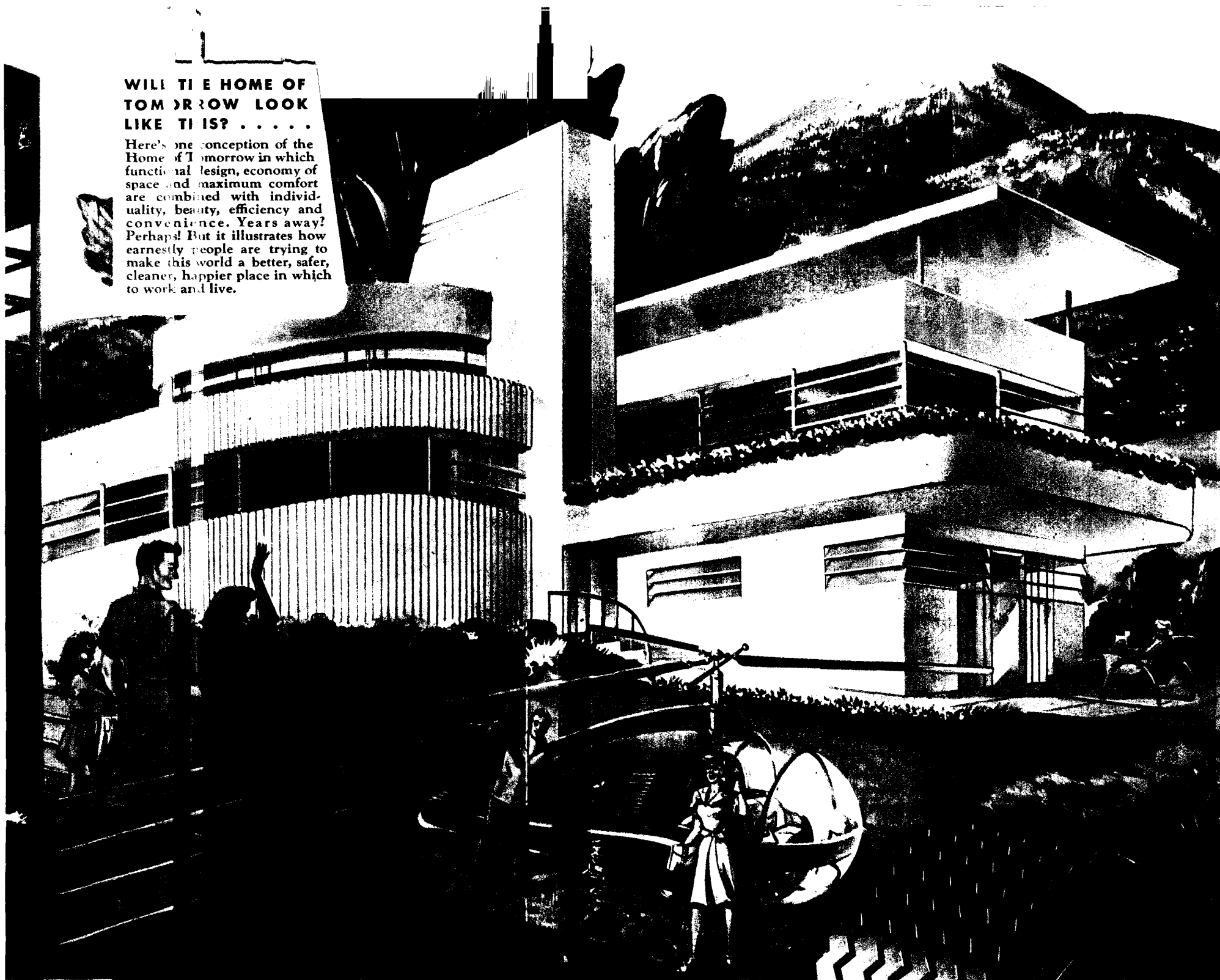
"But I held them, all the evening, dancing," he said. "I can feel them still, your fingers, without even touching your hand. And I don't feel the ring. . . . I guess I didn't want to know."

"I could have made you know," she said, painfully. "But I didn't—"

(Continued on page 77)

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FIRST AROUND THE WORLD



FIRST THE WORLD OVER



D-Day Japan

Continued from page 22

mercury, tungsten, molybdenum and lubricating oil to last at least 18 months. Even the amputation of Korea and Manchuria will not be enough to starve her steel industries which can continue for perhaps two years.

However, once the blockade is complete it will be up to the B-29s and the carrier-based planes to ferret out these huge stores and diminish them. The Japs are very cute at hiding war material in caves and underground which will make this job very difficult even for our pin-point bombers. However, our B-29s are now heavily covered by fighter planes and their raids are not the hit-and-run affairs they were a few months ago when the long-range bombing prevented much fighter protection. While all this is going on the Jap air force will be taking an awful beating. We have air superiority now; within a short time, so great is the attrition among Jap planes, we will have complete air supremacy. This is what air generals say with emphasis.

This naval bombardment preceding D-Day Japan, will dwarf in fierceness anything ever seen. Softened by months of bombing, the coastal areas will now be pulverized by naval artillery and there is every reason to believe that a few days of this will reduce all important coastal defenses to rubble. The region for miles above and below where we will land will be completely saturated with explosives from naval projectiles.

Every large city and naval base in Japan will be wrecked beyond recognition. Virtually all above-ground factories will be demolished, and all dockyards, oil establishments, railway terminals and railway tracks will be twisted masses of writhing steel. The stage will be set for the ground troops, and they will come in a huge fleet, the largest ever to take to the water. We sent 1,400 ships against Okinawa. Army spokesmen at the Pentagon estimate that we will send 5,000 against Japan itself on the last D-Day.

On paper, all the ships will have to do is move in. But wars are not fought on paper. To begin with, there will be underwater obstacles that will make it tough for the heavily loaded LCIs and LSTs. Many of these will have been removed by our underwater demolition units, but you can't find them all. Most of the mines will have been swept up or detonated but there will be a few left. As our troops land, planes sweeping low will lay smoke between them and the enemy positions. The actual landings should not be too difficult. Most of the land mines will have been detonated by bombs dropped from planes. The landing may be as easy as the landing on Okinawa.

The Japanese army apparently is committed to the military theory of Frederick the Great. He believed implicitly in what he called the interior line defense. He believed in letting the enemy come to you and to your well-prepared positions. He believed in massing fluid reserves that could be moved to any threatened spot with lightning quickness. He never believed, as Napoleon did, in sending fast-striking forces far out from his base of supplies. At Okinawa the Japs allowed our fleet to come in almost unopposed, hoping that once it was concentrated they could destroy it. We suffered considerable damage, but the fleet was neither destroyed nor seriously harmed.

In one way Japan's task will be easier than that of Germany. Germany had to mass reserves so that they could be thrown to any spot from Norway to the Pyrenees. Even when we struck in Normandy she could not commit all of her reserves. It isn't generally known but in the weeks following D-Day General Eisenhower made several feints toward Norway, toward Brest, but chiefly toward the Pas-de-Calais region. The Germans were afraid to rush their reserves to Normandy, and by the time they discovered that our whole Army was definitely committed to that one Atlantic coast strike, it was too late. The door was open.

Forcing an Embattled Citadel

Japan will have no such problem. There are only a limited number of possible invasion points. Japan's reserves are grouped behind those points ready to move as soon as we show our hand. By then, most of the railroads will be useless for troop movements, but the Jap has shown that he is a fine foot soldier. He can march and he will march very fast as soon as we strike. Because of the limited coast line, the Jap reserves will not have far to march. The Japs will march through tunnels that have been blasted through mountains. They will march through previously camouflaged roads and trails. They will march by day and by night, and it will be difficult for us to find them.

These are the reserves who will do the fierce counterattacking our Army anticipates. The troops stationed in caves, because of the immobility of their positions, cannot do any counterattacking except on a small scale. That is one of the disadvantages of making a stand in caves or other completely stationary positions. You commit yourself to a war of position (as the French did behind their Maginot Line) as opposed to the Allied tactics which are based on a war of movement.

There is every reason to believe that our initial landings on Japan will be relatively easy. The real resistance will come when we start moving inland. This is what the Japs have been waiting for. The Tokyo radio has

been boasting about the country being a fortress of caves. Openly Japan exults and tells the world (and our military monitors) about her vast complicated system of underground defenses, her hidden supply caches, all constructed while she was fighting what she now calls a "delaying action" on outlying islands. For once Radio Tokyo can be believed. . . . From the coral and limestone formation of the southerly islands to the volcanic group in the north the terrain is well adapted to the drilling and blasting of caves. In addition there are thousands of natural caverns loaded with big guns. Our troops will have to engage in what the late Lieutenant General Simon Bolivar Buckner, Jr., always called "prairie-dog warfare." Once beyond the beaches we will be up against miles of pillboxes, caves, bunkers and blockhouses so well camouflaged that even our great aerial photography never spotted them. Once beyond the beaches the Jap believes that he will be able to absorb our attack.

To begin with, from now on we will meet his best troops. The Army believes that something like 100 divisions will be waiting for us with their supporting cast of armored divisions, army air-ground troops and at least 200,000 marines. I have talked to our divisional generals in the Pacific and without exception they are convinced that most of these troops will have to be liquidated before we can take Japan proper. Generals in charge of strategic warfare and long-range planning nod grimly when you repeat that.

"There is always the chance of a quick collapse once we have them groggy with our preinvasion bombing and shelling," one general told me. "But no one in the Army is counting on that, and all of us feel that the possibility of collapse is a very remote one."

Out in the rattlesnake country of the Southwest they say that there's only one way to kill a rattler: "You've got to kill him dead." Our Army leaders feel that way about the Jap. He's still dangerous "half dead," and even when you've destroyed three quarters of his army the remaining part of it will fight on to the end. All of our invasion plans are predicated on that assumption.

No Lightning Break-Through

The terrain of any possible invasion point in Japan is not conducive to tank warfare. Tanks find the going difficult when they are asked to climb heavily wooded mountains or to plow through thick, deep swamps or rice paddies. There can be no duplication of Patton's swift march through Brittany and the Mosel country. It'll be the infantry that will have to crawl forward by foot, spotting the caves and other underground positions which hold big guns. Once they are located, planes taking off from their floating air strips will go to work. Belly tanks ordinarily designed to carry reserve fuel will be filled with the deadly "jell gas" developed by Doctor Louis B. Fieser of Harvard for our Chemical Warfare Service. This is a harmless-looking jellylike substance which on impact with the ground becomes a creeping, destroying stream of fire. It will crawl fiercely, hungrily into the cave openings to cremate any living thing hiding there. While naval Corsairs are toting the jelly, naval Hellcats loaded with big new rockets will be blasting AA emplacements, pillboxes and blockhouses. The infantry never stops its advance. It is slow but inexorable.

The Jap is a good defensive fighter. He knows how to locate machine guns and mortars in the defensive pattern so as to provide an excellent system of supporting fire. He is stubborn and capable of sustaining himself to the point of exhaustion under the most difficult combat conditions. He showed that at Iwo Jima. He has always displayed bulldog tenacity in carrying out a defensive mission even though the obvious end is annihilation. The terrain of his native country will enable him to select positions with flanks well secured by natural obstacles. He has shown great proficiency with his famous "knee" mortar, really a grenade thrower. A few thousand Japs surrendered at Okinawa and it would be nice to report that this is an indication that the Japs are ready to give up any time things get really tough. But it



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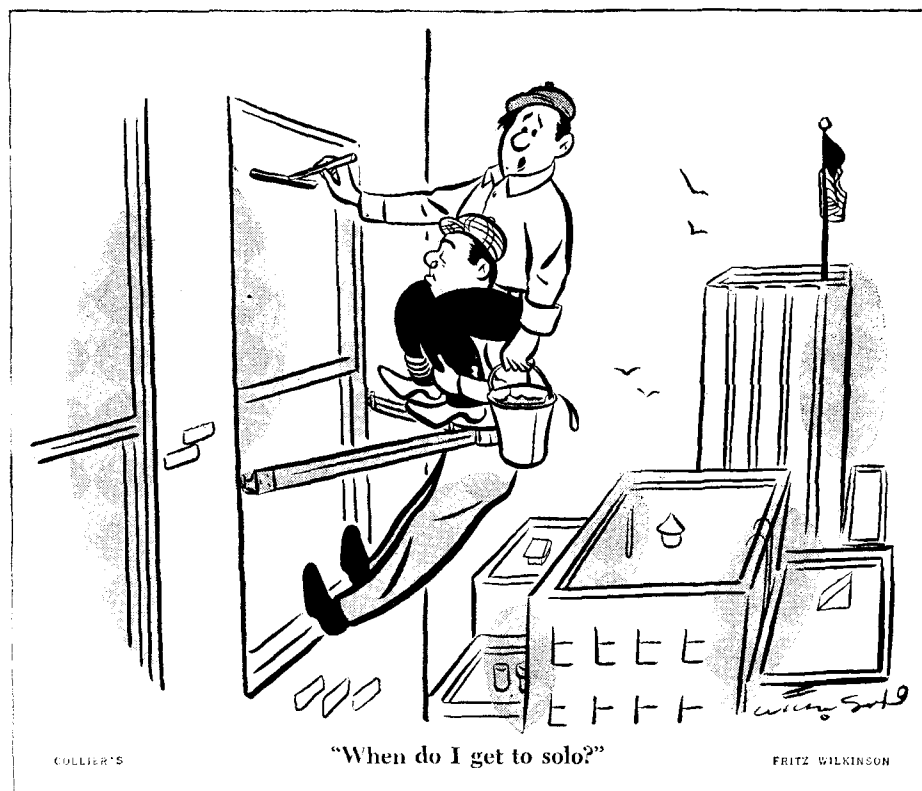


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would be quite untrue. Most of those who surrendered waited until they had exhausted their last bullet; their last grenade. And a great many of them who gave up were so punch-drunk from concussion that they didn't know what they were doing. That is what men who have returned from Okinawa say.

The Jap is patient in holding back his fire until the attacking force is in close proximity. His use of artillery, always considered his weakest point, has improved tremendously, and we will encounter heavy and intelligently directed artillery fire beyond the beaches of Japan. On Okinawa for the first time he strafed us with a well-organized artillery "serenade" (massed shelling).

Ruthless Toward Friend and Foe

The Japanese have no qualms about bringing down artillery and mortar concentrations on their own troops who remain in a position entered by attacking troops. Thousands of Japs were killed by their own artillery on Okinawa. And no soldier in the world is as deadly as the Jap with a string of grenades hanging to his belt.

In open country the Jap would be no match at all for us. In Burma and in the Philippines the Japs have avoided fighting in open country. Their tanks are thin-skinned and inferior to ours. In open country our great tanks and eight-inch guns (the best mobile gun in the world) would make short work of even the most fanatical Jap army. But unfortunately the fighting in Japan will be in valleys and on mountain slopes and in thick vegetation and jungle. Happily our Army leaders are men who adapt their tactics to the terrain and if our tanks can't be used extensively, they will order the flame throwers, grenades, mortars and, if necessary, the bayonets. The terrain dictates the tactics in warfare.

During this advance we will not be immune from air attack. "Air supremacy" does not mean that the odd suicide plane cannot occasionally get through. Although their airports will be under constant attack by our planes the Japs have shown themselves to be skillful at repairing bombed air strips quickly.

Their Bakas (*baka* means "fool" in Japanese), which are nothing but flying torpedoes, will be harassing our shipping, and even the heavy air cover we plan will not prevent some damage being done. By now the Jap will know that he is licked. He is afraid of failure but not of death, and his reckless disregard of the life he mentally forfeited when he donned his uniform will make him progressively dangerous as we get closer to Tokyo.

In the long run, suicide tactics, be they by plane or by *banzai* charges, defeat their objective because of the great cost involved compared with the results obtained. Suicide attacks by planes are based on the

principle that planes and pilots are expendable. This might have been true a year ago, and it might have been true three months ago when Japan was producing 1,000 planes monthly.

It won't be true when our bombers get through leveling Japan's plane factories and she will have to depend entirely on the planes she already has. But her suicide pilots will certainly give us some trouble, and if whole divisions embrace the doctrine of Kamikaze, wrap themselves in white burial robes and fight until they die it will mean long and fierce warfare before we can call the island fortress "secure."

Although we will meet Japan's best troops, the converse is equally true. They will not only meet our troops experienced and hardened by a Pacific campaign which has seen them fight their way from the southern Solomon Islands to Japan, but they will meet our great European troops who beat the best that Germany had to offer. They will meet (as one example) our First Army, hard, tough warriors whose European experience has been supplemented by a period of training in Japanese tactics.

I've talked to a great many officers who have returned from Europe and without exception they say that the First Army of General Courtney Hodges is the greatest army of them all. Other armies were more publicized, but it was the First Army which landed first in Normandy; it was the First Army that moved swiftly, surely inland to take Saint-Lô, then on to Paris and through the Siegfried Line.

Closing in for the Kill

It was the First Army that crossed the Rhine and broke the back of Von Rundstedt's hordes in the Ruhr pocket by taking 400,000 prisoners. The veteran Marine divisions and the formidable, experienced Army divisions which have been fighting under MacArthur and Krueger will find their counterparts in outfits like the First and others now en route to the Pacific.

No defenses, no matter how good, and no troops, no matter how fanatical, will be able to stand forever against the overwhelming weight of men and material we will throw at Fortress Japan. No people, no matter how courageous, will be able to withstand forever the rain of steel and fire that will shower down from the blue skies above Japan.

And if we can go back to our guessing for a moment, let's guess that by then the Russians will have caught their breath and be ready and willing to smash down from the north with all their strength on Manchuria and Japan itself.

Then, indeed, would Japan in truth become a country of ancestor worship. Except that there would be very few living beings left to do the worshipping.

THE END



COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Any Week

Continued from page 4

all the Hitler silver, Goering cigarette cases, Himmler scarfs, Ribbentrop lighters and—as we've said—so on. They're coming in in vast quantities—G.I. souvenirs for families and girl friends, all engraved with high Nazi initials. Our Treasury man says that thus far, Hitler, for example, must have owned about 100,000 carving knives, and Goering at least 50,000 cigarette cases. He hears (just hears, mind you) that it wouldn't pay to be surprised if it all comes out that a gang of these resourceful Seabees have been doing a big business in souvenirs in Europe, with the help of a few hard-working engravers. Not that he wants to be a killjoy or to intimate that these Nazi trophies aren't strictly on the up and up.

FROM Austin, Texas, Mrs. I. M. Darden writes that once in that city's famous Driskill Hotel an equally famous state senator who was noted for his inability to hold an audience for more than one minute backed a trembling stranger into a corner one evening at the point of a gun and forced his victim to listen for forty minutes while he expounded his theory on the causes of the Wars of the Roses.

WHEN we weren't listening, somebody seems to have started an argument about ser-

mons—whether they should be "enjoyed" or whether they should be "frightening." We wouldn't have known anything about it if we hadn't heard from an old friend, the Reverend Jake Aram of Ouachita, Arkansas, who prefers to be known as Old Fire Tongues. We hadn't heard from the Reverend Aram since before the war. He's been working in a bomb factory—which is as it should be. But he is about to take to the highways and byways again soon because "sin's thicker'n a mule's skull, and indoor preachin' ain't even takin' off the hair." Mr. Aram never invades large cities, however, because, as he has told us on several occasions, the city variety of sin is "so sweet smellin' that I been known to git overcome right in the middle of a prayer."

IN ST. PAUL, Minnesota, Mr. Charles F. Bors, who swears that he was not even talking to himself, was accosted by an individual who shouted in his face, "Oh, shut up!" Mr. Bors appealed to a policeman. The cop said, "If you wasn't sayin' anything, he couldn't of been speakin' to you. What was you sayin'?" This brought on an argument between Mr. Bors and the cop, who presently thrust his face close to Mr. Bors' and shouted, "Oh, shut up," and walked away. All together now, let's try it. . . . W. D.

Ghost Rider

Continued from page 16

the light under the porte cochere and they could see the closed truck, long and black and nameless, standing there with the rain falling beyond.

"Martin, goodbye!"

He turned and kissed her lips, feeling the small cupid's bow under his wide mouth. It was between them what she wanted to say and couldn't quite bring herself to say, out of decency: That Hedda Gilson lived in Montgomery, that his affair with Hedda might not be over. It might be—

"Martin—"

He stood on the pavement below and lit a cigarette, then hurled the flaming match toward the wall of rain. It fell short and lay burning on the dry pavement. "Nothing's going to happen to me, Cathy!"

He saw that she was even unhappier than before. She was wearing a white flounce of apron over her dress and leaning down with her bare arms folded under the apron she looked six months pregnant instead of three. The whole world was pregnant to Cathy, full of dark significance.

"Martin, with evil spirits around—you won't—"

"Get in any jams?" He laughed shortly. That was what human beings were good at, he thought, remembering Jud Ghast. He opened the truck door and laid the raincoat folded on the seat. "No, I promise."

He got in and started the motor and windshield wipers. "Goodbye." He slammed the door and drove down the incline and along the street for four blocks to the highway intersection, then turned left along the Ferry road.

There were two roads leading to Montgomery and he took the short one that went through Selma. The other one, less direct, went through Birmingham. Even the short way was going to be slow enough with this downpour; he couldn't see twenty feet in front of the headlights. He drove carefully against the wall of rain, taking three and a half hours to reach Selma and a filling station he knew. The attendant there had a pale face and sunken eyes that bulged at the shiny black truck.

"Ginger ale," Martin said, getting out.

The attendant got a bottle from the ice by feel, jerked the cap and handed the bottle to Martin. He couldn't seem to take his eyes off the truck. "You're from Garner's Ferry. Must be goin' after ol' Ghast. Ain't you scared?"

Martin lifted the bottle and drank, stopped and said, "What can the poor old devil do to me?" He had to speak loud because the filling station was on the edge of a swamp of moss-hung trees, and frogs there were making a frightful din in the rain. He finished the drink and paid for it and got back in the truck, slamming the door unnecessarily hard. The pale-faced man rubbed his chin. "Don't let no black cats cross your path," he said.

Nothing happened until Martin reached Montgomery and then it was only a small worrisome thing, no more than was to be expected. He drove over to the prison and announced himself, and after a while the warden came in and said Ghast wanted to talk to him.

Martin coughed. "That'll be all right," he said.

HE FOUND Ghast standing at the window, looking out onto the courtyard of the prison. Rain was coming down hard so he couldn't have seen anything except the bars and rain dropping down like steel wires. He was average size with narrow shoulders that sagged like a dusty weed and when he turned at Martin's step, Martin saw the ragged beard over the slack mouth and the scared look in his eyes, Martin cleared his throat. "Hey, Mr. Ghast."

"It's tolerable nice of you to come," Ghast said.

Martin took out his pack of cigarettes and the pint of whisky from his raincoat pocket. "Would you like a drink and smoke?"

"I might as well, I guess." Ghast took the bottle from Martin's hand and held it steady and drank. "You have some," he said, wiping his beard and taking a cigarette.

Martin hesitated. Then, "I'd like one." He lifted the bottle but as he was about to drink Ghast stopped him.

"Won't hinder you drivin' safe, will it?"

Martin turned away to drink, gulping hard to get it down. He lowered the bottle and striking a match, held it to Ghast's cigarette and lit one for himself. He saw Ghast blow a smoke ring and saw him reach out and catch it in his fist, then heard him say, "Which road you goin' back?"

Smoke caught in Martin's throat and for a moment he couldn't say anything. Then, "The road I came. By Selma."

Ghast looked right at Martin. "What you want to go that way for?" he said.

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Martin stammered, "I don't know. It's the direct way, is all."

Ghast was staring at the unseen beyond the window. He said, "Around by Birmingham there's lights and people."

Martin dumbly screwed on and off the bottle top. Now keep clear of all this, he said to himself. Then he slipped the bottle in his pocket and stepped on his cigarette. "I'll be running along," he said. He shook Ghast's hand and went out.

After that he saw part of a Western and still later he went to a café for black coffee. In the café he tried not to look at the clock but he could feel the hands going up. People came and went, leaving wet tracks on the floor. Somebody said, "One minute to twelve." He took a swallow of the hot coffee and it choked him and he coughed in his napkin. He looked at the clock and saw the hands straight up and he sat still for a while, then he got up and paid the cashier and went out in the rain to the truck.

They admitted him through the prison gates and a guard looking out the entrance door said, "Here he is," and disappeared inside. Martin knew the guard referred to him and not the—the other, and he concentrated on turning and backing the truck flush with the steps. He felt the bump as he touched the steps and he cut the motor. The windshield wipers stopped and he got out and opened the rear door, then got in again. He waited and finally he saw four guards coming in a formation in the extension mirror. Their heads were down over a weight but he could not see below their shoulders. He felt the bump as they rested their burden, then two stepped back and all four pushed. He felt the slide as the weight went home. The door slammed. There was heavy quiet.

One of the guards said, "All right. You take it from here."

"Looks like this rain isn't going to let up," Martin said vaguely and started the motor. It pattered softly with the rain. "So long," he said.

HE DROVE through the gates and along the street to town. "Now let's see," he said. "It's twelve-thirty." He checked his watch with the clock on the dashboard, then drove toward the crossroads and looked for the highway signs, dim in the rain.

There would be Route 80 pointing to Selma and Route 31 pointing to Birmingham, two roads going the same place, and Martin drove toward them slowly. He was putting around here at the crossroads because he remembered something: "Around by Birmingham there's lights and people."

"Sure," Martin said, "but there's a mighty good reason for going the other way." He was talking to the heavy quiet, but he went on: "Selma's the direct way and that's the long and the short of it."

He took Route 80, starting off fast away from the awful quiet in the truck and fixed his mind on details to ignore that quiet. In ninety minutes he reached Selma and, crossing the bridge over the river, drove on through the town and past the filling station near the swamp. The pale-faced man was looking out but Martin did not stop.

He took out a handkerchief and, holding the wheel with his elbows, wiped his hands, wiped the sticky wheel; then, gripping it firmly, drove on, bearing along the dead quiet that got heavier and heavier. Seemed as if it were trying to say something. Words he had heard somewhere came to him:

"Life is like a journey in a coach—with a face at every window. If Fate decrees that we sit side by side, let's be pleasant companions—we have so short a ride."

Maybe the words had not come right but the idea was there. When the ride was over, it was over. He drove on thinking about it mile after mile and after a while it began to get too quiet for Martin. He wished he had someone to talk to. He was getting a hot feeling about his head imagining he heard things.

"What did you say?" he said suddenly. He was hearing things all right.

The words came again: "What do you want to go this way for?"

A high embankment showed under the headlights and the blackness at the edge with the rain falling in it, then the headlights held

on nothing as the road swung and disappeared in a curve.

"I said, what do you want to go this way for?"

He stood on the brake and pulled the emergency and held the wheel while the truck skidded on the gravel, lurching and coming to a stop sideways of the road. "Damnation," Martin said, breathing hard.

In the sudden stillness came the loud croaking of frogs. He released the emergency and slowly righted the truck. The headlights arced the blackness and the curve in the road. Then Martin saw a woman standing there, like a ghost. She had not been there a moment ago, he was positive. She was young and fresh-looking in a white dress and she evidently wanted a ride. He wanted to tell her that riders weren't allowed, that he had the dead wagon and he ought not to take her. But he said, "Hello. Get in."

She came and got in the truck and closed the door.

"You're dry," he said, wondering.

"It isn't raining, on the other side of the bend," she said.

And so it was not. He drove around the curve and it was not raining. He cut the windshield wipers and, looking out on everything clear, he noticed how one side of the embankment was washed. Anybody taking that curve fast would likely end up in the

This time there was no mistaking it, a sigh stirred the windstream. "Yes," Martin said and nodded sleepily. "Looks like the roundabout way leads more directly to an untimely end than the gloomy short cut." It was clearing all right, he thought. There was plenty of confusion still in his mind, and he couldn't think what any of it meant—he could only drive on and on, putting mileposts behind him.

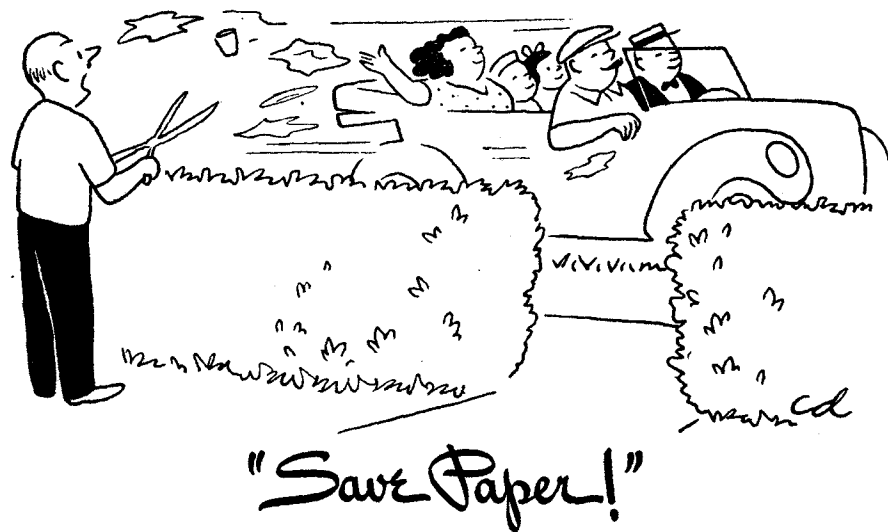
They neared Jerusalem churchyard and the woman in white said, "I'll get out here, please."

MARTIN rubbed his eyes and found the same place in the road with Cathy beside him in the truck. "It's about here," he said and he turned the wheel, driving up the hill into the churchyard. A slice of sun was showing above the world and against it the headstones tiptoed like seed markers in a garden.

He got out and walked among the flowering shrubs, and found the one he wanted and went back for Cathy, leading her by the hand to the sweet-bay bush. He pulled a bloom and shook off the raindrops and crushed it, then held it to her nose.

"Do you see it's the same as the handkerchief? You crush them to get the fragrance."

She was dabbing at her eyes, but he pulled her hand away and made her look at the



swamp below. "Damn it," he said peevishly. "I can't stay here and warn people." How had he happened to stop? It was that curve coming up fast, he told himself. All right, so it was not anything else. No, it was not what Ghast had said. But what to do? The flares, of course.

HE GOT out and opened the rear door and felt under the rack under the long pine box where the flares were kept. He lit two and set them in the road, left them sputtering and stammering with red tongues in the night blackness. Then he got back in the truck and shifted gears.

"I was expecting you," the woman said as they moved along. "How did that old man do?"

"I—beg pardon?"

"How did he do?" She moved her head toward the rear.

"That old man? Then you knew him?"

"Yes, I did."

"I didn't look, but he did all right, I guess," Martin said.

"You didn't want to look?"

He shook his head.

"I didn't either," she said.

Martin thought he heard a sigh from somewhere and he said, "You're sorry for him?"

"Yes. Oh, don't mistake me. He was a low-down, mean, wicked man, but—" She touched her mouth with a handkerchief.

"Go on," Martin said.

"He paid, and that's all he could do. He went wrong. I guess he couldn't help it taking the road he did. When anybody tried to stop him, he ran over him."

"And got run over himself."

"He wouldn't have wanted to go the way you've come," she said. "He liked the bright lights and no work. He went out of his way to have them, even to murdering. But I'm sorry for him all the same."

grave beneath the bush. It was new and the epitaph was easy to read in the bright dawn: *Here Lies Hannah, Wife of Judley Ghast.*

"Do you see the initials? H. G."

Cathy's face was bent and hidden by the soft hair. She said low, "Who was she—the woman with you?"

"I don't know. She was"—he hesitated, went on haltingly—"all I know is, the living and the dead are pretty close together. There's only a thin line like between showers and clearing weather." He frowned and stopped, then went on, "One minute we're all wet—we make all kinds of mistakes, murdering and helling around generally—next minute, God helping us, we cross a line and we're dry. We get a new life. No matter what we were before, we're harmless souls. We're even"—he coughed—"rather good."

"Yes." Cathy was looking at him clear-eyed. She didn't seem to think him a fool to stand out there in a churchyard at dawn and deliver a sermon.

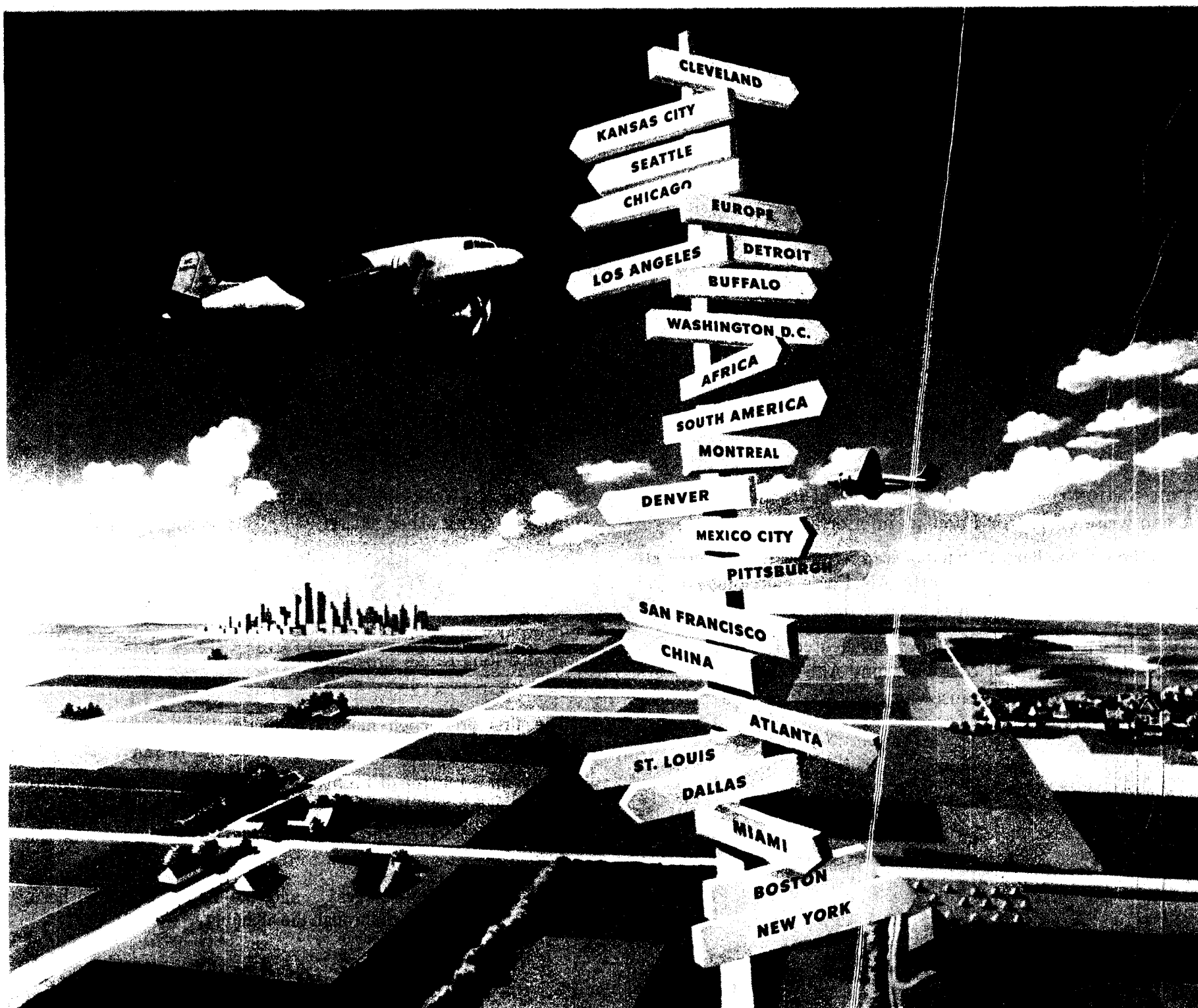
"I didn't see Hedda Gilson, and I won't ever see her again," he said.

Cathy stood there without answering. Then she touched his arm lightly and smiled. He cleared his throat. "Here," he said brusquely, "I told you I'd give you what I made." He thrust some bills in her hand. "You can buy a go-cart for—the baby."

Her eyes were shining as she thanked him. "And thanks for—the ride." She turned away light as the silk of her yellow-pink robe and walked between the graves.

He followed, knowing she meant he had saved his marriage. He might have told her off and wrecked everything. But he had taken the direct way. Of course, various kinds of help were often given at night such as flares or sometimes words that shed light on a pitfall, but a man could see for himself now that the sun was rising.

THE END



Just Say Where!

THE Airlines which criss-cross this nation with the world's greatest aerial network have no notion that their job is near completion.

Further, they plan a service to the individual traveler and shipper which will make yesterday's air transportation seem primitive by comparison.

Transport planes now a-building are actually years ahead in their appointments for passenger convenience and comfort, in cargo capacity, and in speed and range.

Meanwhile, with their great fleet of planes getting back to something near pre-war strength, the Airlines are serving more and more people, carrying more cargo.

They could not begin to carry all who want merely to "go places." But there is more opportunity than before, in regularly scheduled flights, for urgent travel and for urgent cargo.

The harder we work today at the business of war—in field and factory, office and home—the sooner anybody anywhere may

walk up to an airlines ticket counter, "say where," and be off on travels so far reaching, so fleet, so effortless—and so economical too—that we'll feel ourselves, as indeed we shall be, citizens of a new world!

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THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

LEADING THE WORLD IN AIR TRANSPORT

Never forget the A B C of

THE NATION that “freezes” the design of its military planes can write off its Air Force as inferior and second-rate.

And, before too long, that nation can write off its Air Force altogether . . . for no second-rate Air Force can long control enemy skies, or even its own.

The Luftwaffe, for example, was beaten because of two things: first, because of overwhelming Allied aircraft *production* . . . and second, because Germany was too late in learning the ABC of Air Power . . .



What is the ABC of Air Power?

The ABC of Air Power is a technique introduced in this war by the Army and Navy and the American aircraft industry.

In simple language it is the technique of making frequent changes in design, during mass production, so that the planes we send into combat *tomorrow* are consistently better than those in combat *today*.

Because America has in this way kept its plane designs fluid, instead of freezing them, our Army and Navy Air Forces,

from week to week and month to month, cannot be matched by those of any other nation.

Here's how it works

A company such as Consolidated Vultee starts mass production of a long-range super-bomber—the B-32 Dominator, let us say . . .

The first production-model Dominator to be accepted by the Army Air Forces is probably known as the B-32A.

But if in a matter of months—or perhaps weeks—so many changes and improvements should be made in the design of the Dominator, subsequent models would be known as the B-32B.

Then come more changes . . . and the B-32C might be born. This goes on, right down through the alphabet.

The joker in Air Power

This miracle of constant improvement during mass production—often accomplished while stopping the assembly lines only momentarily—sounds like an ideal way to keep an Air Force at peak efficiency. And it is.

But there's another factor to be reckoned with—a factor most people didn't know about in prewar years, or simply overlooked.

That factor is **TIME** . . . the length of time that elapses between the day a new plane is designed and the day the first model goes into production. And *that* is the joker in Air Power.

The fact of the matter is this: It takes anywhere from 3 to 7 years for a war plane to progress from drawing board to combat action.

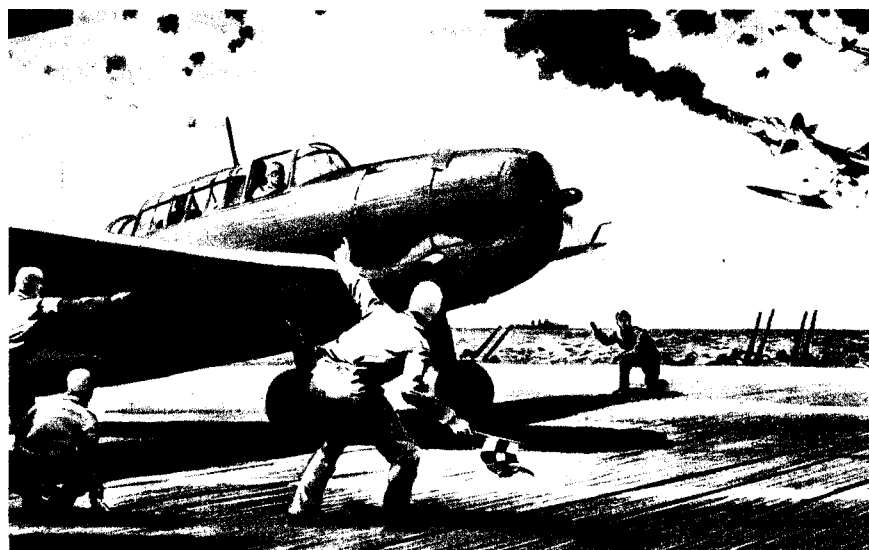
We were caught napping when World War II broke out, because the nation as a whole was unaware of this joker in Air Power.

But, thanks to a few far-sighted Army and Navy officers, and a few members of the aircraft industry itself, we were not caught *totally* unprepared.

Air Power!

A lesson worth remembering

Long before Pearl Harbor, it was obvious that if we ever did go to war against Japan it would be a war in which mobile, floating airfields—flat-tops—would play a dominant part.



So, starting as far back as 1927, the Navy and the aircraft industry began to experiment with carrier-based dive bombers. In 1939—12 years later—the plane born of these experiments was approved for mass production. But even then, it wasn't ready for combat until 1943!

Similarly, our finest Navy fighter planes saw combat action for the first time 2 years or more after Pearl Harbor—even

though they had been in various stages of development and undergoing test flights long before Japan struck.

It must be clear to every thinking person that when it takes so many heart-breaking months and years to perfect a plane for combat, America must never again invite disaster by lagging behind any nation in aeronautical research and development.



Air Power is Peace Power

Today, no spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport.

In a world so small, there can be no peace, no security, unless we are prepared to defend ourselves against attack from the air.

That is why constant and continuing aeronautical research and development—on the part of the Army, the Navy, and the aircraft industry—is an insurance policy on the life of the nation.

And we must not let a single premium lapse!

**LET'S KEEP AMERICA STRONG
IN THE AIR!**

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

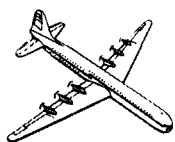
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Fairfield, Calif.

Tucson, Ariz.
Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans, La.

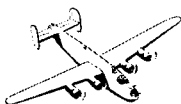
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Louisville, Ky.
Wayne, Mich.

Dearborn, Mich.
Allentown, Pa.
Elizabeth City, N. C.

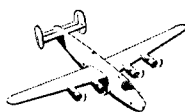
Miami, Fla.
Member Aircraft
War Production Council



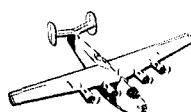
CONVAIRE MODEL 37
Pan American Clipper



LIBERATOR
4-engine bomber



LIBERATOR EXPRESS
transport



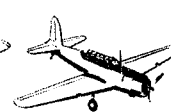
CORONADO
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^{*} FLUID DRIVE

Not So Simple

Continued from page 66

"Why?" He leaned forward. "Why didn't you?"

She looked at his muscular brown hand, clenched on the table between them, the knuckles big and whitened, and her lips moved, but silently, as if she had not the strength to form the words and speak them, too.

The music started, suddenly loud, with a roll of drums, and then faded into a whispering background for the Campus Cwartelette that stood in a little huddle before the microphone crooning close harmony. Girls in their rustling long dresses moved with their boys—the twenty-three ensigns from Harvard, the officers from Maryatt Field, and the other seventeen medical students who had come with Ben from Winhurst—to form a circle around the singers, their hands clapping. Ben's eyes did not leave Drusilla's face, nor his hand relax there on the table waiting.

"I have to tell you something," Drusilla said at last. "I have to tell you why Genny didn't come to the dance. She had a phone call at dinnertime," Drusilla went on, speaking each word with care. "Allan Locke was killed. His father called her. She had been engaged to Allan."

He nodded, his face very serious and suddenly older.

DRUSILLA said, "She had been engaged, I say. For over two years. Up till the letter she wrote seven weeks ago. And then he was killed." She let her breath go then.

He said, "And so she feels her letter had something to do with it."

"She knows it. She had been writing to him every day, all that time, answering all his plans, trying so hard, so terribly hard, to be everything he needed. For he always wrote that she was what kept him going. And then, suddenly, after all that time, she just couldn't go on—" Drusilla stopped, her head tipped to one side, her eyes staring at him with a strange look both of blankness and of fear.

"Yes," Ben said gently. "The last stretch is always the toughest."

"That's it," she said, sighing as if in relief at his comprehension. "It all piled up on her. It was at mid-term time, with exams, and she was carrying far more work than anyone should, like all of us now, and she just blew up. She felt caught, in a panic. The whole world on her shoulders. A letter came from his mother telling all the things she'd bought for the house they'd planned—furniture, towels, sheets. . . ." Drusilla's voice rose on the word, above the scream of the trumpet. "She couldn't stop herself then, she had to write him. It all seemed so wrong, dishonest, impossible, to go on pretending. When she couldn't even remember, really, what he looked like. He was just a picture, by that time, do you see, a picture in a leather frame—"

"I see," Ben said.

"But do you?" Drusilla cried. "Genny came to me tonight. She wanted me to tell her that it wasn't true—what she thought she'd done by writing that letter. But I couldn't tell her that. I couldn't, could I, Ben?"

"No." He shook his head. The fresh curves of his face had sharpened into hard, unrelenting angles.

"Because you have to keep on doing what's right, don't you?" she asked him. "Even when it seems all wrong?"

He nodded, his brown eyes steady and dark. "Poor Genny!" he said.

"Poor Allan!" she cried. "Everybody says the same, that knows. It's the one thing a man can't handle, out there. None of them. What they're holding to, they've got to keep, you can't take it away—"

"Right," he said. "And everything we take, here at home, we take at their expense." His voice was bitter. "Any man that lives here, safe, is living on another man's time."

She looked at him, her blue eyes slowly widening. "Oh, no!"

"Why not?" He smiled, a sad smile, young and sick.

"But you," she protested. "You're going to be a doctor. You have to live your life. Looking at it any other way is false, unscientific. It's superstitious—"

"Superstitious, is it?" His lips compressed, hardening his jaw. "Then what about you? Isn't it superstition, then, to offer your life as a sacrifice, a magic charm for a man to wear around his neck in battle like an amulet?"

For a moment she did not answer, and her eyes went down from his. "I don't know," she said on an indrawn breath. "I—I just don't know."

"Is it even possible?" he asked, not urgently, his voice quiet. "Boxing yourself up, away from life, like depriving yourself of air?"

"It wasn't possible for Genny," Drusilla said slowly. "She is the kind that has to be with men, talk to them, be close to them. Maybe if she'd done that, some, she could have kept her memory of Allan." Drusilla raised her eyes earnestly to Ben's. "Does that sound crazy? That you could keep faith better with a man by seeing others, being with them?"

He shook his head. "A paradox isn't always crazy."

She sighed. "Well, it's helped me, anyway. Talking to you." Then she smiled, really, for the first time, showing the upward tilt about her mouth and eyes that was not, now, but could some time be gay. "So let's talk fast, since we're started. Tell me, quickly, how you got into medicine."

He did not hesitate, but told her simply, swiftly. His voice went on, and hers broke in, and they leaned farther forward over the table, the better to interrupt each other, until they realized that the dance was over. And then they walked out, talking, not really knowing where they walked until they paused beside the lake and heard the whispering water and felt the soft air on their faces.

He laid his two hands, then, on the slender bodice of the dress, dimmed now to pearly gray by night, and brought her round to him. He held her there quite still a moment, looking down into her upturned face. The planes of brow and cheek and short straight nose were faintly touched to high light by the shine of stars.

His face bowed over hers, his breath stirred very slightly the little tendrils of light hair around her temple. And then her hands came up and held his shoulders hard, pressing herself urgently against the solidness of his chest. His arms moved, to encompass her completely, and his lips came from her temple, over her cheek, and to her mouth that waited frankly for his mouth.

ALL her girlhood, this thing had been a question, a wondering manifold uncertainty, queried over and over, through the years, and now she found the answer, suddenly, in his arms, an answer so simple that it needed no words.

And yet, there were words; the words had to come. When they had walked, at last, up the long hill from the lake to the dormitory door, he said, "Next week you will graduate."

His voice was wonderfully richer than the last time he had spoken. Its timbre transformed into an event astounding in its possibilities. She nodded, too stirred to speak.

"And then?" he went on. "I wonder if you'll be anywhere near my hospital—"

"No!" Without knowing why, she had spoken the word, and she was standing straight, rigid, against a pillar, her hands hard against the cold stone on each side. But the knowledge came spreading slowly through her, chilling her. "Don't ask me. Don't let me answer. We don't dare to know."

He looked down at her, his mouth tightening at one corner and slashing a shadow darkly down his cheek. "No," he said. "We don't dare." He turned to go, and then came back a step to her. "Poor Allan!" he said, with a strangely sweet, sad smile.

"Poor Genny!" she echoed, and smiled, too, her eyes bright in the starlight, full of tears.

"Poor all of us!" he said, laughing a little, and then he was really gone.

THE END



Melon colic!

By sad experience we learn that the spirit may be willing, but the stomach is often weak. When too much of something good gives you an upset stomach, be gentle with it . . . take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

**NEVER UPSET
AN UPSET STOMACH!**

Don't add to the upset of an upset stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics!

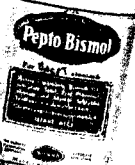
Take soothing Pepto-Bismol!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Recommended for children as well as adults. Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at his fountain.

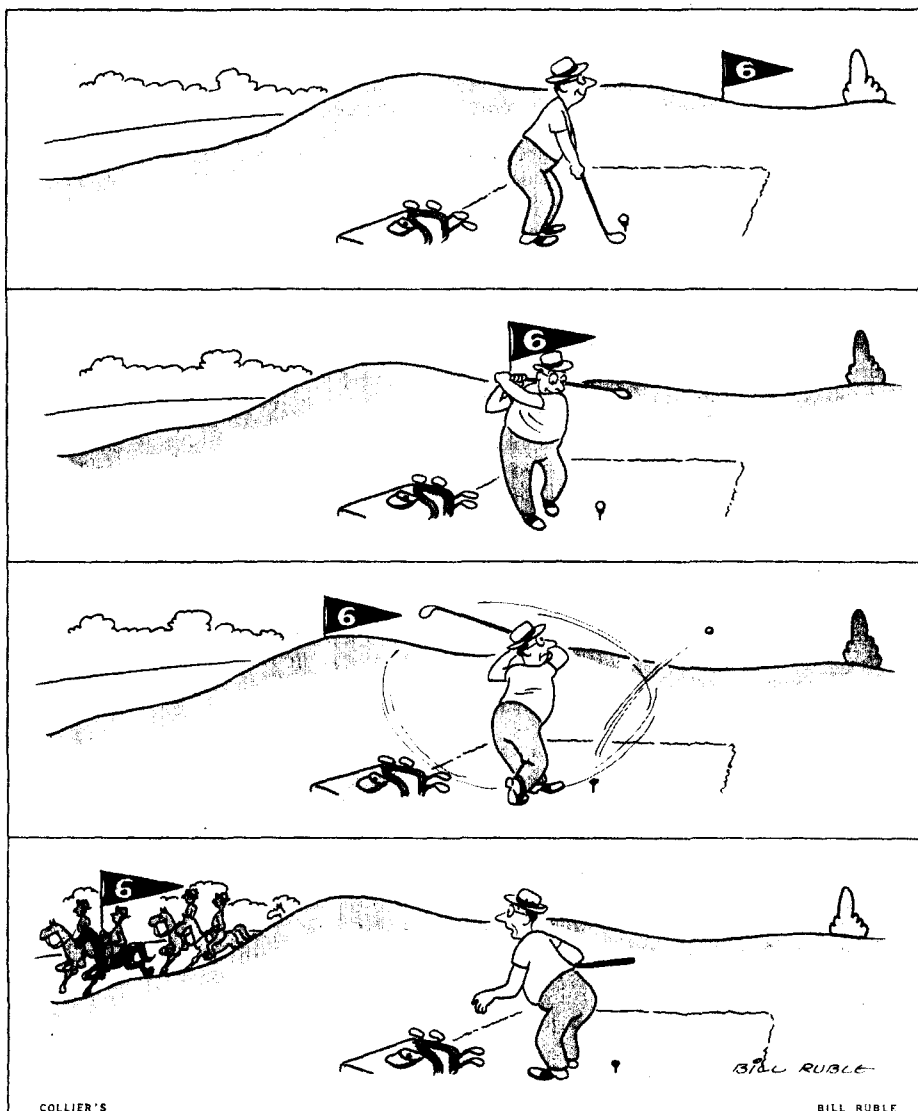
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Pepto-Bismol

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Collier's for August 25, 1945



WANTON FATE

BY C. S. FORESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

IN TELLING this story, the first picture I have in my mind's eye is one which I have never seen in actuality. It is the edge of the great icecap that covers the interior of Greenland; in the north this vast shield of ice, hundreds of feet thick, extends to the very edge of the land and even beyond, far out to sea. The snow which falls there both in winter and summer turns to ice under the steady pressure of its own vast weight, and this ice, continually renewed in the center, spreads out so that its edges in the sea continually break off, forming the icebergs which drift south to their ultimate fate in the warmer waters of the North Atlantic. In summer it is eternally day, if you can call it that, where skies are leaden gray and excru-

ciating winds sweep over the icy surface.

Captured German records which, in my capacity as naval historian, I was allowed to consult, show that it was here, immediately after the German conquest of Norway in the spring of 1940, that two Germans named Marwitz and Diepholz brought their ski-equipped plane to a landing. This is the place where much of the weather of the world originates, and the German High Command, with its plans for the conquest of France and the invasion of England, needed for its weather forecasts the data that Greenland could supply. German scientists had devised ingenious automatic apparatus, weatherproof and cold-proof. Once installed, each unit at regular intervals would emit a radio signal giving

Diepholz didn't have a chance. Marwitz caught him unawares on the edge of a crevasse and pushed him down into that frozen hell

the barometric pressure—a feeble enough signal, but strong enough for a German submarine lurking off the coast to be able to pick it up and relay it to Germany.

It was the duty of Marwitz and Diepholz to install one of these self-recording, automatic broadcasting barometers and to see that it was functioning properly before they left. They did the job thoroughly enough; at Ballestrand, Norway, the Germans had a Naval Air Arm base, and the newspapers published there for several months during 1940 carried notes of the instrument's broadcasts being received. But Marwitz was the only one of the two who returned to Norway.

I have read with my own eyes Marwitz' explanation of Diepholz' disappearance. Marwitz reported that Diepholz fell down a crevasse—an easy enough thing to do on the seaward edge of the Greenland icecap. For here the ice is widely seamed; the slowly advancing ice sheet curls over lofty cliffs and, in its curling over, cracks wide open in crevasses a hundred feet deep which close again when the ice levels itself out on the surface of the sea.

JUDGING by his notes, the Gestapo spy at Ballestrand had no doubt that Marwitz had pushed Diepholz into the crevasse, but nothing could be proved. Two men had gone out and one had returned.

The Gestapo spy knew there had been causes of enmity between the two men—no unusual thing in Germany where standing in the Party was often a matter of life and death. But when I interviewed Marwitz in his padded cell in a prison hospital, at Clayton, Ohio, he said many things the spy never knew.

It was a sufficiently revolting story. There was a Norwegian girl—or rather there *had been* a Norwegian girl until the moment of her death—over whom Marwitz and Diepholz had quarreled. A nasty story, and one which reflected no credit whatever on either Marwitz or Diepholz.

The men had not quarreled during their two or three days on the Greenland ice, although heaven knows (and the Gestapo spy hinted) that it would be easy enough for two men to quarrel in that bleak, gray, frozen hell. But Marwitz, I know from his own lips, murdered Diepholz, caught him unawares on the edge of a crevasse and pushed him down.

The fall did not kill Diepholz. He lay there at the bottom of the crevasse, crying up to Marwitz for mercy until at last hunger and cold combined with his injuries to kill him. But just before the end he left off crying for mercy and feebly screamed threats of retribution, threats at which Marwitz could well afford to smile as he stood on the lip of the crevasse with the snow-laden wind blowing round him and waited for the end. Then Marwitz climbed back into the plane and took off on his flight back to Norway.

The records show that soon after his return to Ballestrand, Marwitz was transferred to new duties—he undoubtedly left Ballestrand under a cloud as a result of the scandal about Diepholz' disappearance. At this time the German U-boat attack was expanding gigantically and so were the German U-boat losses.

Good submarine officers, always hard to find, were growing scarcer, and Marwitz was put into the U-boat service, based on the French coast at La Rochelle, where he was given a boat of his own, U-295, and the rank of *Kapitän-Leutnant*.

The Ballestrand and La Rochelle records told me much about Marwitz, as did a petty officer who had served under him and whom I was fortunate enough to be able to trace to a prisoner-of-war camp in California. As I had seen for myself, Marwitz was a bulky silent man, with slightly protuberant gray eyes, and the petty officer made it plain that he was also a cold man, with a certain lust for cruelty.

He was, therefore, feared and hated in the U-295, but that hardly mattered to the Ger-

man Naval Command as long as he maintained a fair record of sinkings. And he did go out repeatedly from the spring of 1941 to the spring of 1944; they had some narrow escapes, but they did not meet with disaster for three years—four years after Diepholz had met his death in the crevasse.

They were after the North Atlantic convoy in May, 1944. With the invasion of France in the immediate future every German submarine available was given the same task. But the convoy they attacked was heavily guarded by ships manned with experienced veterans. U-295 was detected below the surface and attacked repeatedly by depth charges. The petty officer's round blue eyes grew wide with terror as he told me about the awful ordeal of that hunt—the constant rain of depth charges, the explosions which flung them about inside the flimsy hull, the leaks which developed and the machinery which broke down. Marwitz had kept his head—the petty officer gave me a neat word picture of him standing in the control room giving his orders—and at the very last second, U-295 had escaped from her tormentors.

They were compelled to surface, because of the leaks; in fact the submarine was in a bad way, with holes in her hull, and her fuel tanks leaking so that she left a long trail of oil behind her. But her Diesels were unharmed and on the surface she could still make twenty knots, as Marwitz ordered when he came out on the bridge. The weather was as thick as North Atlantic weather usually is, and he was momentarily out of sight of the pursuing escort vessels which for the last thirty-six hours had hounded him remorselessly away from the convoy. Twenty knots and thick weather still gave them a chance for safety. With her engines at full throttle she went roaring over the gray sea.

My petty officer informant was up on the bridge with Marwitz. He told me, still wide-eyed, about that mad chase, the freezing spray bursting over them from the bows of the submarine, the wreaths of fog now concealing, now revealing them to their pursuers. Marwitz, still cool, saw a thicker patch of fog on the horizon and headed for it.

FIVE seconds later it happened. That fog was the mist which almost always surrounds an iceberg. They saw the glassy vertical surface gleam coldly through the mist, and then they crashed against it, not head on but a diagonal glancing blow which ripped open the bottom of the fleeing U-boat.

It could not have been for very long that they hung against the wall of ice—not more than two or three seconds—but it was long enough. The petty officer's thick lips trembled and his hands gesticulated wildly as he told me about it: There beside them, clearly visible through the glassy ice, entombed a yard deep within the iceberg, stood the body of a man.

"What was he wearing?" I asked.

"A flying suit," replied the petty officer.

"Of what country?"

To this question the petty officer hesitated to reply, and I was obliged to prod him with allusions to the powerful secret government department which I represented and which would stick at nothing when in quest of information.

"A German officer's flying suit," he said at length.

"Did you recognize him?"

"No, I did not," said the petty officer.

"And what did the *Kapitän-Leutnant* say?"

A longer pause this time. Maybe if the petty officer had not heard about the methods of the Nazis for extracting information and imagined me to be versed in the same sort of procedure he would not have answered at all.

"What did the *Kapitän-Leutnant* say?" I repeated.

"He said 'Diepholz! Diepholz!' But I don't know what that means."

I knew what it meant. In the four years since 1940 the ice on the edge of the Greenland icecap had progressed far enough to sea to break off, and an iceberg enclosing Diepholz' body had started on its southward voyage, to a rendezvous with U-295. Maybe it was chance, or maybe a wanton fate had arranged it.

a short short story complete on this page

*It won't be over till he's
back from over there*



SIX tons of freight on the beachhead — and another ton coming through every month — that's what it takes to keep him and every other American fighter out there in the Pacific.

And this summer millions of others are on the way to join him — moving clear across the continent and halfway round the world to finish a gruelling, stepped-up job that demands more and more help from all of us.

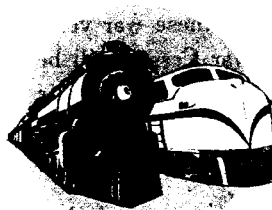
So day and night you are seeing the greatest westward movement of passengers and freight in history — a movement

that, since victory came in Europe, has changed in direction but not in volume.

Passenger cars are needed for the fighters who *must* travel — while every freight car must be loaded quickly, emptied promptly and hurried back to work.

The job is to “*keep 'em rolling.*” The railroads still need the cooperation of shippers, of travelers, of the armed services, of the government — the superb cooperation which has so vitally aided in doing the toughest transportation job ever tackled.

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RAILROADS NEED MEN.
See any office of the
Railroad Retirement Board
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ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

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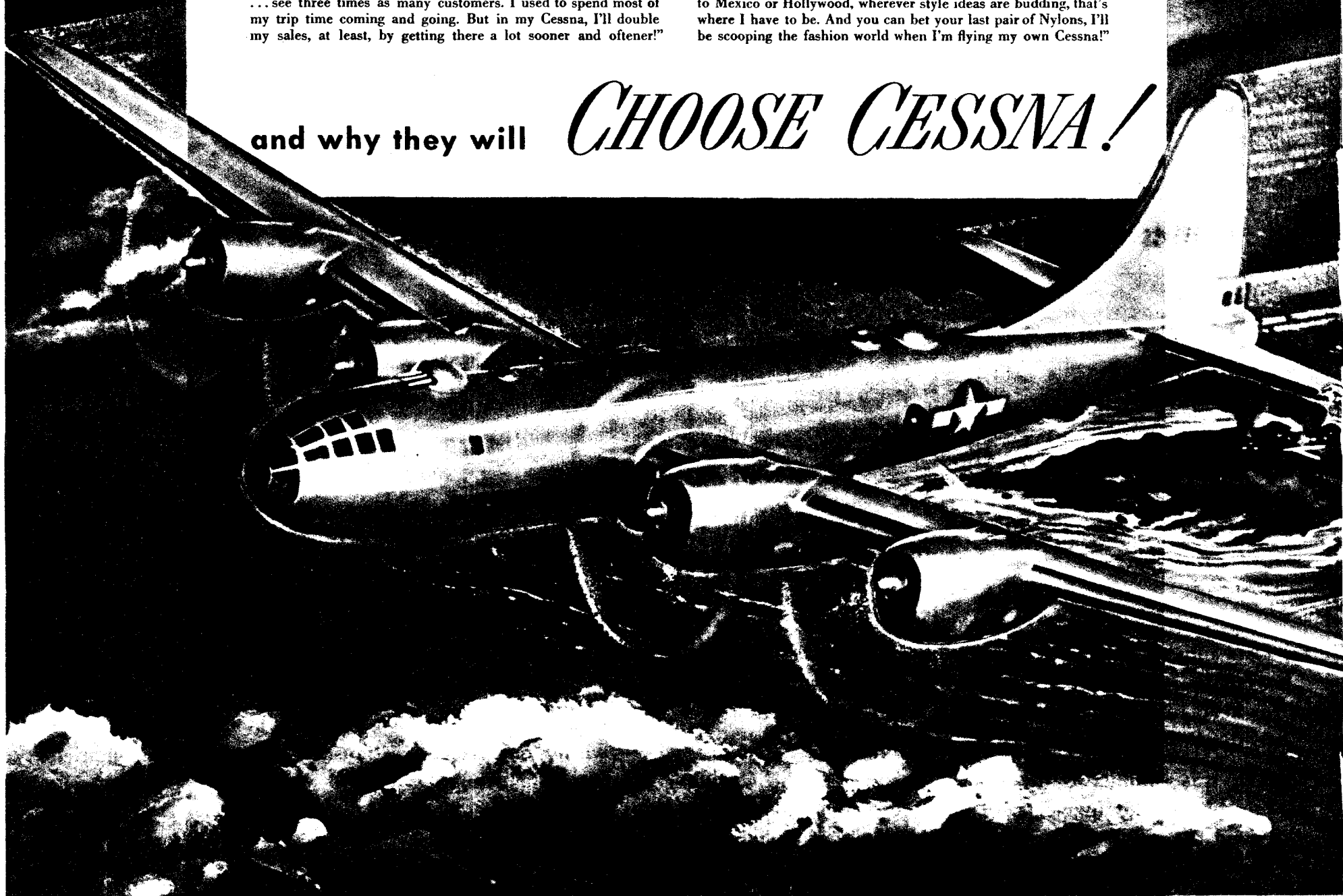


"Have You Heard the one about the flying salesman and the Cessna? That's me, postwar. I'll cover my territory in $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ the time ... see three times as many customers. I used to spend most of my trip time coming and going. But in my Cessna, I'll double my sales, at least, by getting there a lot sooner and oftener!"



"At the Drop of a Hat, I have to travel the country over to keep ahead of the trend in gowns, suits, accessories. From New York to Mexico or Hollywood, wherever style ideas are budding, that's where I have to be. And you can bet your last pair of Nylons, I'll be scooping the fashion world when I'm flying my own Cessna!"

and why they will *CHOOSE CESSNA!*



BOEING B-29 SUPERFORTRESS

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN... Your Personal Plane and the Boeing B-29. If you're planning to fly your own plane postwar, stop and look twice at this Boeing B-29.

Look at that huge vertical fin. In spite of its size, it is made with such accuracy that spare fins may be sent to bases where the giant bombers are repaired with the assurance that they will fit to a "T." And these fins, as well as 18 other important parts for B-29's, are being precision-built at Cessna, by

the same men who will build your personal plane.

The knowledge of all-metal, precision work that Cessna men have gained through these war years is your promise that your postwar Cessna will be *more airplane for your money*. So, when the time comes for you to try your wings, choose your Family Car of the Air from the complete line of Cessnas ... all Cessna-Engineered for Safety.

CESSNA AIRCRAFT COMPANY
Box 1616-C, Wichita, Kansas

Cessna

THREE TIMES JUDGED "THE WORLD'S MOST EFFICIENT AIRPLANE"



The Last Days of Berlin

Continued from page 15

who had succeeded Colonel General Heinz Guderian as chief of staff for the Eastern front, bluntly reported the over-all situation as serious and said Berlin's position was really critical. Actually there were no organized strong forces of regular troops defending the capital. The Ninth German army under General Busse was virtually encircled south-east of Berlin. The Twelfth German army under General Wenck which was opposing the Americans and British along the Elbe was to turn around and try to relieve the Ninth army and then attempt a relief of Berlin. But the Twelfth army was already weak and demoralized and all attempts by the Ninth to break out of the Russian ring were decisively smashed back.

Death Throes of Nazis' Capital

In and around the city of Berlin itself scores of scattered, disorganized regular army and Luftwaffe units were fighting grim but hopeless battles from house to house and street to street. Untrained, poorly equipped Volksturm units at some points fought desperately. But the stream of deserters—hungry, dirty, tired and with no heart for battle—which poured into the center of Berlin from all directions was swelling hourly. And mixed hopelessly among them were thousands of fear-ridden or completely apathetic civilians. Old men and women, mothers with hungry, crying children, the sick and the crippled huddled in cellars, air-raid shelters and subway tunnels waiting for the end, or drifted aimlessly through streets piled high with rubble to Berlin's devastated center.

At the conclusion of Krebs' pessimistic report it was decided to reduce to skeleton strength the staffs at the Chancellery, the High Command, Krebs' headquarters at Zossen, 25 miles south of Berlin, and some other headquarters and offices. All women and children and nonessential personnel were ordered to pack a few essential belongings and leave that night. Automobiles and trucks sped them through the few remaining safe lanes out of Berlin to a couple of military airports still in German hands. Among these evacuees were seven of the nine-man staff of shorthand reporters assigned to Fuehrer headquarters.

The remaining two shorthand reporters, Gerhard Herrgesell and Kurt Haagen, and the other members of the various staffs and SS guard units anxiously wondered whether they still would have a chance to escape the

Russian trap. Each knew in his heart that the battle for Berlin was lost. But there was a general belief that Hitler and what was left of the various headquarters still would fly to the south for the last stand. Some thought Hitler might go to Norway for a last stand there. But at the late night conference April 20th, Hitler gave no indication of leaving Berlin.

Why anybody continued to fight is difficult to understand. Only the kind of personal loyalty, fanaticism and desperation that Goebbels must have experienced seems to be the answer. As a matter of fact it was only through a final gigantic fake that the top Nazis who knew their personal fate was death were able to carry on the struggle. This fake was especially the work of Goebbels who lied to the officers and soldiers, telling them that General Wenck's army which was facing the Americans had turned around and was coming to protect Berlin from the Russians. Even when the Russians surrounded Berlin and advanced from the east to Spittel Market and from the south to Halleches Tor, Goebbels repeated the lie and added that the Americans were following Wenck to fight the Russians.

At 10:20 April 21st, Russian shells began to fall in the Wilhelmstrasse. The artillery fire was heavy and uninterrupted. Hitler remarked: "It must be eight-inch guns firing from the Weissensee district (in northeastern Berlin)." By this time the Russians also had captured Tempelhof airfield in southeastern Berlin. Other columns were fighting their way toward the city's center from all sides. Then dive bombers attacked the area bounded by Unter den Linden and Halleches Tor on the north and south, and by Friedrichstrasse and Wilhelmstrasse on the east and west. The police chief for this area reported twenty dead and sixty wounded, but Herrgesell said when he tried to reach his home later that day and got as far as Stettiner Bahnhof he saw many more bodies lying in the streets and knew the casualties had been much greater.

From noon on that day, April 21st, conferences were held almost uninterruptedly in Hitler's bunker. Commanders from the various districts of the city reported that their men were being pushed back steadily from street to street. Goebbels, as commandant of Berlin, darted in and out of the conference

room to give Hitler the latest reports and give orders to the command posts under him. Russian shells continued to crash all around and the smoke from hundreds of fires all over the dying capital grew thicker and more choking by the hour.

The shorthand reporters, Herrgesell and Haagen, took notes furiously and had more than the usual difficulty trying to follow the conversation as three or four officers would begin talking at once. The small conference room with the cushioned bench running around the four walls was meant to accommodate only five or six persons, but now as many as twenty persons often were jammed into the room while others were packed in the small passageway leading to the reception room.

Still Hitler did not announce whether he intended to remain in Berlin. Instead he ordered SS Obergruppenfuehrer Steiner who was southeast of Berlin to attempt to cut off the Russian forces knifing into the city from the Koepenick district.

Other Red Army troops were smashing down the Prenzlauer Allee from the northeast toward Alexanderplatz where the notorious Gestapo headquarters and jail were located. Hitler, therefore, dispatched part of his personal bodyguard to the Alexanderplatz sector with orders to hold it at all costs. He also ordered all that remained of the Chancellery personnel—about 500 persons including some women—to be organized into a Volksturm unit and placed it as well as his bodyguard under the command of one of his personal adjutants, SS Sturmbannfuehrer Otto Guensche. He further ordered the mobilization into combat units of several thousand Wehrmacht and Luftwaffe administrative officers.

Hitler—the Last Phase

But the Fuehrer obviously was under a great strain and was not sure of himself. His face was puffy and showed lack of sleep. It was abnormally florid and he flushed continually in anger during the conferences. The hunched-over stoop which he had acquired during the long war years seemed more exaggerated than ever. His hands shook constantly and the nervous jerking of his left arm, the result of the unsuccessful attempt to assassinate him July 20, 1944, was worse than usual.

Hitler obviously was no longer able to grasp everything. An officer reported there still were between 5,000 and 6,000 SS troops in Berlin who could be used to stop the desertions from the Wehrmacht. Hitler at first ignored the report; then a few minutes later asked where these troops were—a fact which should have been at his finger tips.

The conferences dragged on until the final late night military conference with Keitel, Jodl, Ambassador Walther Hewel, who was Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop's liaison man at Fuehrer headquarters, and SS Gruppenfuehrer Hermann Fegelein, Himmler's representative, and a few others. Still Hitler refused to give the answer to the question which all asked: When are we going to leave this deathtrap?

By midday April 22d, Russian forces had converged still closer to the center of Berlin from the northeast, east, and south, and a new threat was developing to the northwest where Red Army troops, sweeping through the town of Henningsdorf, had encircled the Tegel district. The first military conferences began at 12:15 in the afternoon and lasted an hour and a half, but the subject of leaving Berlin was not mentioned. From three o'clock until about five-thirty there was a series of conferences in which various officers and political advisers openly argued against remaining in the capital any longer. But most of the time Hitler seemed to be paying little or no attention to the discussion. He seemed to be in a kind of daze and when he spoke or asked questions he was vague and uncertain.

Then suddenly, about five-thirty, Hitler ordered everybody but Keitel, Jodl and Martin Bormann, head of the Nazi Party Chancellery and Hitler's official secretary, out of the conference room. He barred even Fegelein,



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Collier's for August 25, 1945

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who was married to Eva Braun's younger sister, Gretel.

Hitler was dressed in the same costume he had worn since September 1, 1939, when he invaded Poland—black trousers, a gray tunic with the Iron Cross above his heart, a brown shirt with white collar, and the black dress shoes he wore while indoors. At this small conference, which lasted about fifteen minutes, Hitler finally and for the first time clearly admitted the war was lost and that he was going to "fall here in the Chancellery."

The Fuehrer Admits Defeat

Keitel and Bormann remonstrated and tried to persuade the Fuehrer to fly to Obersalzberg and continue the war from there. But Hitler only repeated: "It's all lost. It doesn't make any sense any longer. I am going to remain in Berlin."

"But, mein Fuehrer, that contradicts all that you have told us in the past months," Bormann, the man who had almost as much to lose as Hitler with Nazidom's fall, pleaded.

Keitel chimed in, arguing that Germany still had enough troops and matériel in southern Germany, Austria, northern Italy and Czechoslovakia to continue the fight for a long time. Keitel also pointed out there still were large forces in northwestern Germany, Denmark and Norway.

But Hitler wasn't interested. He obviously had quit cold. He knew the game was up and probably already had made up his mind to die.

"It's all lost," he shouted at Keitel and Bormann, who were also yelling in their desperation to change the Fuehrer's mind. "I have lost confidence in everything."

Hitler then started raving against the High Command and the army, accusing them of failing to carry out his orders, as he had done repeatedly for months. He screamed that he couldn't trust the SS any longer, that SS troops didn't want to fight any longer either. As for the Luftwaffe, he had lost confidence in it as well as in Reichsmarshal Goering long ago. About the only service he did not criticize in this tantrum was the navy, which he considered loyal to him to the end.

Meanwhile General Jodl, the cold professional soldier, stood by quietly. When Hitler ordered the three of them to leave Berlin—and yelled the order at least ten times when

Keitel and Bormann continued to argue—Jodl calmly declared, "I won't remain in this mousehole. Here you cannot work or fight or operate."

Immediately Keitel and Bormann protested: "Mein Fuehrer, we won't leave you. We would be ashamed to face our wives and children."

But Hitler repeated his decision to stay and die in Berlin. Finally Bormann declared, "It is the first time I refuse to obey you. I am going to stay."

Keitel also announced he would stay, while Jodl said he would join General Wenck's Twelfth army. Actually Keitel, despite his fervent declarations, left Berlin and later signed the final document of unconditional surrender to the Allies in Berlin, just as Jodl signed the first surrender document which ended hostilities on May 8th.

Before he left, Jodl asked, "Mein Fuehrer, do you yield the entire command?"

Hitler made no clear reply. He mumbled something about they all should go south and Goering would either build a new government or begin negotiations with the Allies. But he was so vague that nobody knew whether he meant that as an order or was being sarcastic.

After a short recess, there was another conference with the same four, plus General Krebs, Fegelein and some others who came and went during the discussion. Again they tried to persuade Hitler to leave Berlin and continue the war. But the Fuehrer was not interested. Actually he never had favored the idea of the National Redoubt. He did not believe it would work because there had not been time to prepare it with sufficient supplies of food, arms and ammunition.

Bormann, acting as he had so often since he succeeded Rudolf Hess as head of the Party Chancellery, simply had backed the National Redoubt plan in the Fuehrer's name, but without his authority. With the support of his number one fellow plotter, Himmler, Bormann had planned for picked SS troops to hold out in the mountains for months. Known as the Devil of Berchtesgaden to the farmers around because he had confiscated so much property at ridiculous prices, Bormann had considerable quantities

of food and supplies stowed away in the countless tunnels and bunkers around Obersalzberg and Berchtesgaden.

Bormann was the vilest power behind Hitler's throne and undoubtedly had harbored hopes of inheriting the Fuehrer's crown one day or of even usurping it. Hitler's failure to admit defeat until so late probably was largely due to the false, overoptimistic reports which reached him through this same Bormann.

As Hitler's personal secretary and supreme party boss, Bormann had tremendous power. For the last two years of the war every report from the gauleiters and other officials throughout Germany and the occupied territories had to go through Bormann's hands. Bormann saw to it that they contained nothing he didn't want Hitler to know about. Bormann also ruled on what gauleiters and other officials should be permitted to see Hitler personally.

Through the support of Himmler, who controlled the SS, the Gestapo, the entire German police and secret service and the replacement army, Bormann also made his influence felt in purely military matters. His clique included General Paul Burgdorf, chief of the army personnel office, so that he had much to say about the selection and dismissal of General Staff officers and field commanders. Goebbels was in the Bormann camp as was Ribbentrop. The only leading Nazi who was not involved was Goering, which certainly was one of the reasons for the Reichsmarshal's steady loss of power.

But even Bormann could not change the Fuehrer's mind this time. During the second conference several top Nazis who were not in the capital phoned—obviously at the request of Bormann and Keitel—to try to persuade Hitler to leave. Admiral Doenitz gave an optimistic picture of the military situation in his call, but Hitler listened only disinterestedly, said, "I thank you, Herr Grand Admiral. Heil!" and hung up. Ribbentrop in his call received an even colder answer. He told Hitler that a German agent had just reached Switzerland from England and reported the Allies were certain to split among themselves soon.

Hitler merely replied, "Oh, that's what that man says—that's what you say. Thank you. Heil!" and hung up.

Then Goebbels arrived with several of his children. He left them to play with Eva Braun in the reception room while he entered the conference room to argue with Hitler. Goebbels said they must continue the fight against Bolshevism "because that is one of our historic theses." He proposed that the German forces in the West turn their backs to the Americans and British and throw their weight against the Russians.

"No, that would be capitulation in the West," Hitler replied. "I won't co-operate. I don't care anyway."

The discussions ended about 7:30 P.M. with orders that the bulk of the remaining headquarters and Chancellery personnel, including the two shorthand reporters with their last notes, and most of the women, were to go by car that night to Gatow airfield and fly to Munich. These people hurried to portions of the Chancellery still being used, ate and packed a few personal belongings. Before midnight the cars raced without lights through the Tiergarten to the Gatow airfield.

After this last major exodus from the Berlin headquarters Hitler's immediate entourage was very small. Of the political leaders there

were only Bormann, Goebbels, Ambassador Hewel and Dr. Werner Naumann, state secretary in the propaganda ministry. Of the top military staff there were only Generals Krebs and Burgdorf. Dr. Albert Speer, minister of munitions and armament, stayed four or five days and then he, too, flew out. Others who stayed to the end included a few SS officers, an SS physician, Standartenfuehrer Stumpfecker, two of Hitler's personal secretaries and Hitler's number one chauffeur since 1936, Erich Kempka, to whom Hitler

From
Stenographers
and Fraulein
Schroeder

From
Stenographers

Hitler replied. "I won't co-operate. I don't care anyway."

From
Kempka



Collier's for August 25, 1945

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had given an honorary SS rank of Obersturmbannführer. There were also several hundred SS troops and a hundred or so minor officials and women and children.

But closest of all to Hitler during the last days was Eva Braun. She did not attend the conferences, but had one of the two rooms in the bunker used as living quarters. The other room was Hitler's bedroom and the only entrance to her room was through his. This attractive little woman, who wore the highest heels she could find to try to stretch her height of five feet four inches and who carefully watched her diet so that she always weighed about 110 pounds, first met Hitler when she was 16 and he was 39. That was back in 1928 in Munich. Eva had just finished school and got a job as a stenographer-secretary with Heinrich Hoffmann, the photographer, and one of Hitler's original cronies.

Eva was blond and blue-eyed. She had a trim figure of the type which in Hollywood would make her a starlet. Hitler was especially fond of the actress type of woman and soon fell in love with Eva. She responded; probably it was his cavalier Austrian manners that impressed her most.

A Contented Woman's Viewpoint

In 1929, Hitler rented a room for Eva with a family living at 16 Prinzregenten Strasse, in Munich. He couldn't afford more and his gifts to her were necessarily modest and few. But after he became Chancellor in 1933, he was able to take over an entire flat. In 1935, he took the entire floor and had it remodeled into a spacious, luxurious apartment. He also presented Eva with a small, modern villa in the Wasserburger Strasse, a half dozen blocks from his apartment. Their romance was kept a closely guarded secret. Before the war Hitler spent much time in Munich, and Eva was with him in his apartment whenever he was there. She never arrived at the apartment in Hitler's company and always left after he had departed. Likewise Eva never attended formal functions or large parties with her lover. She always addressed Hitler as "Mein Fuehrer" in the presence of others, including her sister Gretel.

During the seventeen years of their affair, Eva had to be satisfied with her status as his mistress. It must not have been easy, for Eva was a gay, lively woman who liked sports, beautiful clothes, movies and fun. But according to her sister Gretel, who lived with her for 12 years, Eva was very happy and completely satisfied with her relations with Hitler.

Although Eva apparently would have liked it, Hitler would not consider marrying her until the very end when all was lost for him anyway. He never discussed his affair with anybody, but in conversation he often remarked that he didn't believe a great political leader should be handicapped with or influenced by a wife and family.

However, since they were such opposites, their relations were not always perfectly smooth. Hitler frequently scolded her when he thought she was using too much make-up or for drinking.

Wedding Amid Gun Thunder

Perhaps no one will ever know what Eva thought about seeing the finish through with Hitler. But when the decision was made to die, she wanted to die as his wife and not his mistress. So on the evening of April 28, she became Frau Adolf Hitler in a brief, simple ceremony performed by State Secretary Naumann in the bunker. The explosions of Russian shells outside, dulled by the thick concrete walls and roof, provided the music for the ceremony, and there was no rejoicing. Everyone present knew that the Russian garrote was squeezing tighter and tighter. The shells they heard dully were thumping into the Chancellery walls and tearing great gaps in the masonry. One blast smashed the walls of a third-floor storeroom where thousands of shiny Nazi medals, the rewards for military prowess, were kept on shelves lining the walls. The metal cascaded out and down over the ruins and lay glinting like tinsel in the sun.

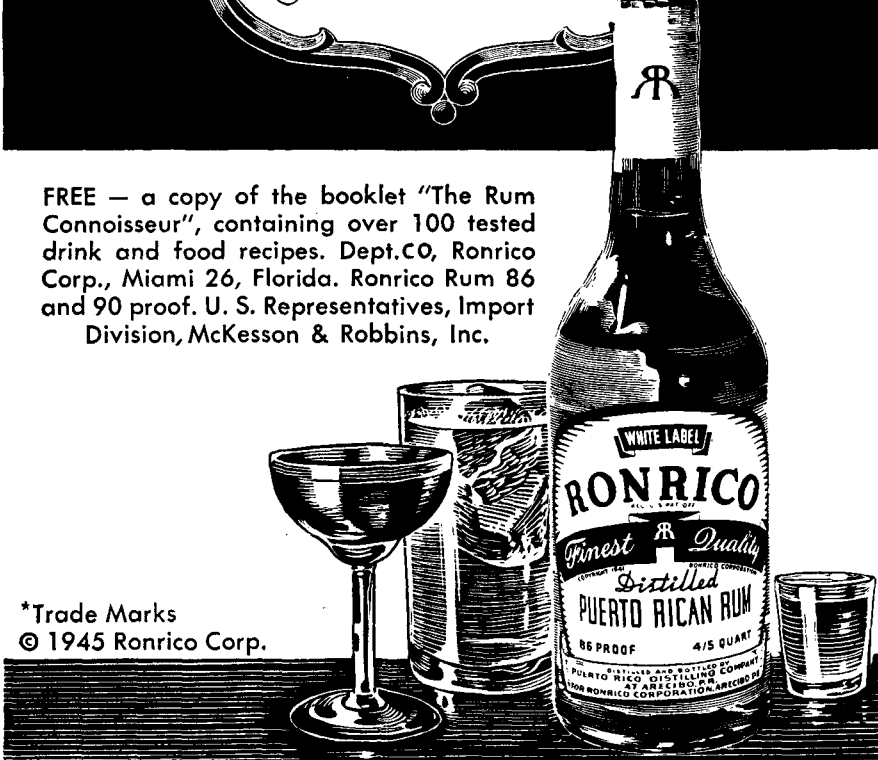
Eva Braun's honeymoon, after seventeen years of waiting, was short: Less than forty-eight hours later both she and her bridegroom were dead by their own hands.

(The second half of the story of Berlin's last days will appear next week.)

For the Connoisseur

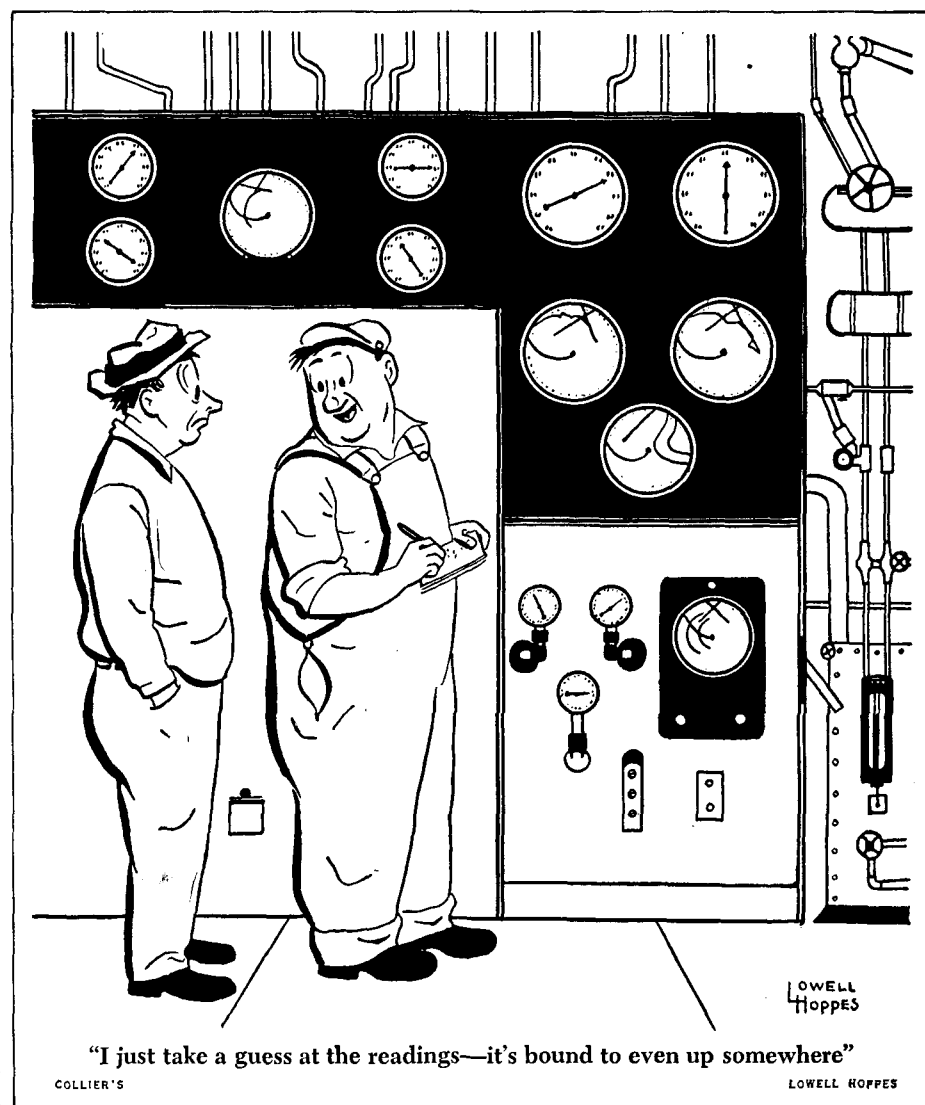
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The Week's Work

Lt. Col. Corey Ford and Pvt. Jerry Cunningham at the Army hospital in Honolulu



THERE'S nothing particularly new about the fact that there was a lot of jealousy, undercover dealing and kissing going on among top Nazis. But some interesting sidelights on the crosscurrents were brought out by the Nazis from whom Jack Fleischer got material for the story in which he and Seymour Freidin describe the last days of Hitler. It appears on page 14.

Take the official stenographers, for instance, who reported many of the doings of Hitler's underground bunker during the last days. Hitler started having records of his conferences taken down in shorthand in 1942 because he wanted to be able to refer back to orders and statements made by both himself and others—an idea which would indicate something less than full confidence in his aides.

One of the most informative of these stenographers was Gerhard Herrgesell, 35, who replaced a stenographer killed by the bomb intended for Hitler. Herrgesell is a tall, lean man with dark brown eyes that have a sort of fanatic gleam in them. He studied law for 10 years and became a lower court judge by 1939, but his ambitions for a higher court job were cut short when he was drafted into the SS. He was one of Himmler's private secretaries for a while, and also served on an SS court-martial. These jobs, he says, disillusioned him thoroughly with the SS and Nazism.

Another of the stenographers, Fräulein Christa Schroeder, a big-boned woman with a ruddy, scrubbed-looking face, had known Hitler since 1930, and considered him "one of the best bosses in the world." She criticized him only for making bad appointments of subordinates. Fräulein Schroeder was especially bitter against Martin Bormann, who, he said, had amassed much more power during the last years than even Hitler realized.

Erich Kempka went to work as Hitler's second chauffeur in 1932, and was promoted to

first chauffeur in 1936. He is the athletic type, not highly educated. He makes no apology for being a Nazi, says he was a "convinced dealer" follower of Hitler. When he first told his story of the last days of Berlin, he held back details of Hitler's death, saying simply that he knew the Fuehrer was dead. Later he told what he said was the whole story, with the explanation that he had to debate the matter inwardly to be sure he would not be revealing something Hitler would have wanted him to keep secret.

Gretel Fegelein, Eva Braun's sister, is "a rather sexy-looking brunette with smoky gray-green eyes and swell legs," reports Fleischer. She lived with Eva in the Munich villa Hitler gave her, all the time until she married Hermann Fegelein in June, 1944. Even after Eva went to Berlin on March 4, 1945, Gretel talked with her several times over the phone. She, herself, stayed near Salzburg where she gave birth to a baby girl on May 5th, just eight days after Bormann had her husband shot for treason in Berlin.

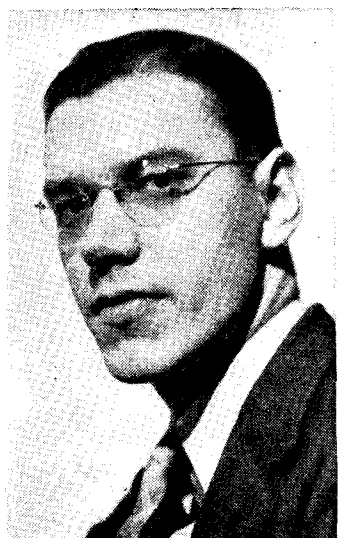
Frau Marie Schiffler, with her husband, Hans, acted as janitor-superintendent of the building in Munich where Hitler had his apartment for 20 years. She heard plenty of inside gossip from Hitler's housekeeper, Frau Annie Winter, whom she hated, and the reliability of her information was indicated when she gave Fleischer tips on the whereabouts of others, like Gretel Fegelein.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL COREY FORD and Major Alastair MacBain recently made part of their trip from the Pacific on an Air Transport Command stretcher ship carrying wounded from Okinawa. On the ship was a typical American, a kid named Jerry Cunningham, of San Jose, California. Lt. Colonel Ford talked to Jerry, realized that his experience was pretty much the universal experience of hundreds of thousands of American youngsters, and felt that Jerry's own

story might be of interest to the mothers and wives of other boys who were wounded and flying home. He got hold of Lieutenant Loomis Dean, noted professional photographer now with the Air Forces, and Dean accompanied them on the flight home, taking photographs in mid-air. The photographs are reproduced on pages 17, 18, 19, I'll See You Soon. None of them was prearranged. It's a true story of just how things are with the wounded men being flown back home by the Air Transport Command.... A.P.

Jack Fleischer

Seymour Freidin



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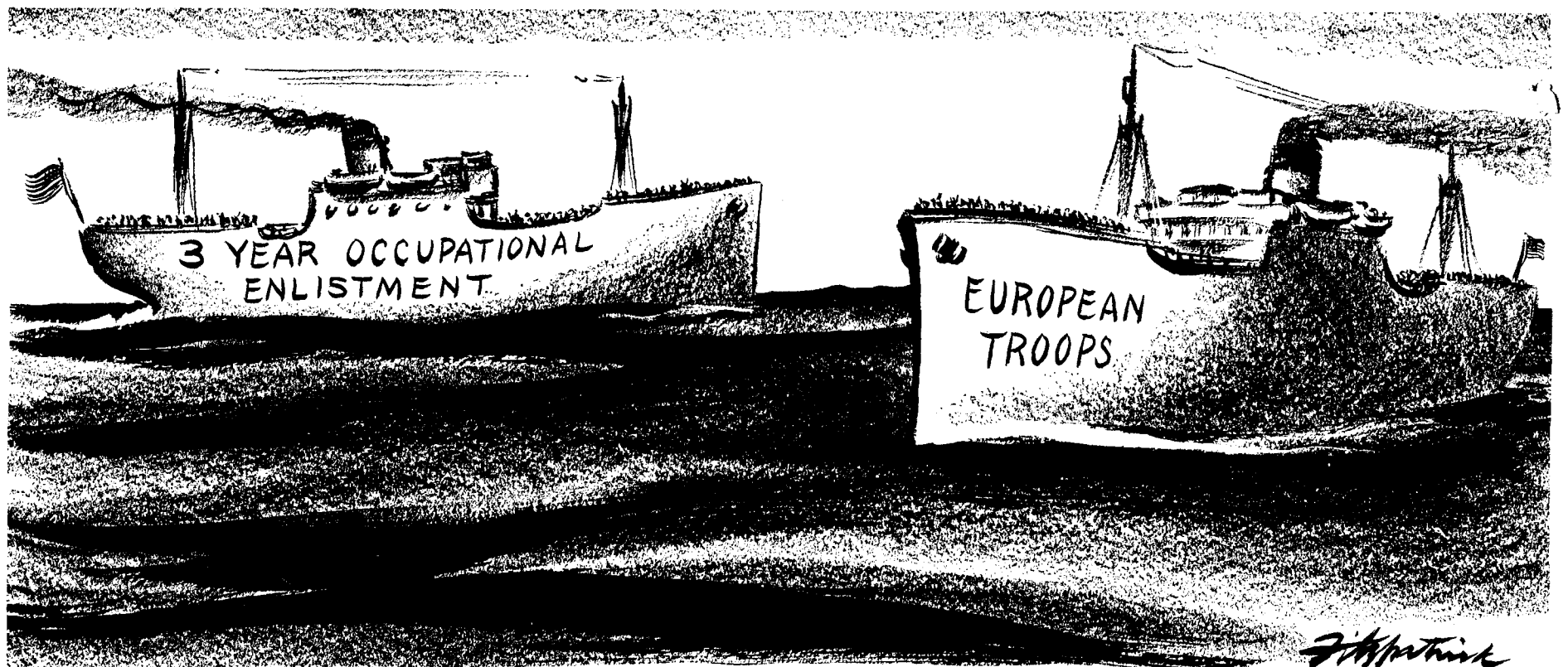


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OCCUPATION BY VOLUNTEERS

HOW long the Allies will have to occupy Germany, nobody yet knows. Field Marshal Montgomery talks of six to ten years; other estimates run as high as a couple of generations. But that occupy it we must, all the Allies are agreed; and the American occupation assignment embraces south Germany and calls for an occupation force of around 400,000 men.

In these first confused months following V-E Day, we are naturally using for occupation purposes a lot of troops who fought in the western European campaigns and most of whom were drafted to begin with. But wouldn't it be a good plan, if possible, to get the Army of Occupation onto a volunteer basis as soon as it could be arranged?

We think it would, for a variety of reasons; and Collier's herewith offers some suggestions for public consideration:

How about inviting unmarried veterans of this war, between the ages of about 18 and 25, to volunteer for three-year occupation hitches on being honorably dis-

charged from any service branch—Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard? As fast as these men went into the Army of Occupation, older men now serving in Europe could be released; especially men with families and jobs waiting for them at home.

Higher pay—maybe 30 per cent higher—could be offered these three-year occupation volunteers, and other inducements could be held out to them. Life in the occupation forces could be made interesting, exciting and profitable via big and well-organized athletic programs and educational projects. The occupation units should be shifted frequently from place to place all over the American zone, to kill off the monotony of garrison duty.

No preliminary training would be necessary, for men who had already fought; or even for men who had only completed training in this country. A soldier on occupation duty needs to know little more than close-order drill, military courtesy, the use of the smaller weapons, and similar elementary stuff. He is in effect a military policeman, and on a reasonably pleasant as-

signment if his temperament and circumstances are such that he can enjoy the work.

One of our main objects, it seems to us, should be to collect in our Army of Occupation as many young men as we can who will like the work and will get something out of it—new skills, new understanding of human nature, broader knowledge of world problems, and the like. This seems to be the way to go about it.

The Marine Corps, traditionally our foreign police force in time of peace, might be the outfit to handle the mechanics of this change-over to a volunteer Army of Occupation, though the Army could handle it just as well.

These remarks apply equally to the Japanese occupation job after Japan is finished—a job for which we shall need an estimated 600,000 men. And this whole plan to get an eventual 1,000,000 young, unattached men at work policing our conquered enemies ought to have a most beneficial bearing on our expected postwar unemployment problem.

Or has anybody a better plan to offer?

SUMMING UP ON MACARTHUR

ONLY history, of course, can turn in the complete verdict on General of the Army Douglas MacArthur. But we think that Collier's recent pair of articles on MacArthur, by Herbert Asbury and Frank Gervasi, makes it possible even now to form a reasonably fair and full opinion of this highly controversial military figure. That MacArthur is a born actor seems beyond dispute. His famous fighting bonnet, with the scrambled eggs upon it; his grandiloquent communi-ques; his dashes ashore or into liberated cities at grave risk of his life; his careful attention to dress—all these are characteristic of a man who considers himself

a child of destiny, likes the spotlight and thereby sets a lot of teeth on edge.

There are numerous things, though, on the credit side of the MacArthur ledger. For all the dramatics, MacArthur did come back to the Philippines, and faster than most observers expected. On his way, he staged some campaigns which have been hailed as military masterpieces. His casualties have been astonishingly low, whatever the reason.

In war, they pay off on victories, not on other considerations. Washington lost most of his battles, but won the Revolution. Jackson was rough, crude and

an ex-barroom brawler, but he won the Battle of New Orleans and the bloody and important Seminole War of 1817-18. U. S. Grant was a two-bottle man, if that is a mark against him, and a very poor President, which certainly is several marks against him; but he won the Civil War. Patton, in his way, is as temperamental as MacArthur in his; but when it comes to fighting, there are no discoverable fleas on George.

So we'd say that MacArthur, for all his peculiarities, adds up heavily on the plus side in his profession, which is war; and that he will probably rank in history as one of our truly great fighting men.

STAY OFF THE TRAINS

THIS summer, like last—and the same goes for this fall—is one for spending your vacation at home, instead of going somewhere by train. Reason: the Pacific war, with the necessity of shipping huge numbers of men and great masses of material to West Coast ports. We have only seven transcontinental railroads, all single-tracked over long stretches.

The railroads are doing the best they can. When the history of this war comes to be written, their man-

agements and employees will come in for as much richly merited applause as any other single group on the home front. But they can't do the impossible. The impossible for them at this stage of the war is to carry all the civilians who would like to travel by rail, plus all the fighting men and war material that have got to travel by rail.

This war job that the railroads have to perform is expected to grow in size and complexity all summer

and fall, reaching a peak in December—though it is already so terrific that it is hard to see how the rails can carry much more than at present.

So the patriotic thing for civilians to do, as well as the time-, temper- and comfort-conserving thing, is to use the rails only when they have to, and to stay off them on all other occasions. And to repeat what seems to call for a good deal of repetition: This means you, not a couple of other guys.



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Young Steve Curtis helps build army airfields instead of Studebaker cars



Proud father of a good soldier and good workman
—Pictured above is Stephen A. Curtis, Sr., a Studebaker Automotive Division employee for over 25 years. Since the business was founded in 1852, hundreds like him have encouraged their sons to make a career of Studebaker craftsmanship.

**KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS
... KEEP THE BONDS YOU BUY!**

*But he is still a proud member of
a Studebaker father-and-son team*

SERGEANT Stephen A. Curtis, Jr. hung up his Studebaker working clothes and donned an army uniform, a little more than a month after Pearl Harbor.

He went overseas in August 1942 and helped construct many of the airfields from which, for two and one-half years, mighty American power blows rained on German targets.

The sergeant presumably is busy on air base construction still—just where isn't a matter for discussion. But everywhere he has been throughout the war, he's always had a close link with home in the Flying Fortress engines, military trucks and Weasels that his former Studebaker pals have been producing.

This Curtis father-and-son team is only one of many family combinations at Studebaker, separated by war, but still working

together for the same result—decisive victory.

Some of the boys have already earned discharges and should be back building Studebaker cars and trucks with their fathers before long.

Indeed, once Japan is finally subdued, more and more reunited father-and-son teams will again spearhead the superb craftsmanship which has made Studebaker quality respected and envied the world over. That craftsmanship will give you top value for your motor car money when the new cars now in prospect are generally available.

Awarded To All  Studebaker Plants

Studebaker
PEACETIME BUILDER OF
FINE CARS AND TRUCKS

Wartime builder of Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—heavy-duty Studebaker military trucks—Weasel personnel and cargo carriers

DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION



See what I mean!
L.S./M.F.T.

